

LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

MODERN SCREEN

AUGUST 33

10
CENTS



Ruby Keeler

BEHIND THE
SCENES WITH

HARLOW and GABLE

BY ANITA
LOOS

JUL -5 1933

MODERN SCREEN

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Keep your clothes new looking the way Elissa Landi does —

*"I always insist
on Lux"*

"Lux protects colors and fabrics so marvelously, makes everything look so delightfully fresh and new, that I insist on it for all my washable frocks and blouses. I find that stockings washed in Lux every night wear much longer, fit far more gracefully. I have my maid wash my lingerie with Lux after every wearing, too."

Elissa Landi

*Fox star now appearing
in "Dressed to Love."*



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"All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says Rita Kaufman of the Fox Studio. "It protects the colors and the materials, and keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have Lux if it cost five times as much."



THOSE fascinating new weaves—wools like silk, silk like wools, cottons like anything but cotton, gay silks, soft sweaters, stockings and lingerie—keep them like new! Follow the easy method this fastidious star uses—insist on safe Lux!

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*Hollywood says —
Don't trust to luck*

TRUST TO LUX



Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, Alice Brady, Martin Burton and Myrna Loy in "When Ladies Meet." Clever comedy.

REVIEWS

— a tour of today's talkies

GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933 (Warners)

EXTRA swell musical. Hollywood can't make up its mind whether this is *better* than "42nd Street" . . . or merely as good. By that you can see that it's an evening of really swell entertainment.

It's that same old "Golddiggers" theme, but the girls, the dancing, the songs and the spectacular beauty of the whole thing is what makes it stand out.

Poor chorus gal falls for song writer (millionaire playboy in whiskers) whose brother threatens to "cut off his drinks" unless he forgets all dancers. The brother thinks they're all golddiggers. He (Warren William) comes to New York with his attorney (Guy Kibbee) to steer the younger brother (Dick Powell) on the virtuous track. Of course, he falls for the very gal he *thinks* the kid brother is about to marry (Joan Blondell) and thus the brother is able to actually marry the gal he loves (Ruby Keeler) and all ends in weddings.

All through the picture you will hold your breath at the gorgeous dance numbers created by Busby Berkeley and the songs, especially "We're in the Money," will send you away humming to yourself.

Joan shows a lot of dramatic ability that she hasn't had an opportunity to display in the past. Ruby Keeler puts over a couple of grand songs. . . . Kibbee is funny and the gals are way, way above par. You'll like it—the whole *family* will like it!

PEG O' MY HEART (M-G-M)

Excellent. Marion Davies achieves new triumphs as the winsome and charming little Irish colleen of this sparkling comedy. We first meet Peg—pigtails, freckles and brogue—

living a quiet life in a romantic Irish fishing village with her dad (J. Farrell MacDonald) and Mike, the dog. A relenting grandfather leaves her a huge fortune and she is rushed to England to become a lady. Her antics in this new environment are hilarious comedy—with a tear now and then. But ere long the fisherman's daughter becomes a lady, wearing beautiful clothes, but always retaining her natural charm and her brogue. Love comes to her in the form of a young attorney (Onslow Stevens) who is betrothed to another (Juliette Compton). But there's a happy ending. (*Continued on page 8*)

Pictures marked ● are recommended. Those marked ●● are specially recommended. Brief reviews on page 80

- Golddiggers of 1933
- Peg O' My Heart
- When Ladies Meet
- The Mayor of Hell
- Adorable
- International House
- Professional Sweetheart
- Heroes for Sale
- Tomorrow at Seven
- The Narrow Corner
- Emergency Call
- Circus Queen Murder
- The Silk Express
- Sunset Pass
- The Big Brain
- King of the Arena
- The Sphinx
- Pilgrimage
- Jennie Gerhardt
- Bed of Roses

WHY Did They Part?

WHY Did They Marry?



(Wide World)

Read "The REAL Inside Story of the Vallee-Webb Separation" in August's RADIO STARS.



Read "The Love Story of Mary and Jack Benny" in the August RADIO STARS.



Look for
Ben Bernie
on the
August cover.

10c

AUGUST ISSUE ON SALE NOW

THE Rudy Vallees come to the parting of the ways. Why? Were they temperamentally unsuited? Did Fay demand too much? Was it because of his career? RADIO STARS tells you why in this month's issue.

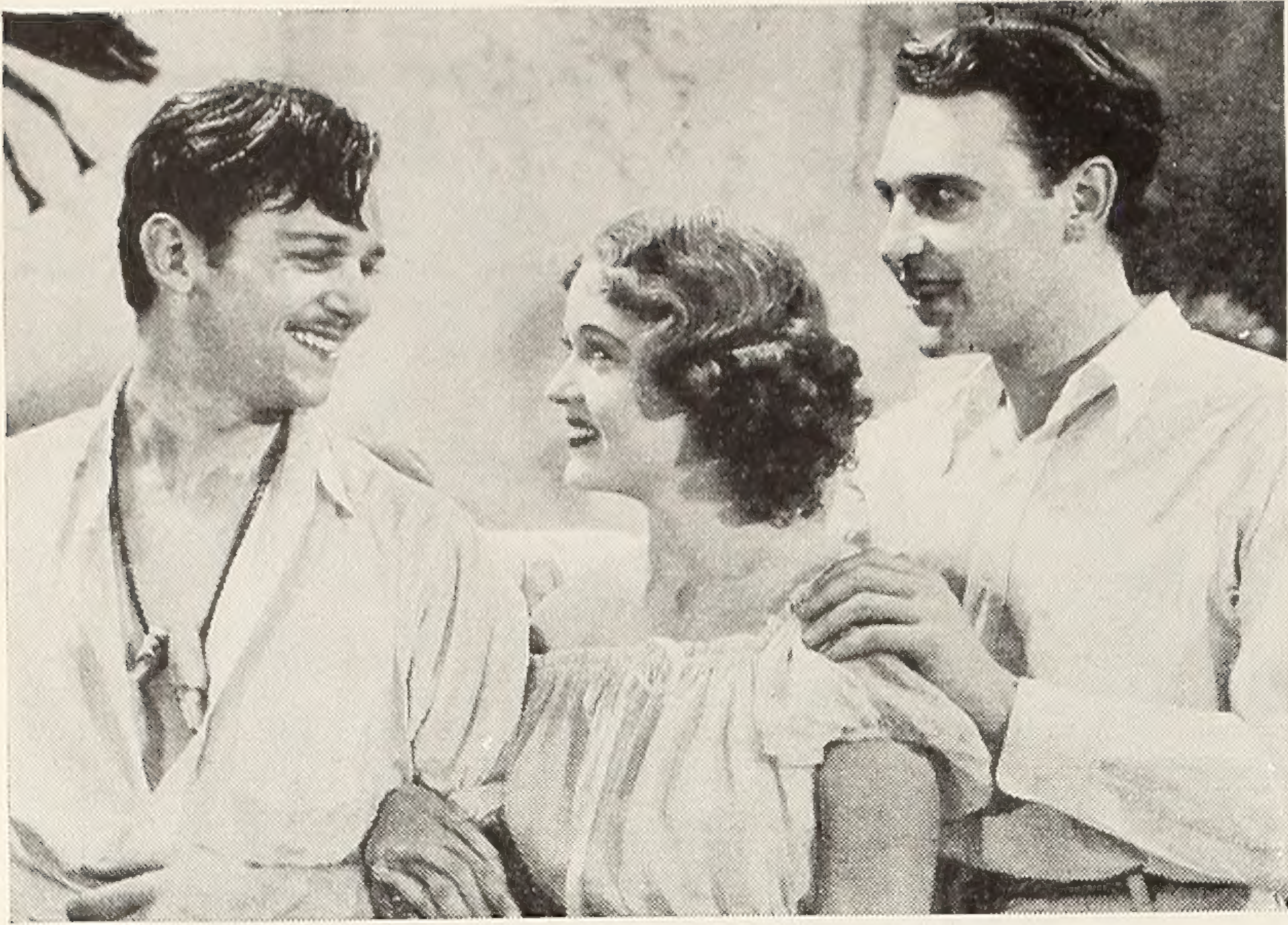
- Is it true that Mary Livingstone, the cute girl on Jack Benny's program, is his wife in real life? How did they meet? What is their love story? The August RADIO STARS gives you the interesting answers.
- Why was James Melton "radio's spoiled boy"? Why does Welcome Lewis declare: "Good-bye, love! I'll never get married

again"? What is Dr. Brinkley's amazing radio story? How did B. A. Rolfe make his comeback? What's a Fred Waring studio broadcast like?

- The answers, and many another absorbing feature, are all in the latest issue of RADIO STARS, with a generous helping of pictures—intimate, interesting photographs of your favorites at work, at play, and at home.
- Get acquainted with this fascinating reporter of radio's glamorous stars. It's great stuff and you're sure to like it immensely!

RADIO STARS

THE FASCINATING MAGAZINE OF RADIO PERSONALITIES



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Patricia Ellis and Ralph Bellamy in "The Narrow Corner." It's a tale of love in the South Seas. Grand storm sequence.

(Continued from page 6)

WHEN LADIES MEET (M-G-M)

Grand. A gem of a picture with exquisite settings and a flawless cast. The interesting plot centers around two women and a man. The man is Robert Montgomery and it's another feather in this young man's cap. This, plus his swell performance in "Hell Below," should place him right at the top. Ann Harding and Myrna Loy are the rivals and they're both worthy of raves. Frank Morgan, as Ann's philandering husband, gives his usual finished performance and Alice Brady (back again) is such a grand comedienne that she almost steals the show. See it—but it may not appeal to kids.

THE MAYOR OF HELL (Warners)

Good. The "Mayor" in this case isn't Jimmy Cagney as you would expect, but little Frankie Darro, the toughest of the tough youngsters in the reform school. Cagney, a gangster, gets himself appointed head of the institution (easy gravy), falls for the pretty nurse (Madge Evans) and a self-government plan is installed that turns the little ruffians into angels. Then Cagney gets implicated in a murder, is forced into hiding, and the old head master with his horse-whipping ideas takes charge again. The kids rebel, kill the commissioner, and it's one big mess until Cagney and Madge return.

Dudley Digges is swell as the cruel commissioner. Madge Evans is very good and Cagney has his moments. Watch this kid Frankie Darro, he's a wow! Good entertainment for the kids.

ADORABLE (Fox)

Charming. Janet Gaynor in a fluffy little tale of kingdoms, princesses and commoners. It gives Janet an opportunity to actually wear some beautiful clothes. And how she wears 'em! La Gaynor proves she has almost as much S. A. as Harlow . . . maybe more. And that new leading man of hers, Henri Garat, need have no worries. He's a perfect answer to

a maiden's prayer. He and Janet do a little singing, and the numbers "My Heart's Desire" and "Adorable" are very delightful. Photography and settings are exquisite. Okay for children.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE (Paramount)

Quite funny. Just a lot of nonsense but quite *funny* nonsense. There's not much plot, but there're POLENTY of blue gags, shapely legs, etcetera. W. C. Fields is one big laugh and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, in pursuit of *another* millionaire husband, is good to look upon. Stuart Erwin and Sari Maritza do a little romancing, which suffers somewhat when Stu gets the mumps, then the measles, and so on. Edmund Breese plays the Chinese inventor, whose invention makes it possible to ring in some radio entertainment . . . such as Rudy Vallee, Cab Calloway, Stoopnagle and Budd, and Baby Marie. Burns and Allen clown through the picture. Amusing comedy, of the slapstick variety. Children will find it funny.

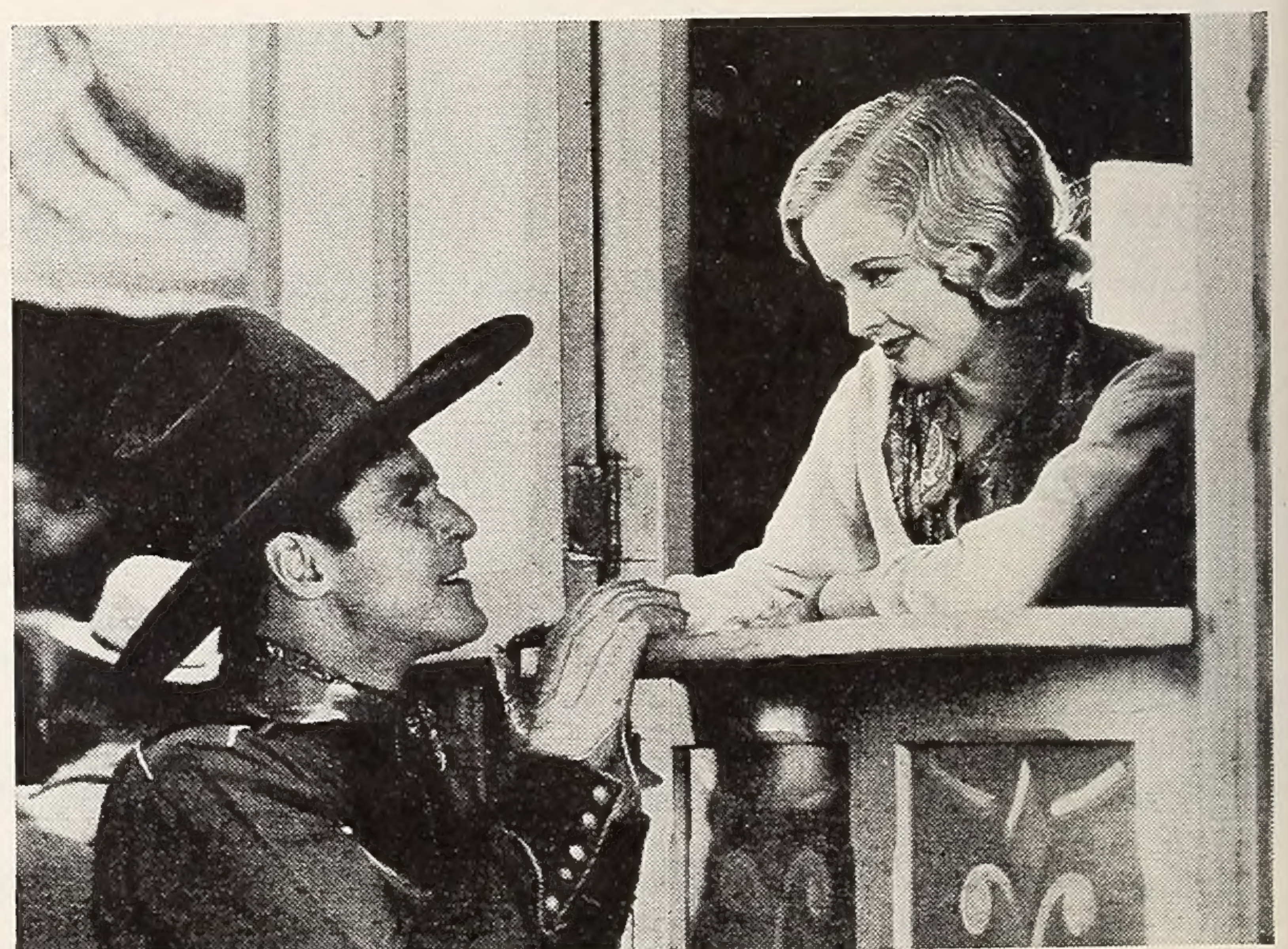
PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART (RKO)

Good comedy. An amusing tale of a radio entertainer publicized as America's "Purity Girl" and the difficulty she has living up to it. Ginger Rogers is the entertainer—she is super swell—who is about to throw up her career and have a little fun. But her manager has another idea. He chooses a "professional sweetheart" for her from her fan mail, a Kentucky hick who believes all this purity stuff. Norman Foster is the hick and there's none better. On their honeymoon he convinces Rogers that the simple ways of life are the best and in the end they both go on the air together. Zasu Pitts as a sob-sister, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins ring in the comedy very cleverly.

Okay for kids.



(Left) Janet Gaynor and Henri Garat in "Adorable." A charming story of a mythical kingdom with Janet playing a winsome princess. (Below) Ken Maynard and Lucille Browne in "King of the Arena." Very good action stuff. Young and old will enjoy it.



HEROES FOR SALE (Warners)

Unnecessarily Depressing. A tiresome and terribly depressing story of an ex-soldier whose chain of tough breaks palls. In spite of Dick Barthelmess' fine, sincere acting—and good parts by Loretta Young, Aline MacMahon and Robert Barrat (an erratic inventor—the picture is decidedly not enjoyable. Not for children.

TOMORROW AT SEVEN (RKO)

Swell mystery. Here's a super-creepie mystery opus with gobs of thrills and hysterical giggles. There are several murders, always occurring at seven o'clock. The murderer in the case is "The Black Ace," so called because his victims are always warned by that card. Chester Morris scores heavily but those two hick cops, Allen Jenkins and Frank Mc Hugh, are so dumb they practically steal the show. Kids'll like it.

THE NARROW CORNER (Warners)

Good. If you like good acting by the stars of the cast and are not so particular about plot you will enjoy this one. It's the old story of two men in love with the same girl. The two men are Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who, hunted for murder, has escaped the law and is cruising about on an old pearling boat and Ralph Bellamy, an honest, upright Danish trader. Patricia Ellis is the gal. Fairbanks gives a good performance, as does Bellamy.

EMERGENCY CALL (RKO)

Okay. A timely yarn centering around a general hospital. There's some good stuff in the sequences dealing with the operating room . . . and particularly the ambulance. Bill Gargan is the driver—swell. Bill Boyd in a major role is good and Myrna Kennedy lends a refreshing touch as the hospital file clerk. Betty Furness is adequate as the heroine.

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Col.)

Good mystery. A circus tent proves to be a plenty murky place for a murder or two. The blood-curdling yelps of the half-crazed animals will send you into a jitter. Adolphe Menjou is a suave detective. Greta Nissen is in it. Very scary.

THE SILK EXPRESS (Warners)

Fair. A mystery yarn with a high-powered train rushing from Seattle to New York serving as the locale. On the train are: Neil Hamilton, the head of a silk company; the gal, Sheila Terry, and her sickly father; Allen Jenkins, the bum; Guy Kibbee, a detective of little merit; Arthur Byron, the conductor; and a load of silk, which provides the cause of the mysterious murder.

SUNSET PASS (Paramount)

Good Western. A treat for the kids and adults who enjoy Westerns. This is better than most pictures of this
(Continued on page 77)



Clothes washed this way last much longer
...you save lots of money!

WHY scrub clothes these sweltering days—why boil them and fill up the kitchen with steam? *Keep comfortable—keep cool!* Just *soak* the clothes in creamy Rinso suds, and they'll come 4 or 5 shades whiter—safely.

In fact, clothes washed the gentle, "scrubless" Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money! Your colored clothes will stay bright and fresh. You'll save your strength—save your hands, too.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps. Home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—makers of 40 famous washers—recommend Rinso. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning.

*It's safe for your finest
cottons and linens
—white or colors*



The biggest-selling package soap in America

BEAUTY ADVICE

SAY TO YOURSELF, "I WILL ACQUIRE BEAUTY!" BE PREPARED TO WORK. BE PREPARED TO BE PATIENT!

*By
Mary Biddle*

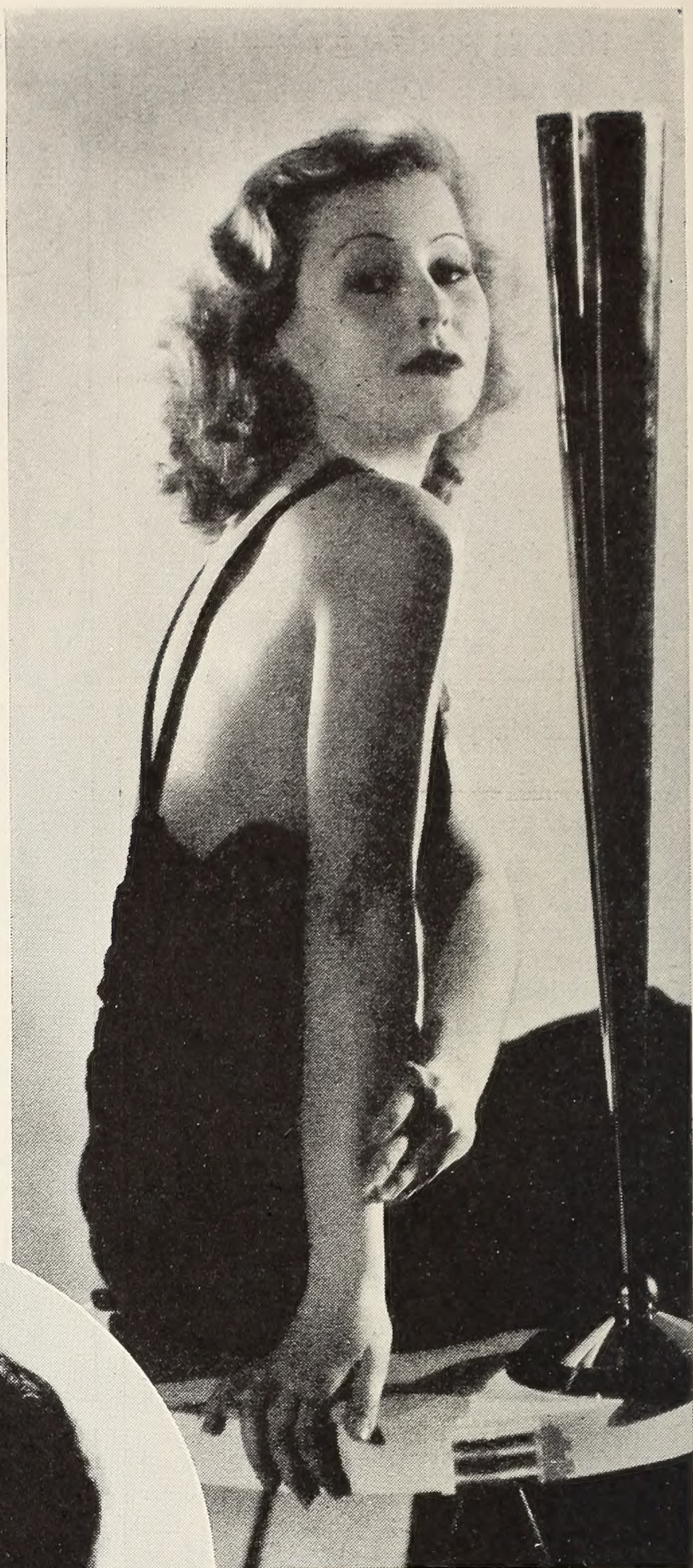
I HAVE come to the conclusion that will power, good judgment and a patient faithfulness make up a better recipe for beauty than money-bought beauty aids.

The beauty aids are simply the materials with which we work. Give me one unattractive girl—who deeply desires to be attractive—and give her the will power, judgment and patience, and I'll show you a mighty glamorous person in a very short time. Why am I saying all this? To combat discouragement, that's why. Oh, those discouraged letters I get! Those hopeless letters! And yet—not completely hopeless, after all, or else they wouldn't be sent to me, would they?

There seem to be two sorts of discouragement. That of the very young—and that of the middle-aged. The very young look at themselves in the mirror and see mediocre features, an undistinguished figure and no-account hair. The middle-aged look at *themselves* in the mirror and see there the shadows of the pretty girls they used to be. They see faded skins and going-to-seed figures. Lumpy or too thin. They see a coiffure that is completely utilitarian—and which hasn't been changed for years. And they would like to turn over a new leaf. But they wonder if it isn't perhaps too late. Just as the very young wonder if "there really is any use."

These discouraged ones are the people I'm writing this article for this month. And I have to be so careful what I say. I can't tell them that a certain routine will summon beauty. I can't prescribe this cream or that exercise or the other shade of lipstick. Because all those things aren't enough.

I think I should ask you, first, to wait until you have a free day. No duties. No worries. (Sure, I know, you



Everything about Lilian Harvey (above) and Heather Angel (left) is quite captivating. But suppose Lilian's only beauty was her lovely arms and Heather had to be content with pretty shoulders?

always have the last. But put 'em out of your mind for a day.) Then, find a quiet place. Preferably in the country. Or go to a museum. Or a church. And think. Admit to yourself what kind of a person you are. Do you really and truly want to make an effort to be more attractive, physically? If it is just a vague wish, give it up. And concentrate upon mental development—or upon being just a nice, useful citizen.

BUT suppose you do earnestly desire to be lovely. While you are sitting in your quiet retreat, formulate a plan to follow. You must diet, perhaps. No slacking about it. It won't be fun—but stick to it. And exercise along with the diet, too. (Continued on page 112)

MODERN SCREEN

ERNEST V. HEYN, Editor

Dear Friends:

DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS?

Every story in Modern Screen answers questions that are in the minds of eager fans. If you can answer the following questions—you don't need to read this issue of Modern Screen.

What happens on the set when the screen's most popular lovers, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, are making a picture? What do Jean and Clark think of each other as people—and as screen lovers? (Anita Loos answers, page 12.)

What are the Bennett Productions? Will Connie Bennett go in business for herself? Will she leave the screen? (Walter Ramsey answers, page 15.)

What are the romances that Hollywood is talking about at this very moment? What stands in their way of remaining permanent romances? (Katherine Albert answers, page 22.)

What part did Bob Young's brother, Joe, play in this popular player's life and career? (Jack Jamison answers, page 25.)

Is Janet Gaynor broken-hearted? Does she plan to marry again, have children? How does she feel, today, about herself, her career, her future? (Gladys Hall answers, page 26.)

What are Katharine Hepburn's style secrets—and what does her present wardrobe look like? (Virginia T. Lane answers, page 28.)

What does the man who controls the destinies of Jimmy Cagney, Joan Blondell, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis and the other Warner stars plan for their future? (Walter Ramsey answers, page 46.)

Do you know the true facts about Jack Holt's private life—and his recent divorce? Who will win him now? (Nina Wilcox Putnam answers, page 64.)

Do you know how to get anything you want? How did Helen Hayes win the man she loved? How did other stars get what they wanted? (Adele Whitely Fletcher answers, page 66.)

What kind of a life does Bing Crosby lead in Hollywood? (Carter Bruce answers, page 40.)

What are the real facts of Irene Dunne's childhood, early career, first romances? (Adele Whitely Fletcher answers, page 42.)

What does Ruby Keeler's sudden success mean to her—and to her marriage? (Caroline Somers Hoyt answers, page 16.)

Modern Screen knows the answers—do you?

Cordially,

The Editor

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH JEAN and CLARK

Below, Jean listens to the recording of a scene from "Hold Your Man," the picture which Anita Loos wrote for her and Clark (that's he at the right). "He'd be great as a lover," says Jean. "The type that always doesn't want to be mooshing about with you."



By ANITA
LOOS

This popular writer knows her Hollywood thoroughly and she was actually on the set all during the filming of "Hold Your Man" which she wrote for Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. She also gave you "The Barbarian," "Ladies of the Night"—and loads of grand dialogue for other M-G-M films

ONE bright day in April I was sitting in my office looking at the new guaranteed earthquake-proof ceiling and speculating whether it would be better to be hit by chunks of plaster from an old-fashioned non-earthquake-proof ceiling or by the entire unbreakable one-piece roof which now protects the scenario brains of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

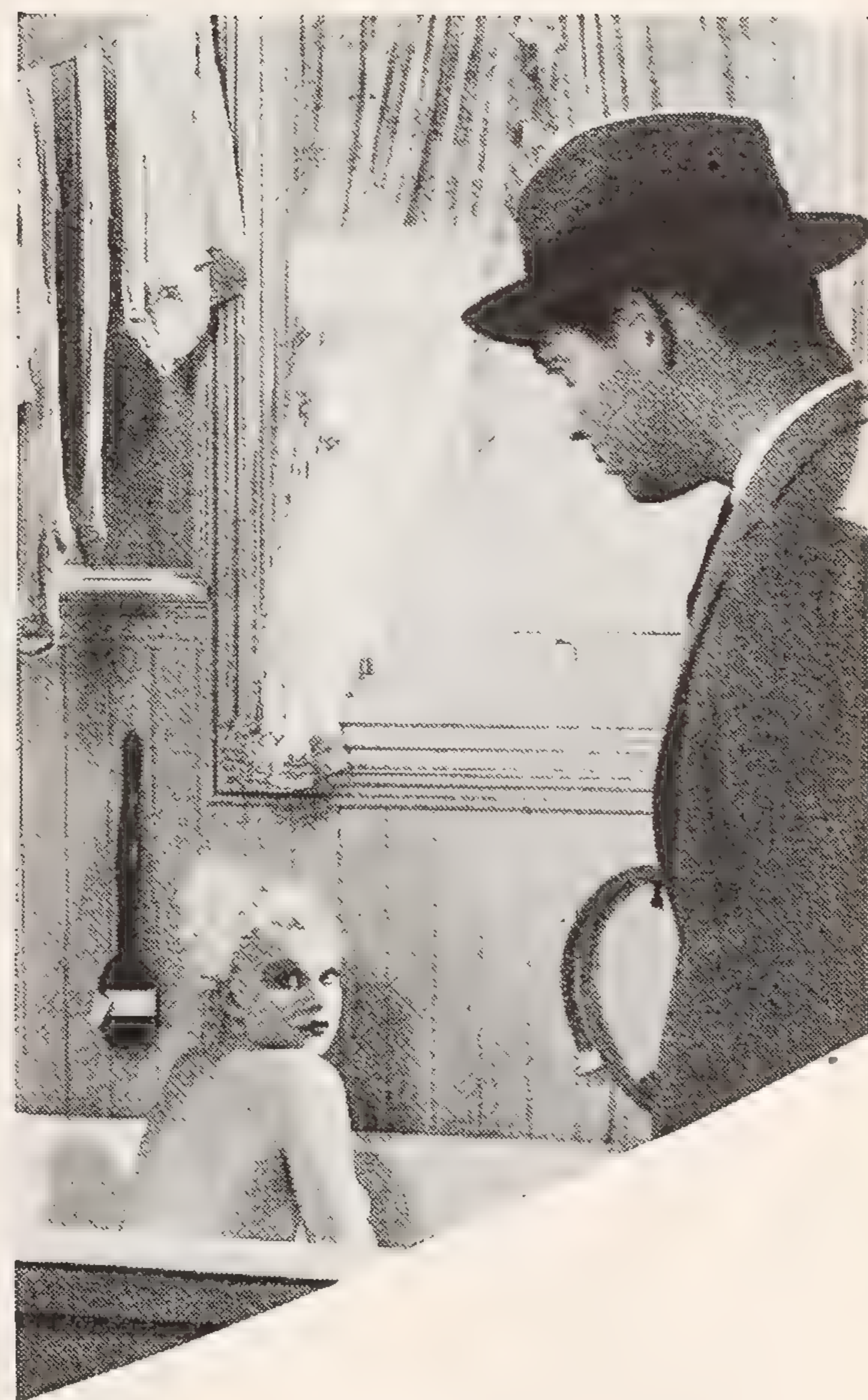
Suddenly the telephone rang. It was Bernie Hyman, producer of the Harlow-Gable picture just starting production.

"We're ready to shoot," said Bernie, "and we begin with the battle stuff. Thought perhaps you'd like to come over."

"Battle stuff?" What was Bernie trying to put over



...Come to the Harlow-Gable set with the famous author of their latest picture! An intimate, breezy inside story by the girl who wrote "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"



What happens when those "two red hot numbers" come out of an embrace? This story gives you the facts. Above, a snappy scene from "Hold Your Man." Remember them in "Red Dust"?

on me? I rushed to the stage and arrived just in time for the carnage.

Smack!

Dainty brunette Dorothy Burgess leaves the imprint of her open hand on the delicate cheek of Jean Harlow. Jean doesn't bat an eye. With studied deliberation she doubles up a fist the size of a blue point oyster, and—

Wham!

Dorothy takes it staggeringly on her dimpled chin. This was the "battle stuff." Just two Janes battling for the love of Clark Gable in "Hold Your Man." The scene is in Clark's bachelor apartment where neither lady had a right to be, according to the rules laid down in Hill's Manual of Social Forms, published in 1882.

This being the first day's shooting, a goodly crowd was there to see the girls fight it out to a clean decision.

HOWEVER, almost every day is a gala day on the set of a Harlow-Gable picture. Jean and Clark are such capable troupers and such good sports that work is play to both of them. Jean's phonograph, placed as near the "set up" as possible, plays every instant that the camera isn't going. A large, free-for-all jigsaw puzzle is on a nearby table in process of being "licked"—with every member of the company, from the "props" on up taking a go at it.

There is a lot of speculation on the part of the public as to just how actors and actresses differ from other

human beings whose actions are not subject to keyhole scrutiny.

Not infrequently a mediocre actress tries to foist herself on the public as the real thing by having herself pictured in the Sunday supplements attired in dainty lounging pajamas, gracefully reposing on a chaise-longue with a volume of Wordsworth open on her horizontal stomach. Probably under her pillow, won on the pleasure pier at Venice, is secreted a contraband copy of Chic Sale's immortal work.

Mr. Einstein, who knows everything, will tell you that a pair of silk pajamas and a book don't make an actress. Other things are required in pictures nowadays—for instance, brains.

And of brains Jean and Clark both have plenty.

The public naturally longs to inspect its screen favorites in the "raw"; to catch them off-guard, that their whims, foibles and general characteristics may stand out like the weatherbeaten thumb of a hitch-hiker. It is on the set, between grinds of the camera, that the actor becomes more himself than he is at home or in his club. Having been keyed up during tiresome and exacting scenes, he welcomes a respite. Artificiality is tossed to the winds and he lets himself go.

It may be something of a revelation to see two of the world's most inflammable "neckers," Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, at their job of swapping sex appeal. What happens, for instance, when these two red hot numbers come out of an embrace? I'll tell you. They razz the face off each other. Underneath their sharp jibes lies deep friendship and respect, but one would never guess it from their incessant exchange of hot shot.

Jean and Clark are really enthusiastic in their praise of each other. If one should make a slighting remark about Jean in the presence of Clark, six foot one inch of masculine prowess would flatten him to the earth. Jean would resent any unfavorable criticism of her co-worker by hurling a shoe at the offender, as she sits around between scenes with her footgear off. (Jean, by the way, is not fond of being "dressed up." Beach slippers are her favorite footwear and her pet 'ensemble' consists of a pair of yellow flannel pajamas with a patch on the rear, and an old green turtle-neck sweater.)

One morning Jean was late in making her appearance on the stage. I happened to be there and Clark was plainly concerned.

"I am worried for fear Jean's sick," he said. "She's never late unless something's wrong. Do you know," he continued, "I can't understand how that tiny kid stands up under such strenuous work. She only weighs one hundred and nine pounds, but she seems to have the endurance of a prize-fighter. She is a brave little trouper—and can she act? Say, she sets a pace for me that keeps me

on my toes every minute. It is a picnic to work with her. She anticipates every move and meets you more than halfway. When it comes to weighing dramatic values, Jean's scales need no adjusting. She ought to be a source of delight to directors—I know she is to Sam Wood. Sam says that she is a mind-reader and kidnaps his thoughts before he can express them. Gee, I hope the kid isn't sick!" And Clark heaved a genuine sigh.

I LOOKED up over Clark's shoulder. Tiptoeing toward us came Jean, forefinger to her lips.

While his back was turned toward her, Clark glimpsed her approach out of the tail of his eye but showed no indication that he was aware of her presence. He resumed his conversation in a louder tone.

"The trouble with Harlow is that she's mean. She plays her own stuff for all it's worth but she certainly crabs my best scenes. I can't call her down because she is a woman, but some day I'll forget myself. Have you noticed her sitting around with her shoes off? Well, she does that because she can't think without twiddling her toes. Her brains are in her feet."

Jean stopped and listened.

"And what about a dame that can't live without a gramophone going?" Clark continued. "Besides this one on the set she has one in her dressing room and three in her house with radio attachments. She plays the record of 'Night and Day' day and night—until I'm going nuts. Thinks she can crab my performance! Huh! The poor sap—she doesn't seem to realize that if I *don't* give a good performance in this picture there won't be *anything* for the audience to see."

At this point Jean confronted her traducer, and with hands on her hips. "My pal!" she remarked.

Feigning surprise, Clark jumped to his feet. "Well, well, how's my little chromium blonde this morning? I was worried about you being late."

"You big Ohio hill-billy!" blazed Jean. "I heard what you said behind my back!"

"Well, did you ever hear that old crack about eavesdroppers never hearing any good of themselves?" he asked.

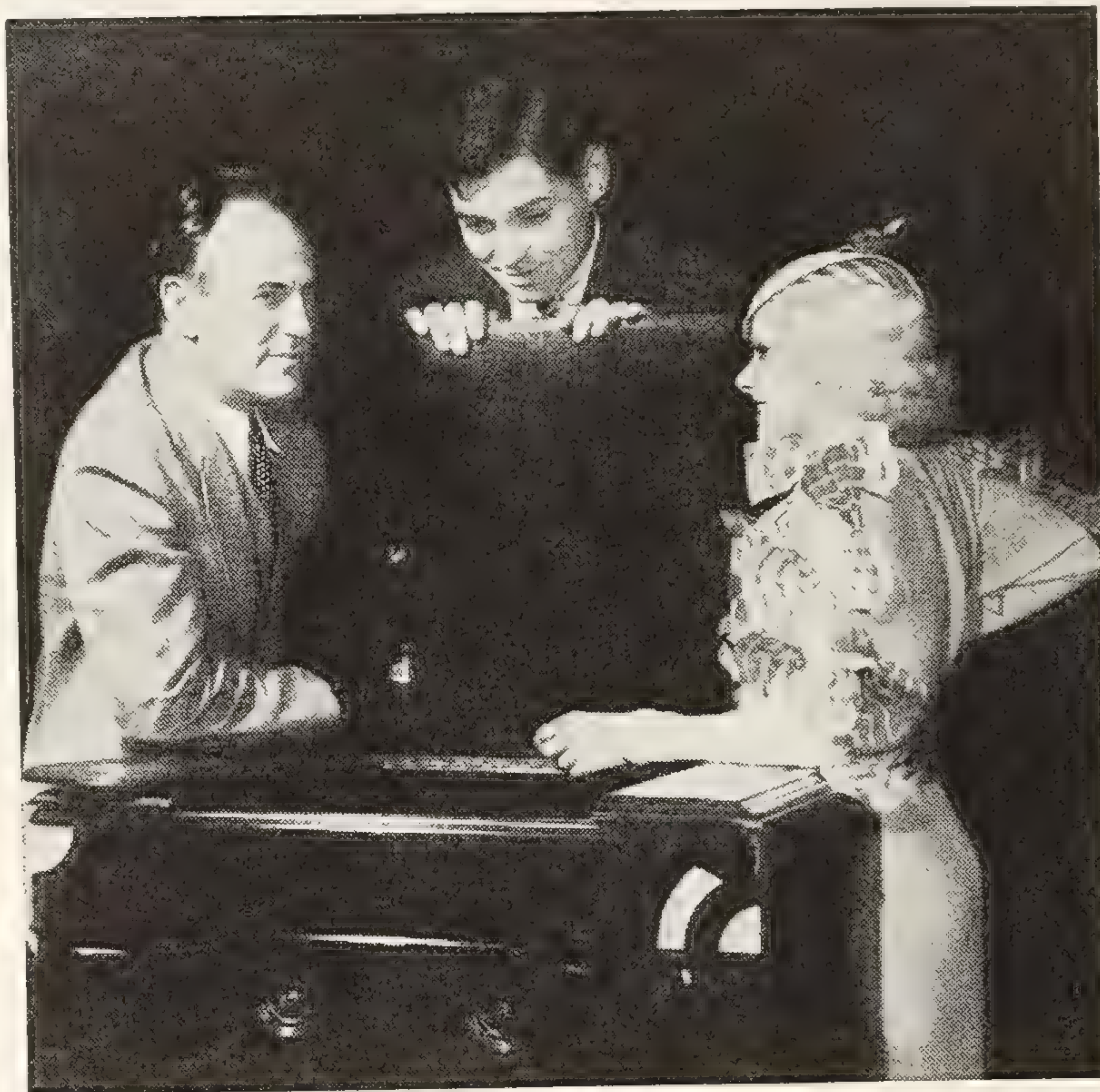
The he-man of the films dodged just in time to miss Jean's beach slipper as he fled.

"What a man, what a man!" grinned Jean as he left. "He

razzes me every minute in hopes of getting my goat—and sometimes he does. In a big hot love scene the other day he whispered: 'Jean, you've got your eyebrows on upside down.' So I ups to him and said I could hardly wait for him to grow old and gray as I was just crazy about Gray Gables. If he *will* go in for ancient wheezes, I can not only take 'em—but I can hand 'em right back."

"Do you like working with Clark?" I asked.

"Well, I should say I do! I am never the least bit nervous with him. He is so (Continued on page 97)



"What about a dame that can't live without a gramophone going?" Clark said. "Besides this one on the set she has one in her dressing room and three in her house . . ." But Gable seems to like to listen, too—and so does Director Wood.

...The low-down on "Bennett Productions" which Constance Bennett heads. And also a statement from her regarding that "retirement" rumor

By WALTER
RAMSEY

When Henri de la Falaise (extreme left) sailed for Bali to produce a picture for "Bennett Productions," the rumors flew that Bennett was starting a company which would star her films. Here is the truth about it.



IF CONNIE BENNETT QUILTS

IS Constance Bennett, of the slick, suave and slim Bennetts, planning to embark on a career of the production of motion pictures when she calls "quits" to her acting career? And is her plan already under way with the Marquis de la Falaise's original story now being filmed in Bali?

These are two questions Hollywood has been asking, and would very much like to know, ever since Connie's Henri embarked with a Technicolor expert, as assistant, and reels and reels of film for a four month's jaunt in the South Pacific. When pressed for information as to the release and production details of his expedition, Henri had merely smiled and replied that his story was being made for "Bennett Productions."

"Do you mean your wife? Has Connie organized a producing company?" The reporters were eager to know.

Said Hank: "I understand there are many Bennetts in the world." But he was only joking. For Henri most certainly *did* mean his wife, who at this moment is the head of a motion picture company with stockholders n'everything!

I can state this fact without the usual safeguard of "rumorings" because I have Connie's own word for it, not

to mention several other very important words concerning not only the plans and future of her producing company, but her *own* professional future as well. It must have been my lucky day that Connie just happened to be sitting in her swanky new black coupé outside her dressing room on the RKO lot.

It was a hot day and a hatless and coatless Connie had driven in from Malibu with her adopted son, Peter Bennett, to attend to a few last minute details before taking leave of the studio for a good week's vacation.

I had just about made up my mind to go ahead and beard a Bennett in her coupé, when Connie looked up and said, "Hi! Hot, isn't it?"

"Not as hot as some of these rumors about your becoming your own movie producer," I said brazenly just to see what would happen. It was really very simple. I knew Connie well enough to know that she would do one of two things . . . either drive off in a dust of why-can't-I-be-permitted-to-mind-my-own business, or else she would very frankly give me the straight of the story. Well . . . she didn't drive off.

"It is true," she said, "that I am back of the Bennett Productions . . . but Hollywood (Continued on page 110)

IT'S RUBY'S TURN NOW . . . !

By CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT

ONE day I was having lunch in the First National commissary with Ruby Keeler.

Her husband, Al Jolson, attired in golf knickers and white cap, came up to the table.

"Want to play golf this afternoon, honey?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, darling, I can't," she said. "I've got to rehearse the dance routines for 'Golddiggers.' Then I've got a fitting later." She saw the look of disappointment on his face. "But maybe if I hurry I could meet you about five and we could have one round."

And there was Al Jolson with a glorious California afternoon on his hands and nothing to do with it but wait for Ruby to finish her studio activities.

When Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson arrived in New York not long ago to attend the opening of Ruby's latest picture, she was interviewed by dozens of reporters.

Hundreds of eager fans stood in the lobby of their hotel and begged for her autograph.

The news cameramen snapped dozens of pictures of her.

During their stay in New York I called Ruby on the telephone. Al answered and told me that Ruby was out and could not see me that day. He might have been Ruby's business manager or press agent—the way he spoke to me. And I was disappointed. I had wanted to see Ruby.

Then suddenly I remembered that just a few years ago I had turned heaven and earth in an attempt to get an appointment with the busy, the sought-after, the important Al Jolson.

FOR behind these three apparently simple and average incidents there is a story as tragic as the history of show business.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. Five years ago you said it that way, if you said it at all. Five years ago it was the great Al Jolson and "who was that little chorus girl he married?"

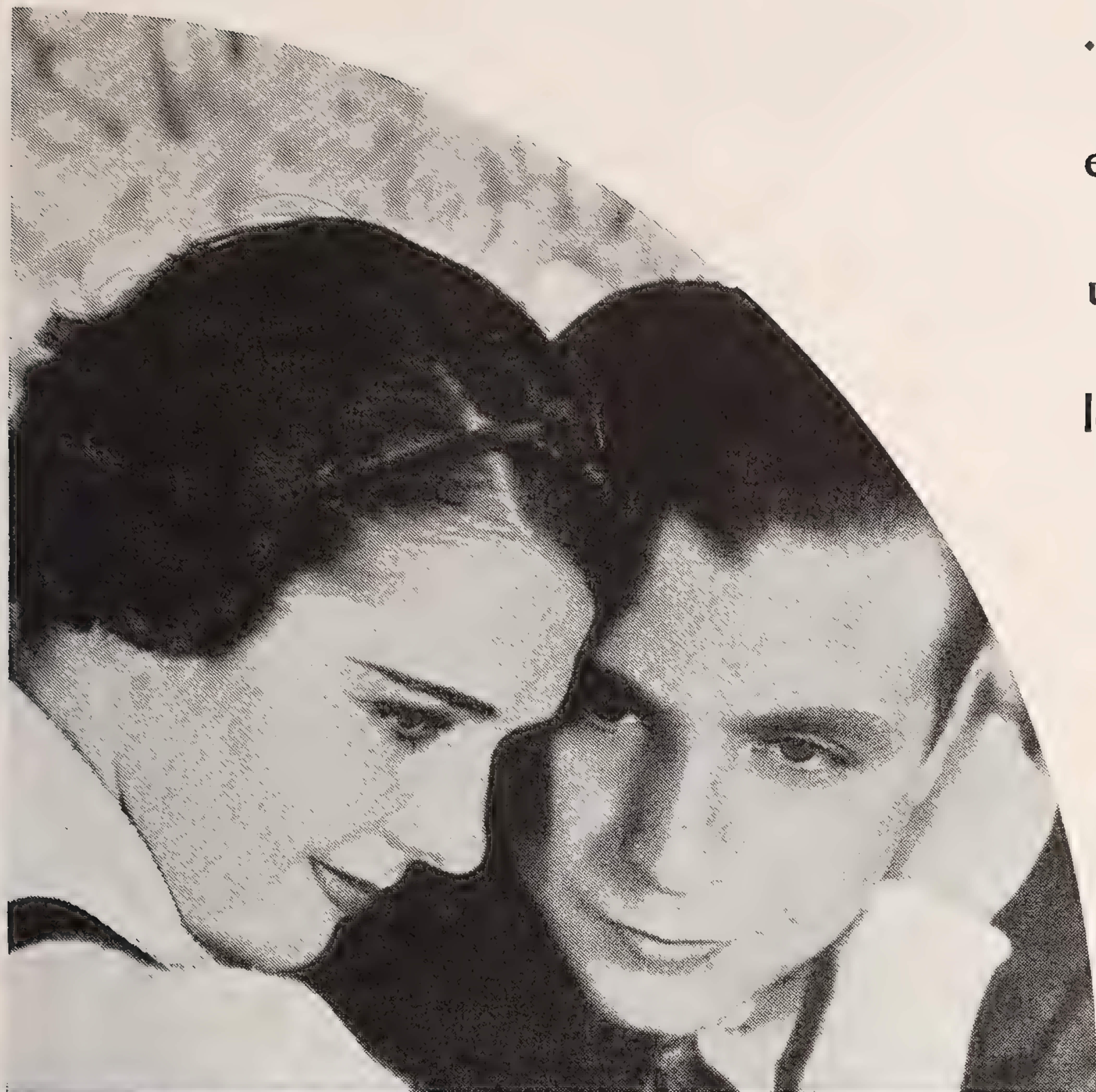
But now it is Ruby Keeler. Al Jolson is her husband.

Even before talkies Al was the greatest entertainer in the world. He made more money than any of the then-great. Came talkies and he was the one great star. "The Singing Fool"—his picture—will go down in motion picture history. Being a part of history, however, is scant



This story tells how Ruby takes her new fame . . . and the picture (top of page) illustrates it . . . Al and Ruby arriving in New York recently.

... Ruby Keeler has fulfilled most every girl's dream of instant and unusual success. But to her, at least, husband Al Jolson is still the Big Shot of the family



consolation when one is still alive. When Al appeared on the street thousands followed him and begged for his autograph and laughed at his wisecracks. And just the other day I was disappointed when he answered the 'phone and told me Ruby Keeler was out. Isn't it amazing that now this slip of a girl, not much over twenty, erstwhile Texas Guinan chorus girl, is now the star of the family and Al Jolson—the great Jolson—makes appointments for her, answers her telephone and languishes away a California afternoon waiting while she rehearses and has fittings at her studio?

But the curious part of this strange, topsy-turvy pattern is that Ruby doesn't know it is different from what it was. To Ruby, Al is as great as he was that night, years ago, when he came to Guinan's night club and asked somebody who the cute little tap dancer was.

So perhaps that is what makes it possible for Al to go on. Perhaps that is why he can watch Ruby's fame grow and his diminish. Ruby adores him, admires him and respects him. To her he is still the greatest showman of his time.

You should have seen them when they arrived in New York. The news cameramen swooped down to take their pictures. It was Ruby they wanted, but Ruby stepped behind Al, let him take center stage, with a big broad smile, and just looked over his shoulder. Ruby wanted it that way, because that's the sort of girl Ruby is.

IF it hadn't been for the fact that she was born with dancing feet, Ruby would never, never have chosen the theatre as a career. She just isn't the type. But in school her teachers watched her going through the dull routine of "drill" and saw how lithe her body was, how quick her step and that she turned the stupid exercise into a thing of rhythmic beauty.

It was those teachers who persuaded her to go to the Professional Children's School. At thirteen she was a chorus girl in "The Rise of Rosy O'Reilly." And not much longer after that was a dancer in Texas Guinan's night club.

I'm sure you'd say that that was no place for a young and inexperienced girl to work. But you wouldn't know Ruby. She tells you now—her soft eyes lit by the fire of sincerity—that the girls at (Continued on page 86)

After her big success in "42nd Street" Warner Brothers hurried Ruby into "Golddiggers of 1933" in which you see her opposite crooner Dick Powell (top picture). Above, Marland Stone paints Ruby for this month's cover of MODERN SCREEN. Success!



BETWEEN YOU and ME

When readers become writers. And express their views on those all-important subjects—the talkies and the talkie stars

Dear Friends:

Summer isn't such a good time to write letters. It's more fun to get out and play a game of tennis or go for a swim. So here's an idea: get a postcard and drop me a line on that. Who's your latest movie rave? What's the best picture you've seen recently? What's your favorite story or picture in this month's MODERN SCREEN?

Let's call it the "Send a card to MODERN SCREEN" idea.

Of course, if you find time for a letter, it'll be welcome. But I'll be waiting to hear from you one way or the other. And none of that "Having a fine time, wish you were here" stuff, please. It'll break my heart, up here in this sweltering office!

But, have a good time, just the same.

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Wake up, intelligent movie fans! It's your fault if pictures aren't better:

So writes J. D. D. of Chicago, Illinois—who makes another excellent point, besides:

The truly intelligent person is a very casual movie-goer. He goes to the movies semi-occasionally. He complains furiously if the picture is bad. To hear him talk, you'd think all movies were bad. He does nothing whatsoever to make them better.

I myself (and please don't think me overly conceited if I venture to rate myself as intelligent) have been guilty of this attitude. This is the first time I have written to a fan magazine. I have simply been too indolent to do so before. But I have been thinking: if we, who want and enjoy really adult movie entertainment do not sit up and say so, how is anyone to know? We want stories that are new—or which at least give a novel twist to an old plot. We don't care whether the ending is happy or not—so long as it is a logical ending. We find sex very boring if it is just sexy, but we think it can be treated amusingly, sophisticatedly. We insist upon humor being new, fresh—old jokes make us lie on the floor, kicking and screaming with pain.

I think there should be two kinds of movies: movies for children and those fond, foolish people who like to think that life is all sweetness and light. And movies for the rest of us

who want drama that is strong, true, logical and amusing.

I think, too, that a clever, subtle director—plus capable actors—can treat a risqué story so that it will please both factions. Treat it, in other words, so that the ending might be interpreted in two ways. As in "The Guardsman." Remember?

Do you object to teasers?

MAY C. BOYLE of San Antonio, Texas, writes:

I have had more pictures spoiled by the darn things! I mean those advance bits of new films they show at neighborhood theatres to advertise "coming events." It makes me furious! Just like someone reading you the end of the story. In the silent days, I used to shut my eyes. But now there's the dialogue—and, anyway, some morbid, silly instinct makes me look—and rage inwardly. I realize that producers must advertise their pictures, but can't they find some less ruinous way of doing so than this?

A plea for anti-war propaganda in the talkies

PAX of Scotland feels very strongly on the subject:

It occurs to me that the screen could be used as a powerful medium to assist in combating the present atmosphere of distrust and suspicion which seems to be permeating the whole of the civilized world. We are in the throes of the most critical period of the world's history and, in my view, a story which would do

something to expose the folly and futility of war would serve a most useful purpose.

(Pax then appends an interesting outline for such a movie—too long to print here. The climax comes when a war—nurtured by scheming diplomats and combated by the intelligent and social-minded of two nations—is called off because all the men refuse to fight!)

(By the way, Mr. Pax, have you seen "Cavalcade" and "Men Must Fight" over there in Scotland? Both these pictures preached the doctrine of peace.)

"Gabriel" makes a convert

BLANCHE WALTERS of Anaheim, Calif., says:

Movies mean a great deal to me. They brought forth a thing I have never cared for before—politics. "Gabriel Over the White House" was inspiring to the rising generation. After seeing the picture, I now really understand the task before that God-sent man, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

From a bushel of "Cavalcade" letters, we have only one tiny criticism

R. from Whaling Town (do you mean New Bedford, R?) diffidently offers the following:

There was just one thing the matter with "Cavalcade" which may make many fail to appreciate it. In places, it is taken for granted that you know your world history of the past thirty-two years. Don't you think it's a little beyond the average movie-goer? Still, any criticism of that fine picture is almost ridiculous. I intend seeing it again if only because of Diana Wynyard's perfect acting. And I must see again Queen Victoria's death, the Armistice scene, and Jane's toast to the New Year of 1933.

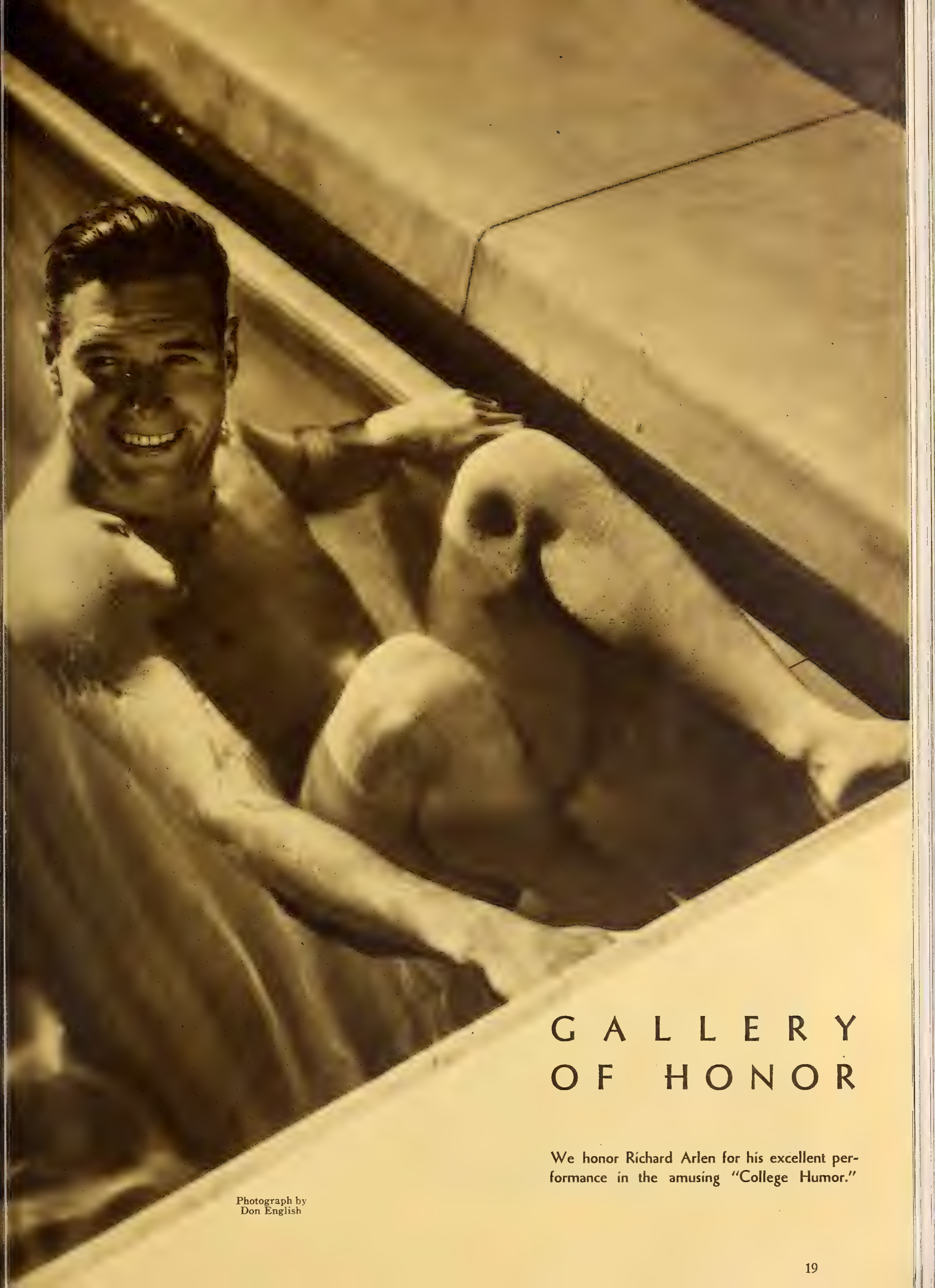
This reader wants historical talkies. What about it?

S. S. (no address) writes:

I'm all for the return of historical films. And the more people in them the better I like it. But I suppose they are too expensive to film?

Has the story of Cyrano de Bergerac ever been filmed? (Some years ago, S. S. It was a silent film—made by a foreign company, as we remember it.) It ought to make a very entertaining picture. And why are Shakespeare's plays so woefully neglected—there's enough in them to work with. And how about that

(Continued on page 108)



GALLERY OF HONOR

We honor Richard Arlen for his excellent performance in the amusing "College Humor."

Photograph by
Don English



We honor Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding for their work in "When Ladies Meet" and Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville for "Out All Night" and "Scrappily Married."



Photograph by Bert Longworth



We honor James Cagney and Frankie Darro for their work in "The Mayor of Hell."

... These Hollywood romances (are you up to date on them?) start out like yours and mine—but a sword of Damocles hangs over them! Here's the really authentic low-down

Myrna Loy and Ramon Novarro's liking for each other promises to be a real Hollywood romance. Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice are rumored secretly married.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HOLLYWOOD

Below you see pictured four Hollywood couples. (Left to right) Lilian Harvey and Gary Cooper. William Janney and Helen Mack. John Warburton and Alice White. Marjorie King and George Raft. Each couple is rumored "that way." But—according to this story—"how long can it last?"

THE other day a group of us were sitting around the luncheon table when one of the women in the party, who has never been to Hollywood and whose knowledge of picture people is obtained through reading about them, said to me:

"What's wrong with love in Hollywood? Why can't those nice young people keep on being in love? Honestly, I can't keep up with them. One minute I hear that Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are in love and then Janet marries Lydell Peck and Charlie marries Virginia Valli, but pretty soon Janet and Lydell are divorced and Janet is running around with . . . with . . ."

"Lew Ayres," I supplied.

"Oh, no! Not really," she said, amazed.

I went on to tell her about it. "It's sort of confused. The other night at a party someone asked Lola Lane, Lew's ex-wife, where Lew was these days and she said that he was going places with Ginger Rogers, but although this romance is supposed to

J. B. Scott





LOVE?



By
KATHERINE
ALBERT

be hot there is the shadow of little Janet in the background. You see, Lew and Janet met on the set of 'State Fair' and since then she's been many times to Lew's lovely hillside home—always with her mother, of course.

"Once she told Lew that they could never be happily married because their temperaments would clash but that because they were two of a kind and nobody understood them they could be understanding friends but that they shouldn't marry. So bets are on Ginger."

"That's just what I mean," persisted my friend. "Why can't they fall in love and stay in love? What's wrong with romance out there?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to give her the age old reason: "It isn't that they change partners more often than other people, it's simply because, since they are famous, you hear more about it." That's the usual and the easy excuse. And then, suddenly, it occurred to me that that wasn't the reason, really. That much, much more entered into it and that there is something definitely wrong with Hollywood love.

IN the first place real love thrives on romantic secrecy. You know how it is in your set. You meet a boy at a party. You look at him and think, "Now here's a nice fellow. I could like him." But you're not sure.

Then maybe he comes over and asks you to dance and he makes a date for later in the week. Well, you go out with him and you like him but he's still on trial. The romance hasn't actually "taken" yet. You don't know him well enough.

But he calls you up later and you have another date and this time some chord of understanding is struck

and you realize that you like him very, very much.

Lots of dates follow. You're getting acquainted and then he begins to pay compliments to you and to send you little gifts—a book you've mentioned, a dozen roses. But you don't tell a soul the things he said to you when you sat out that dance. Those things were precious and it's such fun to treasure them, to be in a room full of people and cast knowing glances back and forth, to hold hands for a second under the table—all those dear, intimate little gestures shared by just you two.

But this ordinary courting is impossible in Hollywood. Now visualize yourself in the film town. Imagine you're a great picture star and see how the same little romance progresses. Don't forget that the stars are just like you and would love those important clandestine trysts. But can they have them? Not on your life.

If you're a star and hold hands with another star under the table there's a photographer lurking somewhere to record the event. And when the boy-friend whispers a sweet nothing in your ear, you'll read it in the paper the next day. There are exactly 150 cinema news gatherers in Hollywood and so quick are the chatter columnists to record every romance, no matter how incipient, that love doesn't have a chance to "take." Before you've really made up your mind whether you like a new man or not Hollywood gossip has you secretly married to him.

Joan Crawford is free now to go out with whom she pleases. Joan is on the eligible list. So what happens? "Joan is seen dancing and dining with Franchot Tone. It must be a romance." But, honestly, has Joan had time

J. B. Scott





Vivienne Gay, Randolph Scott, Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant. Scott's romance with Vivienne is one of those to keep your eye on, this author informs us.

to find out whether or not she is in love with Franchot? Hollywood tells her she is before she knows it herself.

One night Joan was out dancing with Franchot and he leaned over and whispered something to her—something very sweet and tender. I give you my word that the next day eight people asked me if I knew what Franchot said to Joan when they were dancing. How would you like everybody in your set to know everything that the boys said to you while dancing?

AND then the gossips said, "You know, my dear, he's not really in love with Joan. He is just using her for publicity. He's new on the screen and whenever he takes her out he gets his name in the paper. It's good business." I know Franchot well. I know that isn't true but the very voicing of such cynicism brings us to another reason why there is so little lasting love in Hollywood.

When, in your town, a boy asks you for a date you're pretty sure that it's because he likes you and that nobody is going to tell you later he was using you as a political campaign. But bitter Hollywood always raises this doubt—"Their romance is just a publicity stunt." Good heavens, how can young people buck a remark like that!

And yet precedent has been set. There have been publicity romances—so Hollywood is skeptical of young

love. Remember the Clara Bow-Harry Richman case? As you know, publicity men evolved the idea of having Richman—who had not made his mark in pictures—rush Clara, who was a big star. Perhaps what you didn't know is that Clara was the innocent sufferer. So subject was she to sweet words and tenderness that she was really in love with Richman and—eventually—he with her. But the roots of that romance were embedded in the soil of press agency. How can love grow like that? The answer is it can't.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnnie Weissmuller were seen dancing and dining together. What a nice, handsome couple they made. You could get very sentimental about them until you knew that Johnny was telling Lupe Velez, via long distance telephone, all about it and that Maureen was being seen with Johnnie to try to counteract the unfortunate publicity he had at the time when the Weissmuller-Velez romance was hottest. Now Maureen is back with her old love, Johnnie Farrow, who was once Lila Lee's sweetheart.

They say that Jack LaRue and Glenda Farrell are romancing but I've got a strong hunch that that is sired by publicity, since Glenda is being seen places with Gene Raymond. You see what I'm doing? I'm doubting. I'm being terribly, terribly Hollywood. But that's the way it is.

You must, for instance, doubt (*Continued on page 98*)

Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels. There's a story behind this picture. Read about it in this feature. And Maureen O'Sullivan—with John Farrow and Johnnie Weissmuller. Which romance was publicity? Do you know? The story tells you.



J. B. Scott



J. B. Scott





JOE

BOB'S BIG



BOB

BROTHER

BOYLE HEIGHTS is not the best part of Los Angeles. It is "over the river and across the tracks." You have probably heard about the Los Angeles River, which is so shallow that the fish have to stand on their heads in it to get a drink. It is not much of a river, except in the rainy season, when it becomes a torrent and tears its banks to shreds—but, in all seasons, it is a sharply defined social boundary. The folks who live in Boyle Heights are factory workers and mill workers, for the most part. Good people. But *not* movie stars!

Robert Young came to moving pictures, as MODERN SCREEN has told you, from Boyle Heights. You know the story of his triumphal march from "across the tracks." From a sprawling house with a barren back yard full of chickens and rabbits and dogs, and with plumbing so old that the water just trickled, and it took half an hour to fill the bath-tub. But you do not know that, in that march, he was carried on the loving, patient shoulders of a big brother whose name few of us have ever seen on the screen. You do not know the story—almost like fiction, for it even has a happy ending—of the abiding love between the two Young boys; of how Joe let himself fail that Robert might succeed.

It's a grand story and one that you ought to know.

Joe had been in the Navy during the War. He wanted to go to war so terribly that his father told a fib for him, allowing him to enlist when he was fifteen years old. The War ended. Joe came home to find his parents separated, an elder brother and sister married and gone, and the family dwindled to his mother, a younger sister named Arnette, and his kid brother, Bob.

"Joe, you must go to high school and finish your education. A boy can't get anywhere without an education,

... You've heard of Robert Young plenty of times, but how about Joe Young? He played a part in Bob's life which Bob cannot forget

By JACK
JAMISON

these days," Mom said. Joe nodded, and said nothing. You did have to have an education. That was true. But he could not go to high school and support the family at the same time. And, if he got a half-day job, there wouldn't be enough money. That meant that Bob, eleven years old, would have to work part-time, too, and cut his days at the Marengo Heights Grammar School in half. If you knew Joe, you would understand that there was only one decision for him. Bob quit school? Not if he knew it!

"I don't want to go to high school," he told the family. "I'm going to work." He became a motorcycle messenger for a telegraph company. When the telegraph job ended, he went to work piling two-by-twelves

in a lumber yard. That's not easy. Splinters tear your hands, until they harden. Sawdust gets into your eyes, and burns them. The timbers are heavy and, as you lift and carry them all day long, they grow heavier and heavier.

LATER he decided to try his luck as a movie extra. They paid good money out there in Hollywood, he had heard.

Joe went out to Sennett's, where he knew not a soul, and, willing to take anything he could get, landed a job as prop-boy. It was a start, at least, he felt. Bob, meanwhile, thanks to Joe's pay envelopes, was in high school. A couple of years passed, and he was bringing home report-cards solid with A's. He was recognized as one of the school's most brilliant students. His brilliance attracted one of the English teachers to him. She asked him if he would like to be the student manager of one of the school plays. Bob said, "Sure!" He got one whiff of grease-paint, then, and the (Continued on page 91)



The most revealing interview

JANET GAYNOR

ever gave . . . !

. . . At last! Janet breaks down and tells you all the things you've been wanting to know about her: Is she bitter about life—and love? What of her screen career? An honest, intimate chat

By GLADYS HALL

I TALKED with Janet in her Irish cottage "dressing room" on the Fox lot. A thatched and fairy-tale cottage once used by John McCormack of the golden voice. Janet wore a jade-green dressing gown and whiffs of lavender mules. Her feet are the only things about her that have not grown-up. Her heavy, red-gold hair hung in a Garbo-length bob to her shoulders. Her eyes are steady and aware. She doesn't laugh as often as she used to. Her face is firmer and more definite. And when her mouth is in repose it wears a slightly ironical expression.

I said, "Have you been hurt by—by things—Janet? Are you broken hearted? Are you disillusioned? Are you happy, as you used to be?"

Janet said, "I'll answer the last question first. No, of course I'm not happy, as I used to be. I don't suppose I'm happy at all. The more we learn the sadder we become. And we must learn or be classed as morons.

"I think you begin to lose happiness when life begins to take off its masks. When you find that there is no Santa Claus but, instead, a mother or a father or both who are worried to death lest they may not have the money to be Santa Clauses with. You begin to lose happiness when you find that there are no fairies; that friends can be fair-weather friends, that success has as many rough spots as failure.

"I don't believe in fairy tales any longer. That about covers everything. I don't believe that black is black or white white. Which makes everything confusing. *I don't believe in people any longer*, not as I did. I know, now, that I can count my real friends on the fingers of one hand—and have some fingers to spare.



Janet wanted Henri Garat to play opposite her in "Adorable" as part of a well-thought-out plan.

"I used to have ideals and expect people to live up to them and be bitterly hurt and disappointed if they didn't. I haven't any ideals now and I can't be disappointed. I used to be critical and exacting. People had to fit, exactly, the pattern I'd cut for them or I'd have none of them. I know better now.

"Now, if I like a person at all, for this quality or for that and if he doesn't fit perfectly into the pattern, I lop off an edge here or a rough corner there and say, 'Oh, well, he has a lot of things about him I do like and I'll just *make him fit*.'

"You can't live through the major experiences of life and remain untouched by them. They should not make you bitter. They should make you, what I hope they have made me, more tolerant of others, kinder, more understanding. If experiences do not soften your heart and harden your spirit you might better never have had them—"

There was a time, Janet told me, when she was a very poor business woman. In that respect she was, then, the "child" they called her. Now, she knows what it is all about. She knows a script when she reads one and she reads every script and criticizes it and makes suggestions which must be adopted. She knows what stories she can do and what stories she has outgrown. She knows her own capacities and her own limitations.

And she advises every girl in business or the professions or the Arts to do the same; to know what they can do and believe in what they can do but to realize, also, that there are certain things they cannot be or do.

Janet was especially indignant because a writer once said of her that she secretly (*Continued on page 103*)



Katharine Hepburn's *Style Secrets*

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

WHY is Katharine Hepburn such a startling person? Maybe it's her green eyes. I'm not sure. They're slumberous or stormy according to her mood and I've seen them flash fire. Magnificent sight. The nearest I can come to describing her hair is "chestnut gold with red glints." I thought such hair was an author's illusion. I never expected to see it actually. And then I met Katharine. . . .

What surprises me most is her *littleness*. Why, she's no bigger than what Aunt Tibby used to call a "pint of peanuts." But she has Gloria Swanson's trick of appearing much taller on the screen. The

Katharine Hepburn's evening clothes are a sensation in themselves. Simple in the extreme, with every superfluous detail eliminated. That means style de luxe. This dress is heavy white crêpe. The jacket is of a Schiaparelli material. The slippers, gloves and bag are harmoniously done in white.



. . . What makes her so chic, so smart, so startling? Well, part of the answer is—clothes! A certain kind of clothes. She tells you what kind

way she holds herself has a lot to do with it. And her clothes. Which leads one to believe that her wardrobe must be very much out of the ordinary. It is! It's the most stimulating I've seen in ages—and the most comfortable looking. And, incidentally, this is the first time her complete personal wardrobe has been photographed and she has talked on the subject of clothes.

Listen in carefully, all you who feel you *ought* to wear tailored togs and yet want to go feminine. There's a vast majority of you, I know. And Katharine Hepburn neatly solves your difficulty.

"My own things look like nothing on the screen. I've had tests

Three of the pictures below show three views of Katharine's light gray heavy French flannel suit. The dark blue Mainbocher blouse is of rough wool. The hat, bag, shoes and gloves for this ensemble are perfect. (Right) A white cotton summer motoring coat with brown felt sport hat and a polka-dotted brown scarf.





made in them and they don't show up at all. Screen costumes *have* to be different. More extreme. If you want to wear that type of dress on the street you have to be supremely well groomed. Your hair has to be perfectly arranged—which mine isn't!—everything about you just *right*. Otherwise you appear as a caricature." Katharine sprawled easily in her seat. A theater seat to be exact, for a scene in her new picture. She had on those well known dungarees (the ones without the patch) espadrilles—which are rope-soled, laced moccasins much worn in the south of France, and a Schiaparelli dark blue jacket. It was as if a very correct orchid had made friends with a dandelion—if you know what I mean. An amusing combination and somehow as interesting as the girl herself. In a few moments she would get into a sparkling sequin gown for the camera, a veritable manikin. But right now she had the casual, friendly air of a small boy and an equally casual regard for her looks. Sometimes women like that have an even greater attraction than the band-box, right-up-to-the-minute variety.

The secret of the Hepburn style—and she has a very definite style—is simply this: *she plays up to her angularity!*

Katharine is slender enough to do it effectively and it gives her that exotic, highly individual touch. No very rounded soft lines if

(Left) White—for Summer. This is Katie's favorite choice. A suit of white angora herringbone tweed with a knitted white wool sweater. The white accessories for this suit are shown left, below. (Below, right) A nightgown—honest! It's flame color, with a negligée of white, blue and flame. The silver sandals to go with the negligée are shown in the bottom small picture.



you please. No clinging drapes—except for negligée moments.

This is what Katharine says:

"I'd much rather buy *one* suit every three years and *know* it was of the best material, finely tailored, than to get two or three things a season. Clothes are like old friends—or should be. If they're of good fabric and excellent cut, after a while they get to have a look of *belonging* to you. They seem to take on your characteristics. That's especially true of the type of things I wear. It would be different, I suppose, if I went in for printed silk dresses and ruffled net garden frocks. But I don't."

NO, decidedly not. Put Katharine Hepburn in a wispy summer frock and she'd lose her superb smartness.

Later, as we were looking over her outfits, the thought came to me that this Hepburn's looks grow on you and so do her clothes. They become more and more intriguing.

There's that white angora suit in a herringbone tweed design, for instance. Now millions of white suits dot the streets this season but this one is distinctly *Katharine's*. Study the line of the skirt, those wide pleats, the very high waist-line, the yoke-belt. And then the single-button coat. (*Continued on page 99*)

(Right) Light gray skirt and darker gray coat. The accessories are shown in the small picture to the right, below. The officer's cape (bottom right) is circular, flaring, of dark blue cloth lined with red. Most distinguished. Now, for sports wear, Katharine selects a plaid cotton toweling blouse with turtle neck (bottom left.) It's red, white and blue. Accessories shown above it.



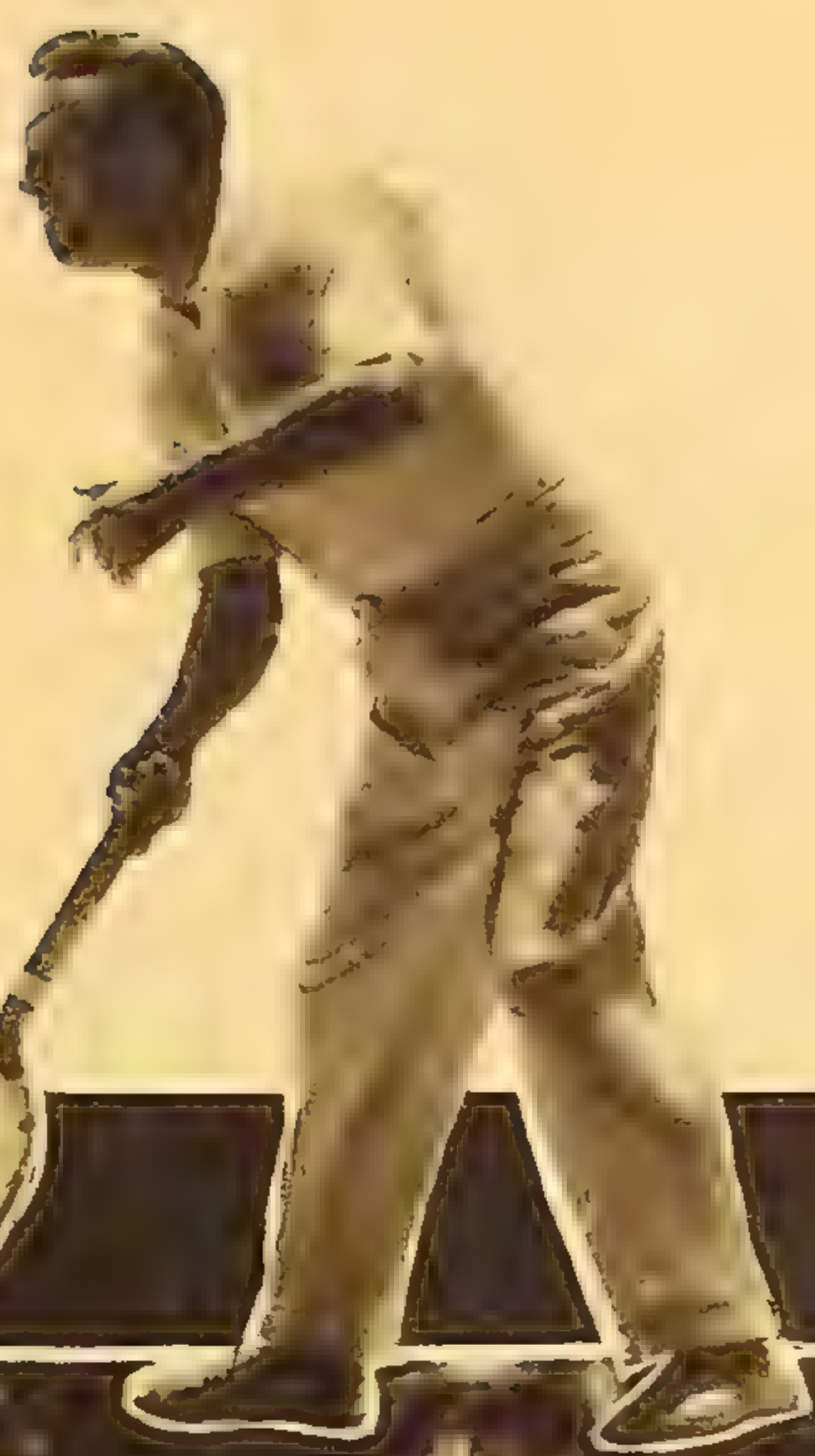
All These Pictures
by "Scotty"—Mod-
ern Screen's Ex-
clusive Cameraman.

There's no place like Palm Springs for seeing the stars in person. It's their hangout for those days of let-down after the picture is finished. (Below) Gene Raymond, Horace Orser, tennis pro, Robert Montgomery and Edmund Lowe before the game. (Further below) Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butterworth, Art Jarrett and Mae Clark at the Desert Inn.

COME TO



(Below) Ricardo Cortez, Lilyan Tashman, Major Zampt, Countess Frasso (yes, the countess with whom Gary Cooper ran around for so long) and Edmund Lowe. Across the page you'll find Edmund about to play a game of tennis. (Further below) The little girl whose break-up with Lydell Peck caused so much excitement. That's her mother with her.



PALM SPRINGS



Bicycling is one of the major sports of Palm Springs. And Mary Pickford can handle a wheel as well as anyone. The lady in the car is Mrs. William Gargan. The gentleman talking to her is her husband, Bill Gargan. It doesn't look a bit like him but blame his unGarganish appearance on the too-bright desert sunlight. At the bottom of the page you will find Florence Bunyon and Frances Dee at El Taquitz lodge.

PALM SPRINGS IS AN OASIS OF FUN AND RELAXATION
IN THE STARS' DESERT OF CONSTANT HARD WORK



MYRNA LOY IN MEXICO—WILL SHE MARRY NOVARRO?

Myrna Is Mysterious While Hollywood Nods Its Head Wisely

With a couple of weeks' vacation between pictures, Myrna Loy set off by sail for Mexico. She said nothing—behaved very Garbo, in fact—but many wise heads are convinced that she will meet Ramon Novarro somewhere in his country and that the two will return married. Myrna, as you know, has been living in Ramon's house while he has been concertizing in Europe. They are excellent pals, have a great deal in common and—well, wouldn't they make a lovely couple?

Universal Drops Karloff, Lew Ayres, Tala Birell. Atwill Signed

Good-by, Frankenstein. And good-by to Lola Lane's ex-husband. And good-by, also, to the Garbo girl from Austria. In other words, Karloff, Ayres and Birell, haven't had their options taken up by Universal. The move is one of economy—if they had stayed, their salaries would have had to be raised.

On the other hand, Universal has signed Lionel Atwill, to take Karloff's place.

Lilian Harvey in Hospital—Deluged With Flowers

It isn't very romantic to have an impacted wisdom tooth—but even glamorous people like Lilian Harvey are occasionally afflicted with such painful things. Lilian suffered such pain, as a matter of fact, that she had to go to the hospital. She broke even Jobyna Ralston Arlen's hospital record, we hear, for flower-receiving.



RICHARD RALSTON ARLEN, SON AND HEIR TO RICHARD ARLEN, SCREEN STAR AND JOBYNA RALSTON, PROUD WIFE OF RICHARD



J. B. Scott

JOAN BENNETT IN "LITTLE WOMEN," THRU WITH FOX

May Collect \$50,000 From Fox, However, As per Contract Terms

Connie and Joan Bennett on the same lot! That's right. Because Joan has been assigned a role in RKO's "Little Women." Her Fox contract is finished—although she hasn't completed but half the pictures it specified for her to do this year. Joan may collect the \$50,000 still due her according to that contract. For RKO she will play the role of Amy.

Lots of Hollywood Romances To Keep the Gossippers Busy

Alan Dinehart presented Mozelle Britton with a huge diamond. They have already planned their home—so figure on a wedding.

Doris Kenyon and Arthur Hopkins, real estate man from New York, were married in the garden of Doris' Brentwood home.

Lili Damita and Sidney may marry any day now. At present Lili is in England visiting the Ben Lyons.

Reports from England insist that Constance Cummings and Ben W. Levy are secretly married.

Anita Louise is in Hollywood. So the Tom Brown-Anita romance is on again.

Flashes from Here and There

Dick Barthelmess will never fly again, he says. On a recent trip, he found his pilot dead of heart failure thirty seconds after landing.

The Zeppo Marxes were held up by bandits at their own dinner table. \$30,000 in jewels was taken.

Elissa Landi has walked out on Fox's "I Am a Widow." She sailed for England and Fox cut her off the payroll.

Gary Cooper has bought a ranch near Palm Springs. Plans to develop it as a winter resort.

Wallace Beery has turned over to the daughter of Barbara Bedford and the late John Rascoe the \$8,500 insurance policy left him by Rascoe in payment of a debt.

Kay Francis will be teamed with Eddie Robinson! First picture tentatively called "Red Meat."

NEW CONTRACTS; NEW TEAMS—NEW PLANS UNDER WAY

Richard Dix and George Arliss Among the First Rate Players Making New Studio Connections

This is the season in Hollywood when players change their studio affiliations, when contracts run out and when options are taken up.

First among the changes is George Arliss. From the Warner banner he goes to Twentieth Century Productions, of which Darryl Zanuck is the head.

Richard Dix, long with RKO, may join the Fox organization after he finishes his next picture for RKO, so a report goes.

Von Sternberg was signed by M-G-M to direct "Dancing Lady," but disagreements came up with the result that the contract was terminated at a nice profit to Von Sternberg.

Warner Baxter will be in "A Tale of Two Cities." It's a part that he's been wanting for years to play. So at last he has his wish. It will be a very elaborate production, employing thousands of extras.

How would you like to see Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez in a picture together? It's possible that you may for if M-G-M succeeds in getting Lupe the two of them may be in "Laughing Boy."

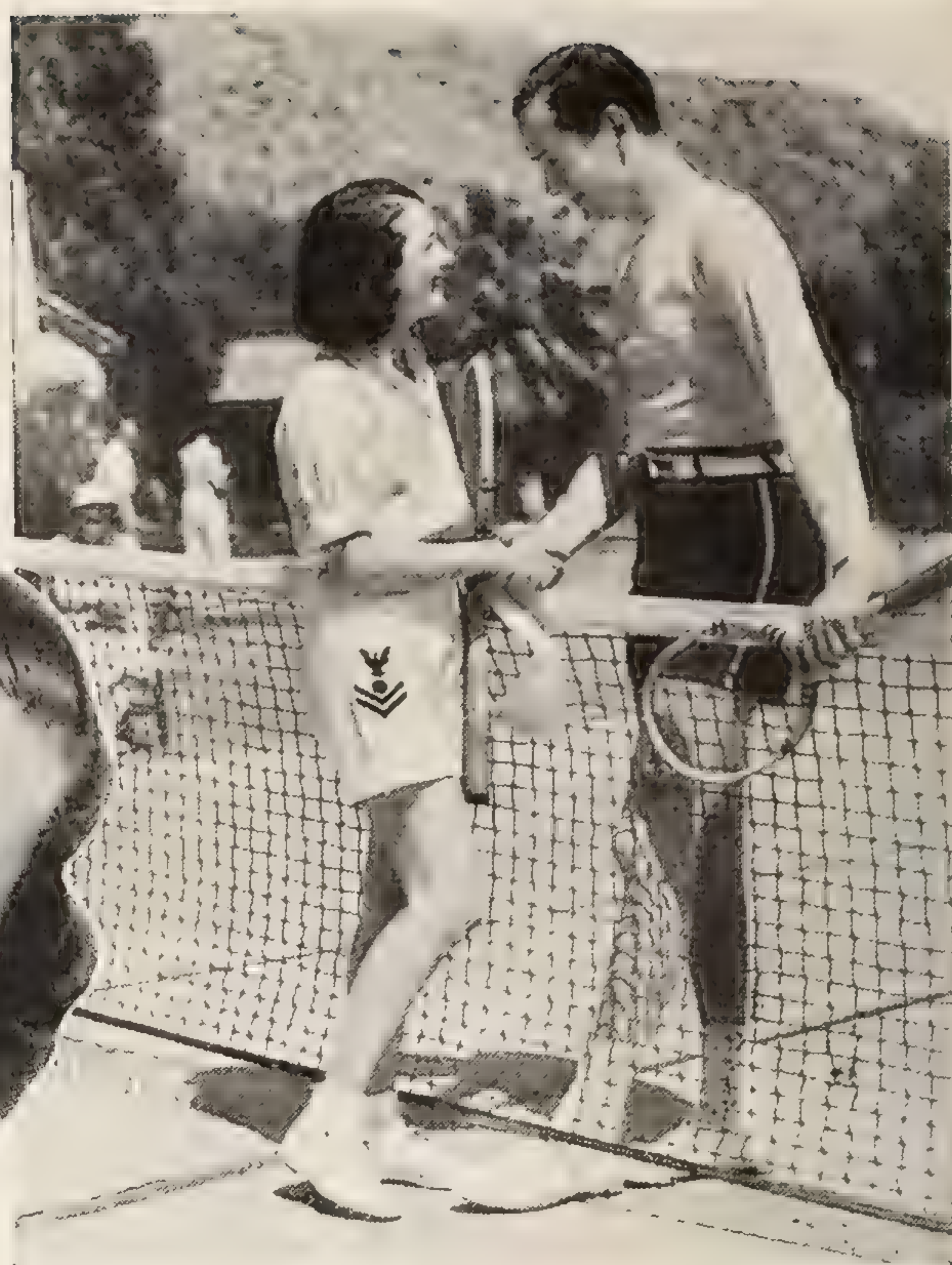
Maurice Chevalier usually gets particularly charming leading ladies, and in his new picture, "The Way to Love," he keeps up the splendid record by having cast opposite him none other than Sylvia Sydney.

Leslie Howard finished "Berkeley Square" for Fox and then sailed for England to direct, and also appear in "The Lady Is Willing" for Columbia. After that he returns to Hollywood to do one picture for Radio and then goes to Warner under a long-term contract—at \$50,000 per picture. This is the first time he has allowed himself to become a long-termer.



EDWARD G. ROBINSON AND HIS WIFE, GLADYS LLOYD, ARRIVE IN HOLLYWOOD WITH THEIR NEW BABY BOY. (WIDE WORLD)

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW!



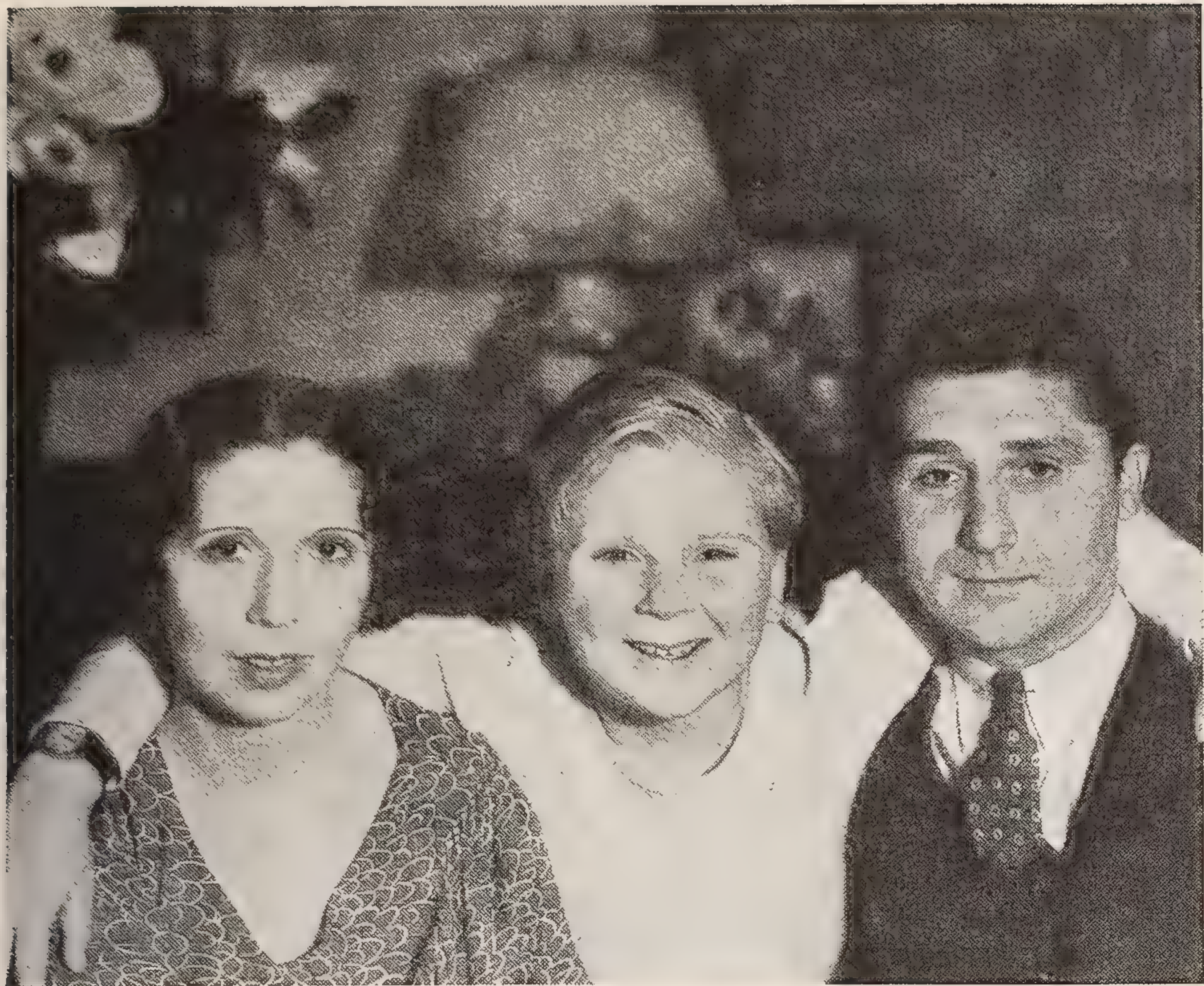
Acme

No, there is not a romance between Janet Gaynor and Robert Montgomery. They're just about to play a couple of sets of tennis—hence the preliminary handshake.

Joan Crawford indicates the arrival of summer by acquiring a coat of that California tan. The recipe is simple: Apply vinegar and olive oil to the body and then roast slowly under a hot sun.

Clarence
Sinclair Bull

... News about Hepburn's overalls ... When Mae West went to the circus ... Garbo having leading man trouble ...



Of course you've heard that Jackie Cooper's mother recently married again—which gives Jackie a brand new poppa. Here are the three of them. The new poppa's name is Charles Bigelow. The marriage took place in Yuma, Arizona.



J. B. Scott

When the Blind Actors benefit was held at Harold Lloyd's home, Harold himself sold tickets at the door. That's Bull Montana buying.

MAE WEST AT THE CIRCUS

MAE WEST is a pretty swell gal. In her next picture, "I'm No Angel," she plays the part of a circus performer, so when Barnes' Circus was in town, Mae made several trips over to the Big Top to gain some first-hand information on trapeze artists. Upon each visit she noticed there was always a line of wistful looking children standing outside, without the price of a ticket. So what does Diamond Lil do but take two hundred little orphans, including fifty negro children, to the circus one Sunday afternoon! She treated 'em to popcorn 'n' peanuts 'n' everything, and did they have a swell time! Believe you me, those kids won't be forgetting Mae West for a long time. . . .

● I think a book could be written about Katharine Hepburn's blue overalls. You've heard all about how she never wears anything but this one pair of jeans around the studio, how they have a patch on the seat, and all that stuff. Well, the other day Kate came back from the set and found them *gone*. She howled and yelled and finally had to go home in a raincoat. Next morning she entered her dressing room and lo! there they were in all their antique glory. Someone had put a huge gold frame around them and hung the work of art very conspicuously just above the fireplace. Lowell Sherman (director) finally admitted it was his joke.

● Marlene Dietrich left Hollywood accompanied by her daughter Maria, a maid and an armed bodyguard. She was wearing a pair of highly pressed trousers. However, when she entered Paris, she was warned to wear skirts, *or else*.

In spite of the fact that she has repeatedly admitted that she did not like Hollywood, or anything about it, she's coming back. She signed a new contract with Paramount on the very eve of her departure, which will bring her back here some time in October.

WANTED: LEADING MAN FOR GRETA

Greta Garbo seems to be having one heck of a time getting a leading man for her picture "Queen Christina." She voiced a preference for Ronald Colman, but Ronnie's in Europe so

that was out. Then there were reports that John Gilbert was being considered. And that, folks, would have been *sumpin!* Remember their hot love scenes in "Flesh and the Devil," etc., etc.? But Jack's not at M-G-M any longer so that's the end of that wild dream. Leslie Howard was next and now it's Franchot Tone. Who next? The great Garbo is evidently having as much trouble as Mary Pickford had a few months ago. However, it is decided that Rouben Mamoulian will direct the picture. He also directed Marlene Dietrich's last picture, "Song of Songs."

● Doug Fairbanks, Jr., finally got off on a holiday, after first turning down three important rôles. One was the male lead opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women." Doug's first stop was in New York where he visited his mother for a few days and from there on to Italy. Later he plans to go to London where he'll spend a few days with Leslie Howard. Les and Doug became great pals while working on "Captured" together.

● Adrienne Ames, who in private life is the wife of Stephen Ames, wealthy New York broker, and who has up to now been living a very quiet life in Hollywood, has suddenly started going places with Bruce Cabot. *Every* night they're somewhere dancing and dining. But it's quite all right. Mr. Ames has given his permission. . . .

As for Bruce . . . can't say he's doing much brooding over his lost romance with Sally Blane. Even though their farewell (when Sally left for Europe) was most touching.

● Cary Grant is the most devoted suitor in town. Everywhere Virginia Cherrill goes, Cary goes too. Even when Virginia visited the dentist Cary accompanied her and held her hand all the while she was in the chair.

"LOVE FROM JOAN"

Bill Haines' drawing-room, which he is doing over, is to have a decided Pompeian influence. And the very keynote of the room will be the two beautiful figures of rearing white horses mounted on black columns on either side of the doorway that leads from the drawing-room to the dining-room.



J. B. Scott

Miriam Hopkins and Stuart Erwin join in a camera snapping contest while on location. The location work was for the new Erwin film, "Stranger's Return."



J. B. Scott

Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames are seen together almost every night of the week. It's all right, though. Mr. Stephen Ames has given his permission.



Hollywood's newest bachelor decides to take a trip to Europe. Doug just recently finished his work in "Morning Glory" in which Katharine Hepburn plays opposite.

These white horses were a present from Joan Crawford.

Wishing to show Bill her appreciation of a favor he had done her, Joan went into his antique shop one day when she knew he would be over at Claudette Colbert's supervising the renovation of Claudette's own room.

"What in this shop does Bill like most of all?" she asked an assistant.

"Those white horses," the assistant told her without hesitation. "For weeks he's been wishing he could afford them for himself."

"Send them to him," Joan said, writing a friendly little message on one of her cards, "and charge them to me."

Bill, telling us this story, asked: "Isn't that just like Joanie?"

● Delighted at being in a real stage production, little Mary Carlisle sent first night tickets for "The Second Man" which played at the Beverly Hills Theater, to dozens of her friends, including Louis B. Mayer, the High Mogul of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and her boss.

And then she wished she hadn't. . . .

For on the opening night she was so excited at all the applause she received that she proceeded to forget her lines completely. Frantic, she walked around the stage picking things up and putting things down and trying to act nonchalant while she edged towards the wings where the cue man sat. At his whispered "Manuscript!" she was all right.

But the worst was yet to come. That few seconds of horrible stage fright hadn't helped her digestion any. And later, when she had to drink gingerale, she belched. Loud. And then again a second time.

There was an appalling silence for a minute. Then the audience broke into hysterical laughter.

"You'll repeat that belch every night, Miss Carlisle," the stage director told Mary later. "They loved it!"

And she did. To become the hit of the show.

"But," says Mary so thrilled these days over her leading role in "College Humor" that she can scarcely keep her feet on the ground, "it wasn't so easy."

● What a picture-dodger Margery King (George Raft's new sweetie) is! This romance is really quite serious (for Raft) so naturally Scotty, our cameraman, wanted to get a picture of the pair so you folks could see what the gal looked like. Night after night, Scotty trailed the two of them but Margery just wouldn't pose. Finally, after a week or more of this, Raft took pity on the poor soul and evidently decided he deserved a break. In rough Raft-like style, he forced the naughty Margery down into a chair and held her there until Scotty took the much-longed-for picture. (See pix on page 23. Doesn't she look *mad*?)

● Leslie Howard must have his little joke. The other noon while lunching at the studio café, Les put in an order for two sponges and a blotter. The poor little waitress almost fainted. After she had recovered from the shock, Les explained his queer order. It seems that he had been drinking near beer all morning for a lusty tavern scene in "Berkeley Square" and felt the need for a little "absorption."

He wound up by eating a bowl of oatmeal, of all things!

● Anybody with a face and figure like Jean Harlow's is bound to attract gossip. Perhaps more fantastic stories have been circulated about her than about anybody else in Hollywood.

Everything has been said about the girl but one thing that annoyed her more than the others happened when she was in Chicago. She was there just between trains accompanied by her stepfather and she called an old friend of hers who took them out to dinner and two hours later put them on the train. Then the story went the rounds that she had come to Chicago especially to see him and had spent several *days* in his society.

I don't know why that makes Jean so mad—for much more vicious things have been said. "It's just so doggone silly," she explained. "I honestly don't mind anything if it isn't so silly."

● Whenever a certain producer sees Joan Crawford he calls out, "Hey, how are you, Cow Eyes?"

And the hands of time are spun back by the words and Joan remembers how she felt the first day she came to the studio. Except for one brief test in New York, she had never been before a movie camera and the inside of the studio was strange, mysterious and frightening. She sat in the executive's office, waiting for him to appear, her hands nervously clutched together, her eyes big as saucers, she was scared to death.

Finally he appeared. He took one look at her and laughed. "How are you, Cow Eyes?" he smiled and she's been that to him ever since.

● Mae West's pet entertainment is prize fights. Swanky parties, formal dinners, premières and the like hold no interest for Diamond Lil. She likes *action*! But evidently Mae was getting a little too noisy . . . or something. Anyway, the studio has shut down on Mae's fun. The order is: No more prize fights.

Raft pulls a near-Cagney . . . The truth about that absurd Harlow gossip



Wide World

Acme

Now that he has made himself a figure in the Hollywood world, Lee Tracy snatches time off to make a flying visit to New York. He'll see a lot of plays.

Michael Farmer and Mrs. Michael Farmer once again dash off for Europe—to see the baby, Michele Bridget. They're still denying rumors of a marital rift.

Well, well, if it isn't Louise Fazenda who has become a proud mother. That's Hal Brent Wallis, Jr., the newcomer. Hal Wallis, the poppa, is pacing the corridor.

JIMMY AND SALLY MAKE GOOD

THAT Eilers-Dunn team continues merrily on. Without a doubt this is the most popular combination on the screen right now. Their next co-starring vehicle will be entitled "Jimmy and Sally," which is quite a compliment to these two stars. Right now Sally is in Europe making a picture and Jimmy is in Chicago taking in the Fair, but they'll be in Hollywood soon to start work. The story, which by the way was written by two former secretaries at the Fox Studio, is concerned with the advertising business. Should be good.

As for Hoot and Sally, they're the best of friends, though separated. Hoot gave Sally a buzz on the telephone as soon as she landed in Merry Old England!

● Sign on a neighborhood theatre read: "She Done Him Wrong"—"Night After Night."

● Lee Tracy cops the prize for the best fan letter ever received by an actor . . . any time! Here it is:

"Your picture 'Never Give a Sucker a Break' (now called 'The Nuisance') was the first motion picture that my father has ever seen, and he said that if he had known that motion pictures were like that, he would have started going twenty years ago. I think this a good compliment coming from one who has never seen a show before."

I should say it is. Take a bow, Lee.

● Bill Gargan has a weakness for dogs, stray dogs. He's forever picking up homeless pups and dragging them home, much to Mrs. Gargan's distress. The other day he came home carrying an especially bedraggled and pathetic

looking animal under his arm and insisted that the pup should camp right in their living room. The thing looked harmless enough so Mrs. Gargan didn't object much. But next morning—lo! two beautiful Oriental rugs were in shreds.

Now Bill is spending his leisure moments building a doghouse in the backyard. Even after the rug episode he refused to get rid of the pup.

EIGHT-POUND BOY AT THE ARLENS

IT'S a big eight-pound boy for Joby and Dick Arlen. The Arlens have been married for six years so you see this is *some* event. Bing Crosby helped Dick keep vigil during those long dark hours and Bing says Dick suffered terrifically.

The child will *not* be called Elmer, as Dick and Joby laughingly referred to the heir before his arrival. He'll bear the dignified name of Richard Ralston Arlen.

● The thing that burns Joan Crawford up about her court appearance the day she got her divorce from Doug, was the fact that the newspapers printed her age as 27! She claims they up-ed it by two whole years. 25 is correct. Well, we'll let it go at that.

ROMANCE JOTTINGS

That warm romance between Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Jack Oakie has cooled considerably. Alex Kirkland is now squiring the fair Peggy Hopkins around.

Randolph Scott has eyes for no one but Sari Maritza's pretty manager . . . Vivian Gaye.

Warning to Lupe Velez: Johnny

Weissmuller and Fay Webb (Rudy Vallee's Ex) were seen dancing the other eve.

That Glenda Farrell-Jack LaRue romance (swell pair, what?) is really getting serious.

Alice White and John Warburton are holding hands and Cy Bartlett (Alice's ex boyfriend) is still attentive to Boots Mallory.

King Vidor has been taking blonde Miriam Hopkins places and Buster Collier and Marie Prevost are through—absolutely. Turn to page 22 for more lowdown. (A swell yarn!)

RICARDO CORTEZ is all set to do "Torch Singer" with Claudette Colbert, that is, if he doesn't have another relapse. Ric has had a tough battle on his hands this year. Three times he has been scheduled to do a picture and had to give it up because of illness. But now, after vacationing at Palm Springs and Honolulu, during which time he gained several pounds and acquired a deep tan, he looks fit enough for some real hard work. Here's wishing you good luck, Ric.

EDDIE GOES TO WORK

You read in last month's issue that the main reason for Marian Nixon and Eddie Hillman's marital bust-up was the fact that Eddie didn't have a job. Marian thought he should work but Eddie couldn't see it. He didn't have a profession, and what's more he had plenty of that stuff called "money."

Funny thing is that now after they're divorced Eddie has gone to work. He is assistant director to Al Rogell over at Columbia Studio and his duties are *menial*, to say the least. Is he trying to win Marian back?

Paramount kills Mae West's prize fights . . . Lee Tracy's favorite fan letter



NO TIME FOR SLEEP

"Too Much Harmony" is Bing's picture after "College Humor" and after that maybe he'll get some rest. And there's that heir (or heiress) expected any moment now. Dixie Lee Crosby (below) is taking care of that!

By CARTER BRUCE

WHILE you are reading this, Mr. Bing Crosby of the "Echo in the Valley" Crosbys is right in the middle of his newest production, "Too Much Harmony"—if he is not pacing the cold corridor of a hospital awaiting the advent of that important arrival scheduled for the Crosby menage this month. In either case, Mr. Crosby will no doubt be sleepy. I have known a flock of sleepy guys in my time but never have I known one with such a *permanent* yen for the arms of Morpheus as America's Favorite Voice With a Heart Throb.

In a way, the cold facts I am about to lay before you are a rather mean trick on the Voice! All of the great screen lovers should be permitted to protect their romantic reputations in print. Not that Bing will care. He'll be too tired and sleepy to care. This, then, shall be the intimate portrait of a Crooner with his back hair down.

At present, the Crosbys are occupying the elaborate Los Feliz house of the estranged Sue Carol-Nick Stuart combination. It is a nice sunny place with large, comfortable beds. *Some* night, Mr. Crosby is going to *try*



...Here's a grand inside
glimpse of Bing Crosby
—the lowdown on what
happens in Hollywood
to a radio favorite who
has time for everything
but sleep!

If you were to invite Bing to your home he'd be insulted if you didn't ask him to sing—and if you did, he'd oblige all evening. Now take that certain party the other night—



one of those beds! Due to an avalanche of visitors . . . some from the east, some relatives and a small army of pals from Toluca Lake . . . Bing has not as yet rated a bed in his own house. Most of the "pals" were friends of Dick Arlen (Dick had to be near the hospital where he was having a Caesarian baby—or was it *Mrs.* Arlen?) who wanted to be near him during this trying period. On account of Arlen's frayed and battered nerves, Mr. Crosby insisted upon a soft bed for the visitor and since the "nerves" lasted two weeks, Bing has been alternating between the lounge in the drawing room and the bear rug in the play-room.

And in spite of a severe cold, brought on by sleeping on the play-room floor, and many sore muscles, Bing maintains his usual placid disposition. He is, at all times, so thoroughly cool and unruffled that there are those who have mistaken the disposition of the Voice for "indifference." His calmness is almost trance-like. Some believe this to be his armor against the hysterical admiration of thousands of women who write and call him. Others think it most effective against the blasts of the gentlemen of the ministry who have actually mentioned his name from their pulpits as "being responsible for the lax morals of the Youth of America." He accepts the two accusa-

tions (*Lover and Sinner*) with equal nonchalance. I *still* maintain he is merely sleepy!

WITH the single exception of Clark Gable, he is the least conceited man I know. His dressing room, be it on the road or in Hollywood, is covered with letters from his admirers in which they say: "... You sound like you were *dead*"—"since you're on the air, I refuse to *breath* it!"—"and you're obtaining money under false pretenses." Says Bing: "Every time I take an extra curtain call, I read each letter on the wall!" But even if he *wanted* to be conceited, he couldn't. The best little reason being Mrs. Crosby (Dixie Lee) who has a witty tongue almost as devastating as her face is pretty. Whenever Dixie feels that Mr. Crosby needs taking down a notch or two, she just calls him "Crooner." Here's how it works:

Just the other evening the Crosbys, the Arlens, the (now estranged) Stuarts, Eddie Hillman and Al Rogell made up a large party at one of the gay-and-late places. As the evening progressed, the Voice began to be filled with the joy of living. When the manager of the café timidly asked him to oblige the other cash customers with a ditty or two "in the imitable (*Continued on page 113*)

Revealing the life of I R E N E D U N N E



(Left) Irene with her mother, Adelaide Dunne, who must be a very lovely woman. (Above) Mistress Dunne when very young. Had charm even then don't you think?



By ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

STARS—gold and scarlet and emerald—hung in the dark above the tall trees. It was the Fourth of July. In Louisville, Kentucky. And Irene Dunne was a little girl, five years old.

In their summer dresses, clustered on the porch steps, Irene Dunne and her friends were like pale moths attracted by the lights.

"Oh-h-h! A-h-h!" they murmured.

Man-like, the small boys stood in a group apart.

"Gee!" they said, "Gee Whiz! That was a beaut all right, all right!"

On the veranda were the adults.

Then, just as the stars were losing themselves in the branches of the trees, just as Joseph Dunne and his hired man were about to light the red flares lined along the curb, there came a scream. Terrifying. And blood-curdling.

"Keep the children back," cried the men as they ran.

Across the way they found their neighbor unconscious

Her sheltered childhood . . . her turbulent



This is a picture of Irene's father, Joseph Dunne. He was a man of great charm. He loved people and parties and fun. His death greatly influenced Irene's life.



At about two. The Dunnes—Adelaide and Joseph, brother Charles and Irene—lived in Louisville, Kentucky, then. Joseph Dunne was an engineer and quite well-to do.

If you feel that you know little or nothing about Irene Dunne, it is because she has always been considered a "star without a story." But there is a story—a rich, human story, and I'm proud that MODERN SCREEN is the first to present it—The Editor

in his wife's arms. A rocket, coming down, had struck him, torn through his straw hat, pierced his skull.

The good-nights were said quietly and sorrowfully. The children were hurried home.

The Dunne's hired man carried the remaining fireworks back to the barn.

Upstairs in the big nursery Adelaide Dunne helped Irene get ready for bed. She covered her with a cool, crisp sheet.

"Be a good child," she said, anxiously aware of the big tragic eyes raised to her, "and go right off to sleep. Daddy'll come in and kiss you when he gets home. I promise!"

Dutifully little Irene Dunne closed her eyes. But they *would* pop open again. Sleep wouldn't come, no matter how hard she tried to go to sleep.

It was long after midnight when her father came in but she heard him and her mother talking outside in the hall. The doctors had been helpless. The neighbor had died.

THIS was Irene's first close touch with death. Death, she thought, must be a terrible thing if her father couldn't stop its coming. Why, her father could manage anything. No matter what she wanted, no matter what her mother wanted, no matter what the hired man wanted, they just spoke to her father about it and it was all right.

She tried to imagine their quiet street without their neighbor coming home at night and going off in the morning, giving his hound dog the evening paper to carry and calling to her as she raced up and down her side of the way on her skates. She couldn't bear to think of him as he must be now, lying white and still.

Then, suddenly, a horrible thought struck her.

"Mother . . . Mother . . . Mother . . ." she called.

Adelaide Dunne came hurrying. "What is it?" she asked "What is it, my dear?"

Irene was sitting up in bed, her eyes larger than ever and very dark. The sheet, no longer cool and crisp, lay crumpled upon the floor.

'teens . . . her struggles for success . . . and the first hints of romance



The picture above was taken when Irene was approximately sweet sixteen. The youngster is her brother Charles. For his sake, Irene gave up her first love. Wisely, as it developed later. Otherwise, there'd have been no career.



(Above) This picture was taken around the time of the disastrous Fourth of July party Miss Fletcher tells you about in the story. Note the parasol? (Left, below) A photo of the two Dunne children taken when Charles was little more than a baby. Note Irene's haircut.



"Mother," said Irene, and the very tone of her voice begged for a negative answer, "it wasn't one of our rockets that did it, was it?"

"Your father thinks not," Adelaide Dunne consoled her.

"I'm sure it wasn't," Joseph Dunne said, coming in. "And now I want you to be a good girl . . . and go to sleep . . . before you wake your brother."

Irene fell off to sleep at last. But the next day and the next day and the next day there was a great heaviness within her. The tent in the backyard beside the lilac bushes where she played store with her mud pies and cakes wasn't the fun it had been. Even the conferences held with "Dutton," a next-door-neighbor, about white frosting made from starch and water lost their savor.

In time, however, Irene forgot death and the man across the street. Life itself crowded them from her mind. So many exciting things kept happening. When you opened your eyes in the morning you wondered what new, delightful event that day would see.

THERE was the time Irene had her picture taken by a visiting photographer, sitting on the porch steps, wearing a white dress and her new Dotty Dimple sash and hair-ribbon of pale blue.

And there was the time she went for brick paint on her roller skates, fell down, and returned home weeping, a very red child indeed.

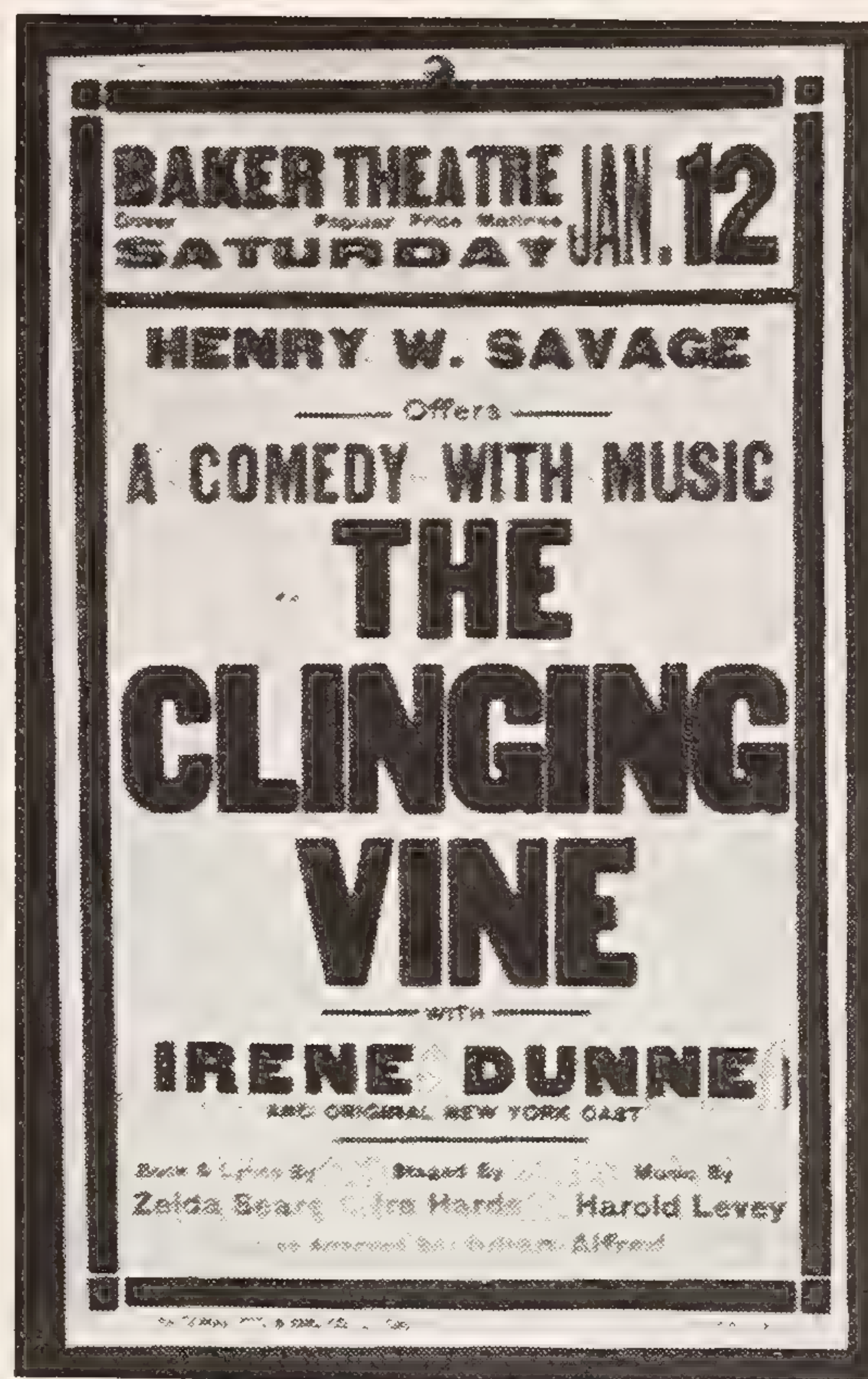
Life for those belonging to Joseph Dunne, a rising



"So Adelaide Dunne's daughter is studying for the stage!" Yes, indeed—and getting there, too. This was taken during Irene's happy season in Atlanta, Georgia.



In this sedate costume, Irene played in the prologue of Peggy Wood's "The Clinging Vine." It was Irene's first engagement after a long, bitter wait.



And it was in this show, incidentally, that Irene was given that first break. She understudied Miss Wood—and one night Miss Wood couldn't be there!

young engineer, was peaceful and secure. There was enough. And more than enough. If there ever was any need for worry, he worried and no member of his family knew anything about it.

Rainy days had a special charm. Then Adelaide Dunne would play the piano while Irene sat on the bench beside her. Sometimes there would be songs Irene could sing. This she loved better than anything else in the world.

But even when she didn't sing, even when she just sat there listening, it was lovely. When she ran her small fingers over the keys they only made a tinkling sound. But when her mother, who had studied for years at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, touched the keys they sounded deep and full, and rich and clear.

"It is the same with anything," Adelaide Dunne told her small daughter gently, "to get the most from it takes time and study."

Years later Irene was to remember this and refuse an engagement with Arthur Hammerstein in order to return to the Chicago Musical College for another six months of study.

IT was when Irene was six, going on seven, that the Dunnes moved to St. Louis, Missouri. Joseph Dunne had been made Supervising General of Steamships for the United States Government.

In the beautiful new house he had built Irene no longer slept in the nursery. She had a room of her own. And on her next birthday she was given a small maple desk at which she thereafter did her home-work.

She went to school at the Loretta Academy, first as a day scholar and then, when her father had to be in Washington while Congress was in session and her mother went with him, as a boarding pupil.

She was one of "The Mischievous Six." And very proud she was too of her club pin with "T. M. S." on it.

There were the older girls to admire. And envy. And imitate.

And there was Sister Consuela. She was so lovely. The pity of it was Irene couldn't acquit herself as well in Sister Consuela's class as she did in her other classes, as she did at the piano, in history, geography and French. For Sister Consuela taught arithmetic. And Irene found numbers puzzling, contrary things. All the teeth marks in the end of her lead pencil were occasioned by the deep concentration arithmetic demanded.

Talking of these days, Irene Dunne said:

"Always I had a great desire to be grown-up.

"At the Academy we wore blue serge skirts, white middies, and black ties. As soon as I was out of sight of the school or our house I would pull my skirt down, hoping in this way to appear older."

Inevitably the name of Dunne began to appear in the social columns of the local papers. Joseph Dunne loved life. He lived every day as if it was to be his last. He liked people around him. There were picnics in which the children were included. There were little dinner parties when the children had their supper on trays upstairs.

Many a wife envied Adelaide (Continued on page 94)

FORECASTING YOUR

What do the producers themselves plan for their own stars? Jack

Vice-president and sole production chief of Warner Brothers-First National Studios, Jack L. Warner knows better than anyone the destinies of your favorites in his company.



CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Joan Blondell in roles of drama and glamor?
Jimmie Cagney in a musical comedy?
Kay Francis without her usual background of smart clothes and drawing rooms?
Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell as a team?
Read this interesting story from the front line.

BEGINNING with this issue, MODERN SCREEN is presenting a forecast of Hollywood events—new personalities and startling developments for the coming year from the only reliable source: *The Front Office*. What is going to happen to *your* favorites? All the insiders know that there will be revolutionary changes in the starring field this year. Already there has been talk of doing away with the “star system” of exclusive contracts, letting the studios borrow from a central bureau any “name” in the list. It has been prophesied that great names will fall by the wayside this twelve months and new and startlingly different names will grace the exalted list. *Guesses* have come from all directions, but MODERN SCREEN decided to obtain this vital information from the producers themselves. What do they plan for the stars under contract to their studios?

WHAT is to be the 1933-34 professional fate of Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, George Arliss, James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Joan Blondell, Kay Francis, Ruby Keeler, Bette Davis, Richard Barthelmess, Barbara Stanwyck and Joe E. Brown? If any man in the world could know the multiple facts necessary to forecast these many fates, that *one* man would be Jack L. Warner, vice-president and sole production chief of Warner Brothers-First National Studios in Hollywood.

Even with the general fan public, to whom movie producers are allowed to remain merely movie pro-

ducers, I doubt if Jack Warner will need the usual formalities of a lengthy introduction. His history and that of his brothers was too far-flung at the time of the advent of that “ole devil” microphone to need more than a general recollection here. From the time the Warner Brothers pulled their famous surprise, the Talking Picture, out of their hat, the world has known about their start in a bicycle shop, their none-too-successful days on Broadway and the fair-to-middling days of the Warners in silent pictures.

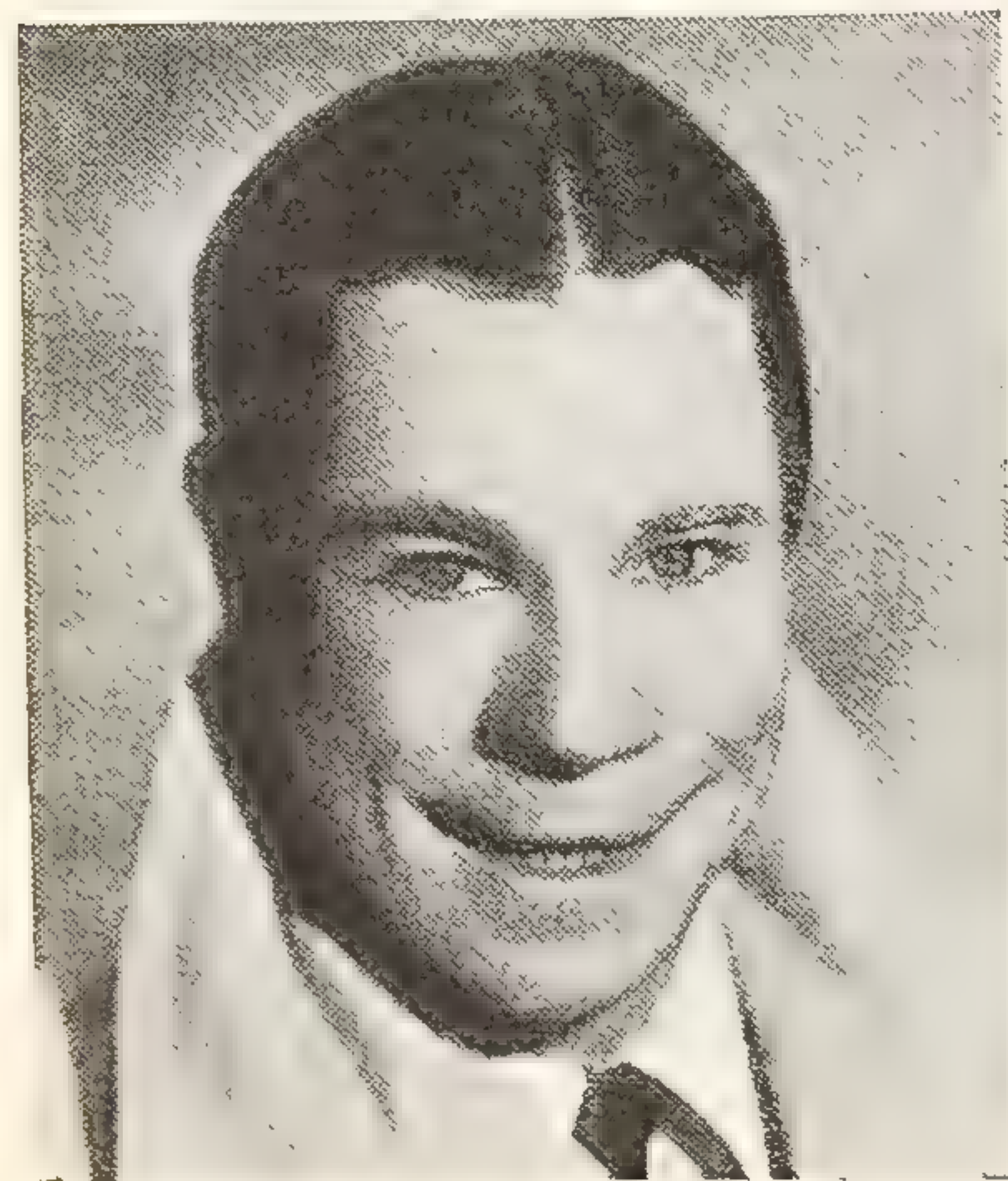
To Hollywood, Jack Warner stands for a likable and genial man whose wit is quoted far and wide, whose clothes are as elaborately tailored as any of his contract stars. He has the



Dick Powell (left) is one of Mr. Warner's favorite newcomers. How would you like to see Kay Francis (above) not well dressed?



Left, Joe E. Brown will give us “more of the same.” Mr. Warner tells his interesting plans for Ruby Keeler, pictured above.



enviable reputation of being the most sociable producer of the entire Hollywood field. Hollywood likes and respects “J. L.”

I have heard him amuse a huge Hollywood Mayfair gathering with his witty comments on Hollywood affairs of the hour. I have known of times when he actually averted serious studio difficulties by a few carefully selected wisecracks directed to a group of temporarily peeved union workers.

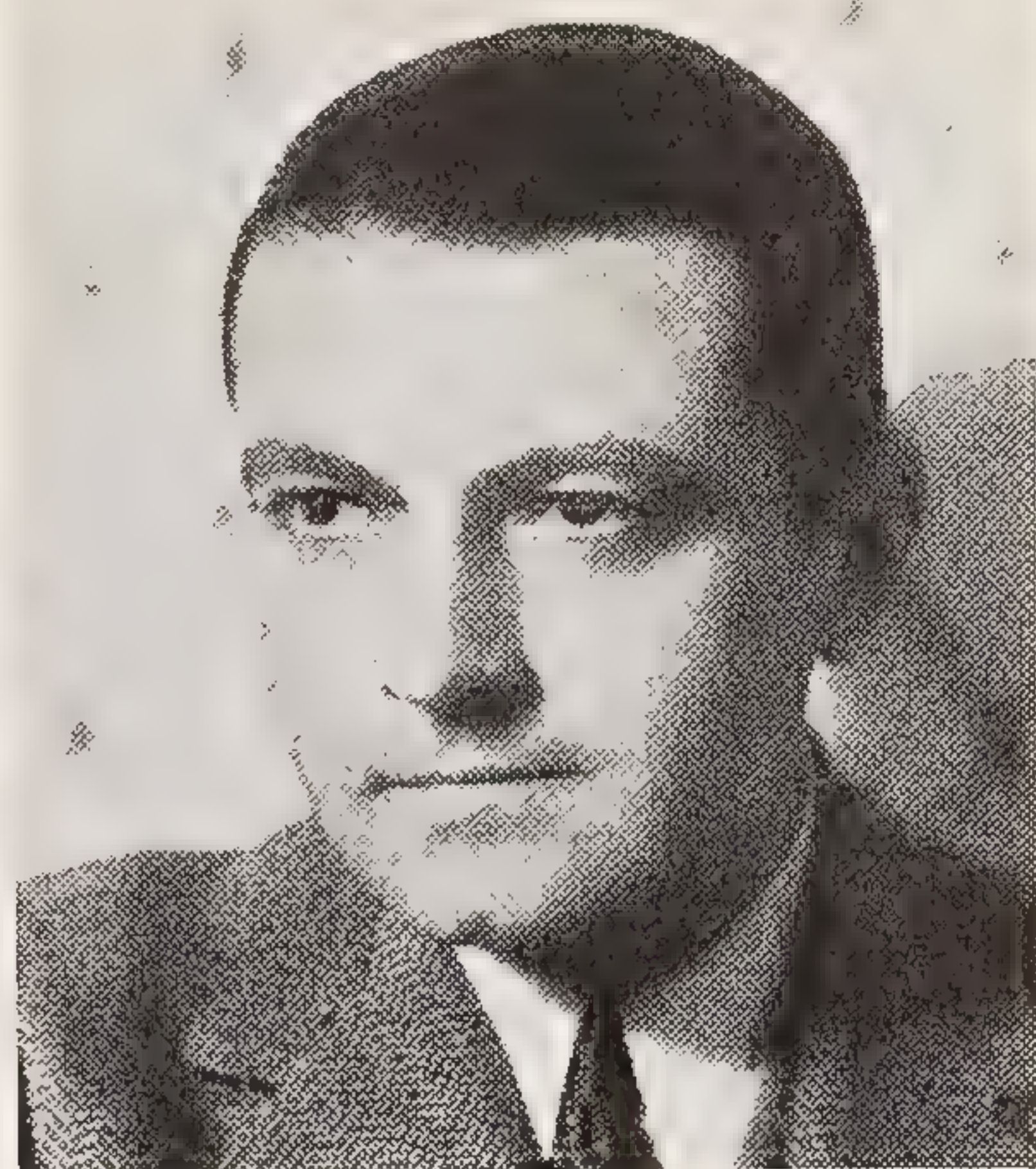
It has been said of Jack Warner: “He will never use an argument where a *laugh* will serve.” Most certainly he is rated as a charming person and a strong influence in times of Hollywood troubles. But something told me that, with the exception of a few well chosen remarks, he wouldn’t “tip his production hand” any more than he did

FAVORITES

Warner is the first in the series to tell all

a few years ago when he and his brothers sprang their "crazy idea"—the Talking Picture—on a sleepy industry.

After one hour of Mr. Warner's valuable time, I had lived to learn that Mr. Warner's evasiveness is saved exclusively for social and non-business contacts—for there, behind the large and expensive desk, seated in the customary swivel chair (which commands a view of the entire studio) sat one of the best trigger-brained "decisionists" I have ever met. Since time



Recently something very unexpected was discovered about Joan Blondell, left. Above, Dick Barthelmess, steadiest star in pictures.

to Mr. Warner is just like money in the bank to you or me, he was not long in getting to the heart of the information I wanted . . . and giving it to me.

HE smiled suddenly when I mentioned the "General Casting Office" plan for dividing stars between the various studios—which means nothing more nor less than the passing of the old "star system" and the relegation of such names as Garbo, Chatterton, Gable, Connie Bennett and William Powell and all the others to a mere stock company aggregation that could be summoned from one studio to another studio at will.

"I do not think," began Mr. Warner (who was *not* pacing up and down the floor à la producer, but who managed to remain seated calmly behind his desk for the entire hour), "that the fans need worry that their idols of the movie industry will be lost in any form of indiscriminate shuffling. There will *always* be a form of the star system in pictures. How could it be otherwise? There has always been a star system on the stage, in baseball, even in politics. The American people would have to undergo a radical change in their national character before we could do away with our idols. We are a nation of hero makers."

He added dryly: "That fact has proved *very* profitable to movie producers. I don't think it will be overlooked in the future.

"But, it is also true that only genuine, sterling, or if



The public, not the producer, types stars, says Mr. Warner. This is particularly true in the cases of Bette Davis, left, and Cagney, above.

you prefer, *solid gold* personalities will remain in that list. I mean stars who really *are* stars, not temporarily plugged personalities who have been rushed into stardom before the public has been consulted. In the future, the last mentioned type will no doubt be found on the 'loaning list' of the studio.

"I sometimes wonder if the public realizes what constitutes the difference between a star and a popular featured player. The difference is very great but is also definite and simple: does the name of the player appear *above* or *below* the title of the picture? If the name is above, it means that the producer has found by box-office returns that the presence of that certain personality is more important to the success of the picture than the title, the story, the director or the mounting.

"Richard Barthelmess is an example of a genuine star—so important to the public mind that he has been able to continue his career of success in spite of an occasional mediocre story. Other such names on the Warner list are: George Arliss, Edward G. Robinson, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Kay Francis, James Cagney, Barbara Stanwyck, Joe E. Brown, and so on. As far as the audiences are concerned, *these* are the exciting people under contract to our company.

"On the other hand, a *featured player*, technically, may be either: a star in the making; a star in the process of being *un-made*, or merely an excellent actor. The names of such players always *follow* the billing of the title.

When star and featured player appear in the same cast, we have: 'Ruth Chatterton in *The Crash*—with George Brent.' Strangely enough, not nearly as many of these feature players graduate into stardom as you have been led to expect. James Cagney and Bette Davis are two of the

few former feature players who have been elevated to stardom on this lot. For the most part, stars either come to us ready-made or else they have burst into stardom immediately following their first screen appearance.

"A great many faults of stardom have been laid at the feet of the Hollywood producer. I know *that* from reading the fan mail directed to the studio or the comments of the fan in the magazines. We have been accused of *typing stars*—of poor story selection and a general lack of foresight. We have even been accused of *killing stars*.

(Continued on page 79)

By WALTER
RAMSEY

NEW FLAME—OR JUST FRIENDSHIP?



J. B. Scott

After his sensational trip to Cuba with Ann Harding, Alexander Kirkland is now squiring Peggy Hopkins Joyce—at least he was when this was taken. (Below) When Norma Shearer arrived in Cannes, France during her European trip.

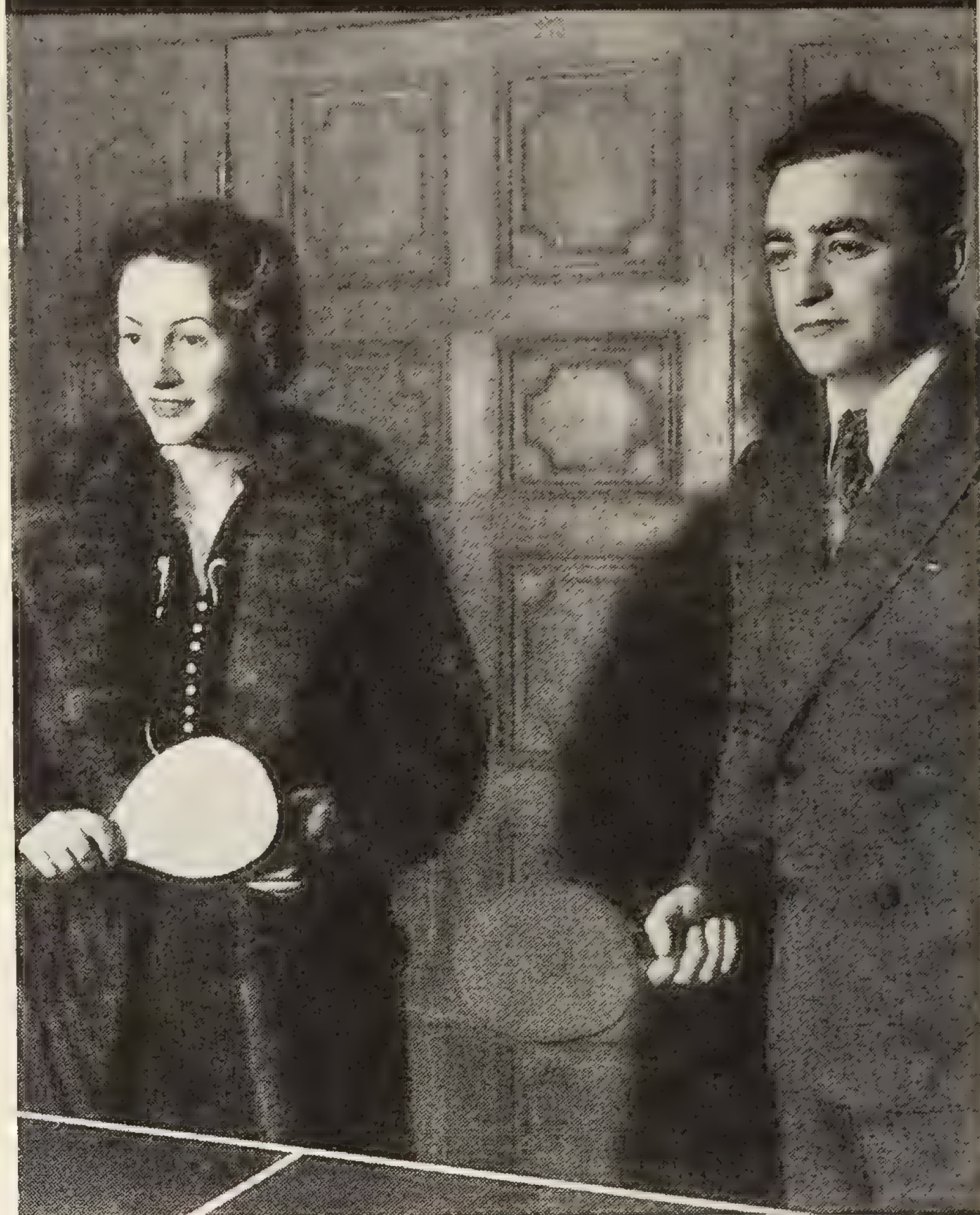
Wide World

NORMA SHEARER IN CANNES, FRANCE



PICTURE

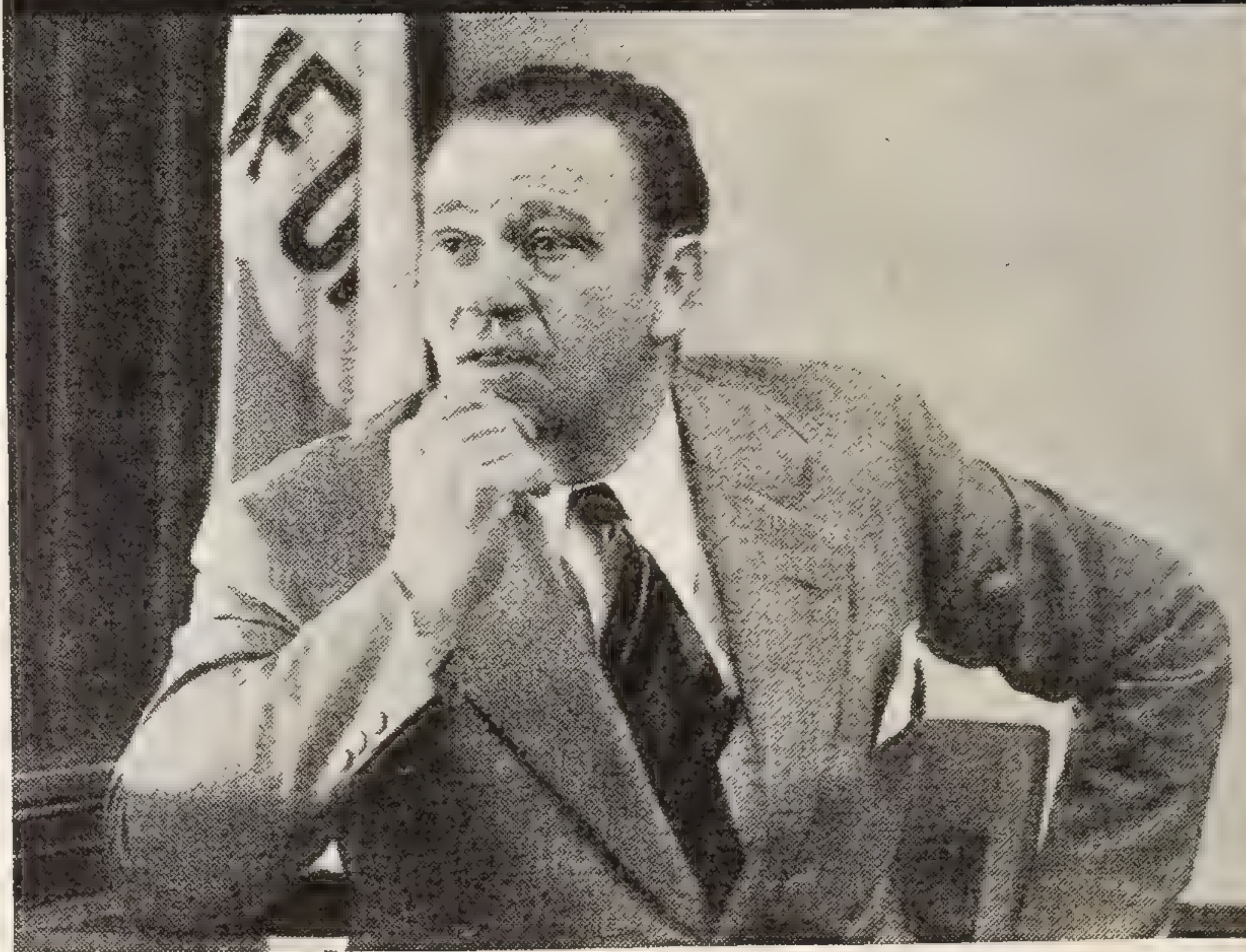
KAREN MORLEY AND HUBBY—AT LAST!



J. B. Scott

Karen Morley and her new husband, Charles Vidor, rarely photographed! (Below) Wallace Beery on the witness stand in connection with Barbara Bedford's child. Because he accepted an insurance policy from the child's father, Wallace had to go to court.

WALLY BEERY LOSES A BATTLE



NEWS...!

HERE'S JOAN WITH FRANCHOT!



J. B. Scott

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford at the Beverly-Wilshire party. Yes, Joan has gone blond again. (Below) While Doug Jr. left town Benita Hume proceeded to console herself with the attentions of one Maurice Chevalier, Frenchman.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S TENSE MOMENT



When Joan Crawford appeared on the witness stand in her divorce action against Doug Jr. The camera shows plainly how nervous she was. (Below) Rian James, writer, and Marian Nixon at the closing dance of the Beverly-Wilshire.

BENITA HUME FINDS NEW ESCORT



J. B. Scott

NEW ROMANCE FOR MARIAN NIXON?

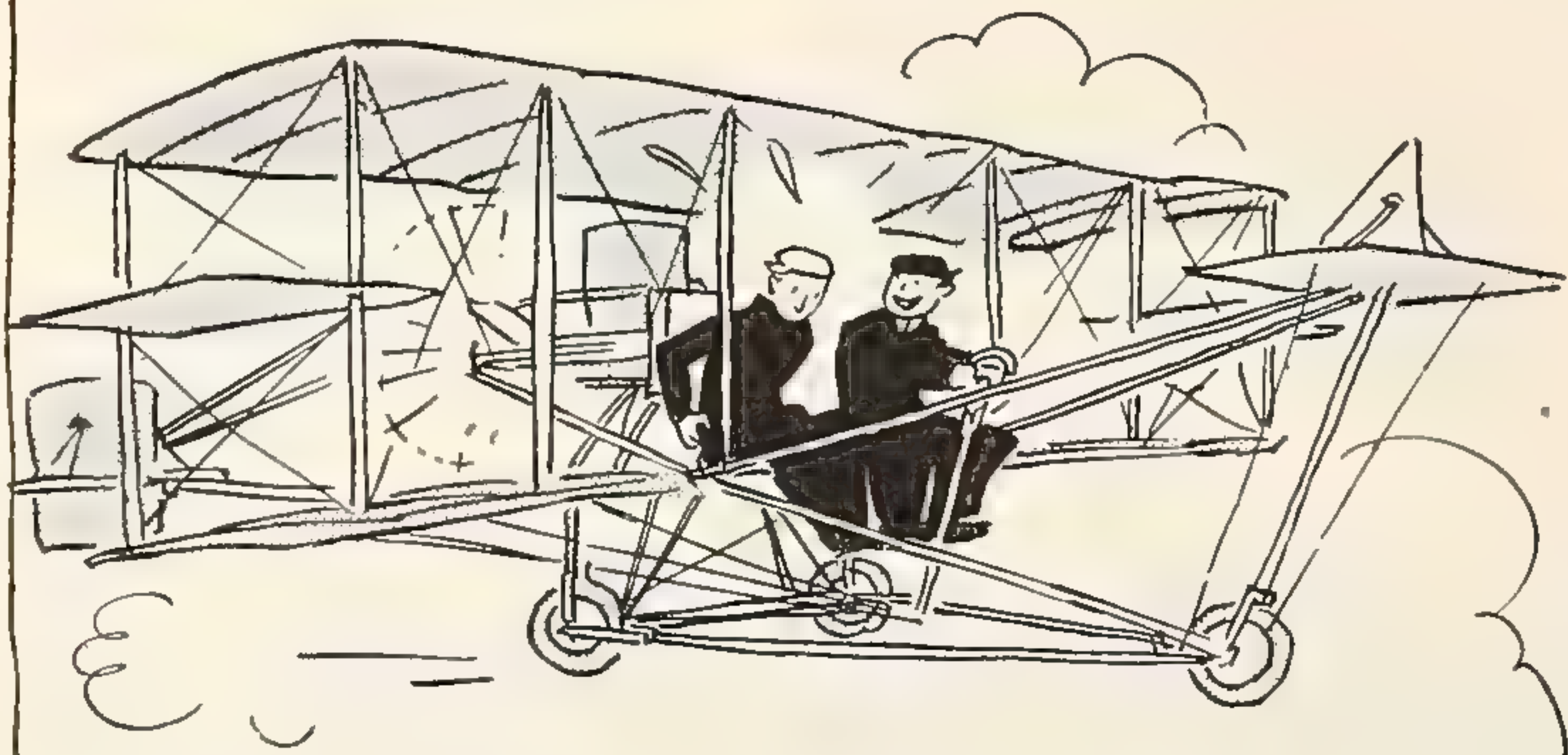


J. B. Scott

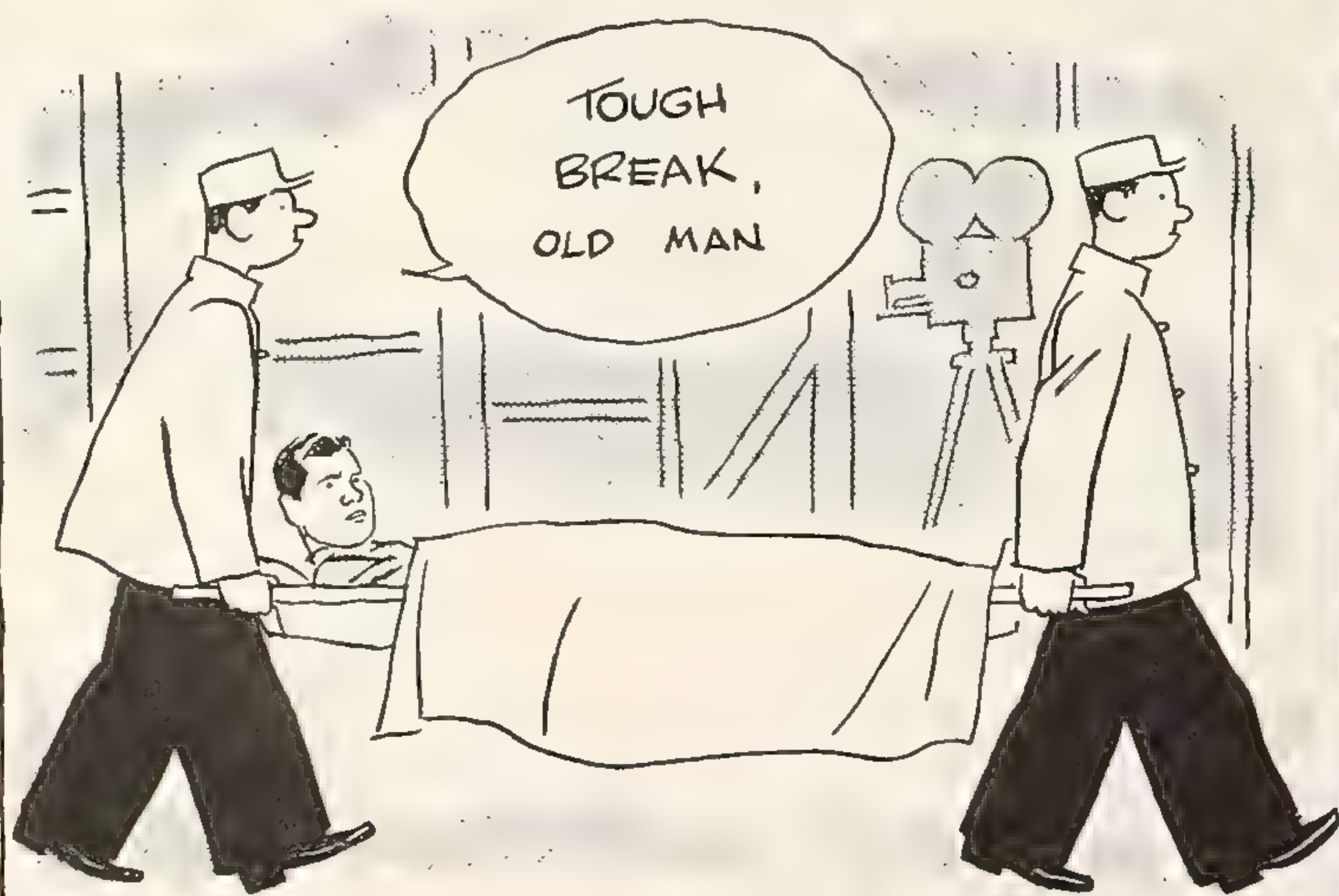
ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



HELEN TWELVETREES' FACE HAS BEEN ON 17 SATURDAY EVENING POST COVERS



JOHN BARRYMORE HAD HIS FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE IN 1909.



RICHARD ARLEN MADE HIS DEBUT INTO THE PARAMOUNT STUDIO VIA A STRETCHER. HE HAD SLIPPED AND BROKEN A LEG AS HE WAS ABOUT TO APPLY FOR A JOB.



RUTH CHATTERTON IS AS CONFIRMED A USER OF CHEWING GUM AS WILL ROGERS. . . SHE TOOK ALONG CARTONS OF IT ON A RECENT TRIP TO EUROPE —



WE FEEL SURE THAT JACK LA RUE WAS CONSIDERED VILLAINOUS EVEN BEFORE HE BECAME AN ACTOR. . . . HE TUNED PIANOS FOR A LIVING.

Portraits

Norma Shearer recently arrived back in Hollywood after several months spent abroad where she rested and inspired her husband Irving Thalberg, to win his way back to health. It looks at the moment as if her next picture will be "La Tendresse." This was formerly a stage play. Needless to remark they'll never let a picture go out with that title. Norma never grants an interview unless given about four days to think over her statement.





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Preston Foster is just finishing "The Man Who Dared" for Fox. This story is based upon the life of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago. Foster was an opera singer before becoming a movie star. He has been married for eleven years—and all that time has never been unhappy. And, oh, married to the same woman don't forget! His pet pash is speed boat racing and he owns one of the fastest motor boats on the Pacific coast. He plays hockey, too.



Elissa Landi is to be seen in "I Loved You Wednesday." In it she gets a chance to dance and is she happy—because she has studied dancing all her life but, until now, has never had a chance to do any on the screen. "The Warrior's Husband" and "I Loved You Wednesday" have changed Elissa completely. She is now the latest Hollywood rave, her personality having become much warmer and more emotional. After "Wednesday" she'll take a vacation.



George Arliss, as Voltaire, looks over three lovely ladies with the air of a real connoisseur. Mr. Arliss is now vacationing in his beloved England. In Kent, to be more exact. He has a summer place there. At the moment he has not re-signed with Warners although he is expected to do so and is also expected to make "The Life of Rothschild" for that company. (Below) This has been a wonderful year for Sylvia Sidney because she has always wanted to play an Oriental rôle and did so in "Madame Butterfly." Also because she has always wanted to play "Jennie Gerhardt" and to do Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie." She is doing the former and may do the latter. (Right) In "I'm No Angel" Mae West plays the part of a lion tamer which gives her a chance for plenty of hip-tossing. Clive Brook plays opposite her. Everyone seems to think this picture will top "She Done Him Wrong." (Right, below) Fay Wray has just finished "Ann Carver's Profession," in which she plays a woman attorney. Her favorite pastime is ping-pong.







Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

Robert Armstrong says his hardboiled manner is due to the fact that he's Irish—and Protestant. And one has to be tough to be that in Ireland. He has just finished "Jamboree" and his next film is "Fog Bound." Both RKO. He's building a Mexican hacienda in Cold Water Canyon. They do say he's secretly in love and will wed soon. Bob loves all sports—and fights. He has just bought a fight club in Ontario, Canada, and will do some promoting.



Theda Bara



Agnes Ayres



Marguerite Clark



Kathryn MacDonald

WHATEVER BECAME OF THEM...?

...Where are the old-timers today? Theda Bara, Agnes Ayres, Marguerite Clark—and others? Read the answers herein

By KATHERINE ALBERT



Raymond Griffith

WHEN this series of articles first started we asked that the readers of MODERN SCREEN write to ask us whatever became of their favorites. And whew! What a deluge of letters!

In spite of the Connie Bennetts, Joan Crawford, Garbos and Dietrichs, people are still interested in the old favorites and I have so many requests that I'd never be able to answer them all month by month so I'm going to take merely the most recurrent names and tell you what these old timers are up to now. Okay?

When Agnes Ayres played opposite Rudolph Valentino in "The Shiek" she was certainly one of the most beautiful girls ever to flash across a silver screen. Her career was fairly long—measured in cinema time—and successful. And then the inevitable happened, new faces came along, producers were looking far afield and Agnes, with dozens of others, dropped out of pictures.

She had married, if you remember, a handsome foreigner, Manuel Raechi, and they had a little daughter. But there was a divorce and Agnes, when she set out to try her luck in New York, left her child in her mother's care. She has made some vaudeville tours, done a little radio work and managed to keep her head well above water. She is living not at the Ritz, the Waldorf nor the Ambassador where the glittering stars of today stop, but at a small yet exclusive hotel in New York.

But here's the amazing part—she is just as beautiful today, even more so, I think, than she was when the romantic Valentino was sweeping her across a movie desert.

Funny thing—I thought that everybody knew what had become of Theda Bara but there are many requests for her so here goes. And there's a nice little story about Theda, too.

Not so long ago some news reel concern went to her home to take pictures of the once exotic siren. They

knew the sort of life she was leading—a very normal, average life—married to director Charles Brabin; being just like any other wealthy, social matron; attending the opera; entertaining and being entertained by her friends—among whom are Los Angeles' social elite; taking an interest in her home and gardens—nothing at all like the spectacular vampire who twisted her hair around her neck and told interviewers that she had been born in the shadow of the Sphinx.

SUCH is Theda Bara today and thus the newsreel people hoped to show her, but no—when she heard the purr of the camera she became the woman she had been. Dressed in as exotic a gown as her present wardrobe commanded she was Theda Bara again—the Theda Bara of "Cleopatra," "Lady Audry's Secret" and "Wormwood"—the posturing, slithering queen of another era in pictures. She really has no longer any desire to return to the screen but she could not resist the old lure of the camera—even if it were only the news reel variety.

Apparently plenty of people remember Raymond Griffith—the light comedian of the silk hat. But lots of folk seem to have forgotten that he has been seen as late as "All Quiet on the Western Front." Although Ray had had trouble with the producing of his pictures before talkies came and was almost in retirement at the time he knew that he could never be a talking picture actor because he is unable to speak above a whisper.

Sensitive about this defect, he has never, himself, told anyone how his voice happens to be as it is. Friends of his family have rumored that it was brought on by a spell of typhoid fever—but no one really knows. Therefore, when he saw that there was a magnificent bit in "All Quiet"—a Frenchman in a shell hole so badly wounded that he could not speak, Ray- (Continued on page 105)



Eugene Robert Richee

What of the foreign stars? Here's Dorothea Wieck of "Girls in Uniform." Will they rubber-stamp her as "another Garbo"?



Elmer Fryer

And our lovely younger players. Patricia Ellis, of Warners, is one of the most delightful. She's opposite Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "Narrow Corner."

THINKING THINGS OVER

By FAITH BALDWIN

IT OCCURRED to me recently that for a busy woman, I have really managed to see a lot of motion pictures in the last year or so. I don't always see them in the big theatres. Very often I miss something I want to see and then, perhaps months later, I discover it at a small neighborhood theatre where I see, in addition another long feature, perhaps a "quickie," a couple of comedies, a travel picture, a newsreel and a cartoon. Not very long ago I went to see "Silver Dollar" at one in the afternoon and reeled out of the picture house at exactly four!

So I suggested to your editor that I sit down and write a few of the thoughts and opinions which have been gradually accumulating over a long period of time. I admit quite freely that I go to pictures to be entertained and moved and that my attitude toward them is not that of a critic. I laugh and I cry and I have a gorgeous time. Someone remarked that I certainly had my money's worth at "Cavalcade" as I wept steadily throughout the picture. And someone else commented that I should have demanded a rebate at the box office the day I saw "Sign



Then, these marital upsets. One of the most recent—and most upsetting—is the divorce of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



A newcomer, Lilian Harvey, and a favorite American, John Boles, are teamed in "My Lips Betray," another of the latest musicals.

of the Cross" because I kept my eyes shut during most of the very gory scenes!

Yet, thinking things over, I found I had criticisms to make both on "Cavalcade" and on the "Sign of the Cross"—criticisms which came to me not during the viewing the pictures but afterwards, when I had a chance to—think things over.

Here they are:

"Cavalcade" is a superb picture, there is no doubt of that. I think the Titanic sequence is as impressive as any I have ever seen on the screen. But I found there was a little too much war to suit me, when I had time to think about it. And I found, too, if, as the announcement read, it purported to be the story of a generation seen through the eyes of a wife and mother, that it would have been better, from my angle, if we could have seen Miss Wynyard in some lighter moments. And as long as the changes in standards and eras were so deftly shown, it might have been more rounded had we been shown some of the progress that had been made in industry and the like.

AS for "Sign of the Cross," a most expensive and impressive production, I came away feeling rather glum because I had not had a glimpse of Miss Colbert's face when the man she had loved in vain walked into the arena. And I also had the feeling that many productions of this sort suffer from the same disability. Marvellous staging, a huge cast, costuming and sets magnificent, and a general sense of luxury and lavishness—all built around a rather thin or weak story. As if the producer preferred to seduce the eye rather than appeal to the intelligence.

But it seems to me that except in isolated cases, the motion picture is getting away from the super-production sort of thing and relying on story and acting rather than on settings and such. One of the finest pictures that has yet been produced, to my way of thinking, is "One Way Passage." There was acting and there was a magnificent story. It did not depend on regal settings and undressed maidens for its appeal.

A more recent picture which very much appealed to me is "Today We Live" in which the acting is the main thing; or rather the acting and the story. It is not a



A come-back for Charles Rogers, after this long wait! You saw him in "Five Cents a Glass" with Marian Nixon, recently divorced.



Eugene Robert Richee

For her leading man in "The Song of Songs," Marlene Dietrich has Brian Aherne, a newcomer. Will the public be warm or cool toward him?

new story. In a sense, no story is. But it has the new twist and real emotion and an amazing new use of dialogue which you may like or you may not like. I happened to like it. I was very much excited by that picture, by the emotional story it told, and by the cast.

"Gabriel Over the White House" is another one which carries a punch—and a very timely punch. I think producers are no longer satisfied with routine tales, depending upon their stars to carry them. I think they are beginning to demand real stories. I think, too, that the strictly star system is a thing of the past. Producers are beginning to believe that an all-star cast, while very expensive, is something that can be depended upon in a box office way and will be received enthusiastically by the public. I would some time like to see a story without any star at all, made up perhaps of all the excellent newcomers, each one rating an equal attention and billing. For we have newcomers, and good ones. Every year.

Look at a few of these youngsters with me. There's Helen Mack, who signed by Fox, played very unim-

portant roles and then suddenly, in Radio's "Sweepings," with Lionel Barrymore, gives a really fine performance. She is soon to be in a new radio musical picture, tentatively called "Melody Cruise."

There's Dorothy Jordan, whom I interviewed some time ago and liked so much and who for a long time has been given sweet and innocently pretty parts by M-G-M. In "Bondage," produced by Fox, she played the part of a girl in a house of refuge. This story was taken from the book written by a friend of mine, Grace Leake, and is the last story in the world in which people would expect to see Miss Jordan. But she does a great piece of work and is slated now for a series of romantic dramas with Joel McCrea.

Then there's Jean Parker, who was outstanding in a very small part in "Rasputin and the Empress," and "Gabriel Over the White House" and who on the strength of those bits will go far—or those who saw her are no judge.

There's Ruby Keeler, too, who has made just two pic-



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Little Jean Parker, who made a hit in "Rasputin." Miss Baldwin would like to see a picture with an "all newcomer" cast. Would you?

tures. One of them is "Forty-Second Street" in which she was an immediate and amazing success. And Patricia Ellis of Warners. Watch her, too.

And there are also the men. There's Franchot Tone, for whom I have a decided weakness. He's in "Gabriel Over the White House" and "Today We Live." He has been given the romantic lead in Phil Strong's new picture, "Strangers Return," with Miriam Hopkins and Lionel Barrymore. He's also been assigned to "Lady of the Night" opposite Loretta Young. If he isn't spoiled by his instantaneous success he'll be a name to reckon with, I think. And there's Robert Young, who was also in "Today We Live" and whose performance was so beautifully sincere and moving in this as well as in "Hell Below"; and there's Bruce Cabot, who was in "King Kong" and will be in "Flying Circus." And there are a host of others. More power to them!

Which brings me to a consideration of the foreign stars. Practically every ship brings us a new one, always much ballyhooed by the company with whom he or she



Otto Dyar

This is Heather Angel, an English girl. Will there be room for her? The writer believes that talent alone should always be the deciding factor.

has signed. Most of them fall by the wayside. I have been wondering why. Is it because we try to standardize them? It is because, especially in the case of the women, we try to fit them into the grooves worn by a more established favorite? Almost every one of the women artists who come to us from abroad has been hailed as a new Garbo, a new Dietrich. This isn't in the least fair to them or to the motion picture audience. We don't need a new Garbo or a new Dietrich. We need people who are themselves and who can make their own career. Something seems to happen to the foreign stars when they set foot on American soil. Many come over here, are received with cheers and shouting and never heard of again. Some establish themselves, as witness Garbo, Dietrich, Chevalier. Yet Garbo, although she has signed a new contract with M-G-M, does not seem to have held her unquestioned lead in popularity of previous years; and Dietrich's lovely star is dimming while Chevalier is making, I believe, his last picture, for a time at least, for Paramount.

(Continued on page 106)



(Top left) June Knight has recently been signed by Universal. She is appearing in "Lilies of Broadway." (Top right) Miriam Jordan, talented Fox newcomer. You'll see her next in "I Loved You Wednesday." (Above left) George Burns and Gracie Allen. Paramount has high hopes for them—specially Gracie. They'll be in "College Humor." (Above right) Arline Judge, having had her baby, comes back in "The Flying Circus."

KEEP YOUR



(Top left) Frances Rich, Irene's daughter, did bits in "Zoo In Budapest" and "Pilgrimage." She shows great promise. (Top right) Alice Brady will be in "When Ladies Meet." Welcome back! (Above left) Gingers Rogers—"Rafter Romance" and "In the Money" are her latest. (Above right) Theodore Newton. He's in "The Working Man." George M. Cohan thinks Theodore is one of the best young actors on Broadway today.

EYE ON THEM

Who's going to win JACK HOLT?



By NINA

WILCOX PUTNAM

(On this page) Jack himself and a portrait of Lillian Bond. Hollywood is saying Jack is now in love with Lillian. (Opposite page) With Fay Wray in Columbia's "The Woman I Stole."

FOR three years Jack Holt and his wife lived apart and nobody in Hollywood knew it. Recently the publicity department at Columbia, where Jack has been starred for more than four years, suggested that I write an article on the Holts' happy marriage which had lasted for seventeen years. The following morning the local newspapers carried the news that the Holts had been divorced, and Columbia's publicity head almost dropped dead from astonishment when I called her attention to the news item!

The reason for this successful secrecy is that Jack Holt lives only on the screen. Off the screen he has, so far as Hollywood knows, no existence whatsoever. He is so mysterious that the film capital has forgotten he has a private life. "Holt?" the gossips say. "Why, nobody knows Holt!"

He has never been photographed in his home nor with his children. He is more persistent in refusing interviews than Garbo, and in almost twenty years of stardom has never been known to attend a Hollywood party.

On the screen Jack's life is one long tangle of thrills and heroic adventure. Then at the last fadeout, the man vanishes into a "private" life really worthy of the adjective. He has had only one close friend in the picture industry and that is the late Ernest Torrence.

And yet no star, with the possible exception of Tom Mix, has made so many financially successful screen plays. Holt is sure-fire with the fans in spite of an almost total lack of personal publicity.

"I have always thought," Jack told me recently, "that if I made good pictures, that was publicity enough." To date he has proven right. "I am the bread and butter actor of the screen," he says. "I am a business man and acting is my business. I go to my 'office', do my job and go home. What I do at home is as much my affair as if I ran a factory—which I do—an acting-factory in which I am the product."

IT is curious that this fiery young Virginian, whose full name is Charles John Holt, should come to speaking of himself in these weary terms. He thus presents a very different picture of himself from the one we can imagine during the period of his wooing. Then, it was Jack Holt the daredevil, the romantic young civil engineer turned actor, the thrilling stunt-rider who once rode off a thirty-five foot cliff into a raging torrent and thought nothing of it, while his director and the cameraman turned grey with fright—and Jack came up laughing.

This was the young man who gave Margaret Woods a whirlwind courtship. She was the daughter of a very



... With the announcement of his divorce comes the revelation of Jack Holt's private life—hitherto unknown. Now we're all wondering whether Jack will find a new romance—and with whom it will be!



(Above) With Genevieve Tobin in "The Wrecker." Genevieve is another whose name has been linked with Holt's by the gossips and the romance hounds. Both deny everything, of course.

rich and fashionable family in St. Paul, Minnesota, where her father owned the American Hoist and-Derrick Company. Jack met Margaret in her home town, not through his motion picture connections, I believe, but through an old business relationship formed in the days when Jack was digging the Pennsylvania Railroad Tunnel under the Hudson River.

Margaret was the real thing—a debutante of excellent family, whose life had been as far removed from the world of the motion-picture studio as the poles are from the equator. True, Jack was now interested in motion pictures, but as he came from a long line of "the right sort of people" (he is descended from John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England), the match was considered suitable enough by the Woods family, and their wedding was one of the season's outstanding social events.

Probably, it seemed to Jack that uprooting a conservative young society girl and transplanting her into the exotic garden that is Hollywood, should not be too difficult. But Margaret's early training had a lasting effect on her ideas of social contacts. She never accepted Hollywood and Hollywood never accepted her because she never gave it a chance. Instead, Jack, deeply in love, gradually moulded himself to (Continued on page 109)



CARL
MUELLER

Perhaps you believe that day dreaming is a useless, unproductive pastime. But it isn't. Not if you believe thoroughly in your dream. Not if you do as the people mentioned in this story did. Instead of scoffing, read—and believe.

You

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Illustrated by CARL MUELLER

YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT! Anything. Anything at all. If only you want it enough. . . .

As I said in the July issue of MODERN SCREEN this statement is not the propaganda of any new cult or ism. It is a profound truth exemplified by the lives of the motion picture people.

The difference between those who fail and those who succeed is that those who succeed *know what they want*. They see whatever it is they want clearly. They possess whatever it is they want in their dream long before they



CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT!

Helen Hayes won the man she longed for—because she day dreamed she would—and lived up to her dream every minute. Travis Banton (small picture) even as a small boy, saw himself designing beautiful clothes. Read how significant to Banton is the dress Marlene Dietrich is wearing on this page—a dress he designed.

. . . It may be wealth, or fame, or beauty, or the one you secretly love—all, or any one of them, can be yours—if you do as this brilliant writer says

actually get it. They make their day dreams come true.

We all have some talent, some faculty or ability, dormant or awake, which, given the proper opportunity, is capable of leading us to what we want. When we know what it is—then our dream will come to us of its own accord!

I repeat. . . You can marry Prince Charming. You can become mistress of a beautiful home. You can be glamorous. You can be successful. You can be wealthy. You can be famous.

The motion picture people have managed to accom-

plish these things. So have other people all over the world. You can, too.

Helen Hayes, for instance, won her Prince Charming. And you must take my word for it, no one ever had a more brilliant and attractive rival than Helen had. Let me tell you about it.

One late winter afternoon Helen Hayes dropped in at Neysa McMein's studio. There sat Charlie MacArthur popping salted peanuts into his mouth at a great rate. All of which may not sound terribly romantic, but the fact remains that at the very first sight of him Helen's



Colleen Moore's dream was always to own a lovely house. As a little girl she filled a scrap book with pictures pasted on wallpaper—to give the idea of a house. The pictures to the right are from the scrap book. Above, Colleen in her swimming pool.

heretofore calm, busy world did a sudden tail spin.

Helen had had crushes. But never in all her life had she met a man she felt she absolutely must have for her own. Never before in all her life had she met a man whose face hung before her day and night, when she was asleep and when she was awake.

"I'll drop around some night when I'm seeing your play and say 'Hello,'" Charlie MacArthur told Helen lightly, easily.

From that minute on Helen lived from one night to the next, waiting for Charlie to visit her. Every time there was a knock at her dressing-room door it was Charlie she pictured standing, waiting there. And every time she opened her door to someone else, to another member of her company, to a member of the press, or to whom-ever happened to be there, she had to hide her disappointment.

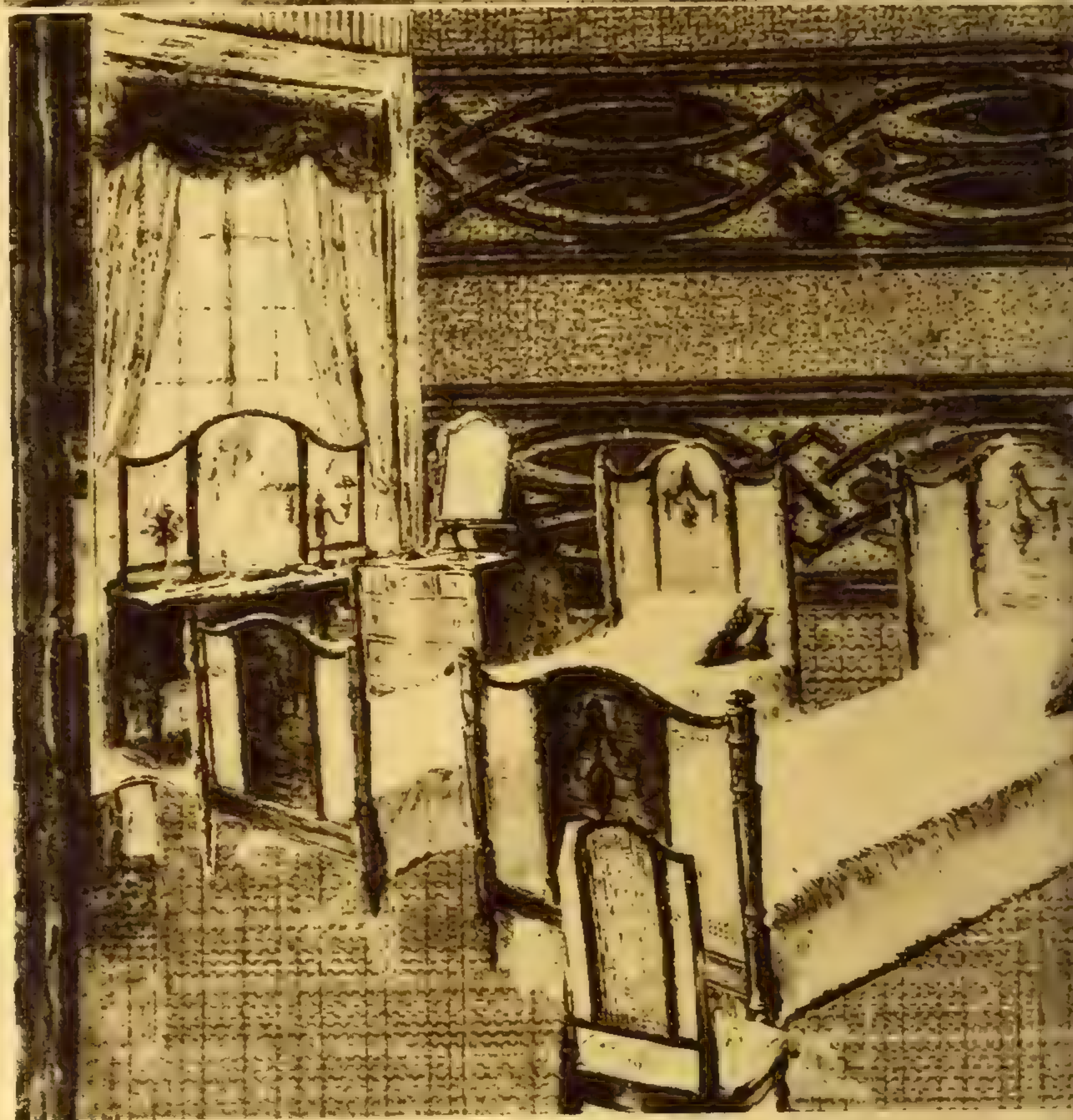
Always, however, she took up her waiting again, confident that one night when she opened her door it would be Charlie MacArthur she'd find waiting there.

"I used to dream how Charlie would ask me to go out to supper," she told me, "I used to see the two of us boarding ships and trains for long journeys together.

"These dreams actually became more real to me than reality itself, than my life with mother in our apartment, than going to the theater every evening. . . ."

Six weeks passed. And six weeks when they're six weeks of waiting can be a very long time.

AT last Charlie MacArthur came. But not to stay long, not to ask Helen out to supper. He just dropped in casually, told her he'd enjoyed her work, said he'd be seeing her again sometime, and dropped out again. Obviously he was on his way somewhere. Obviously he had another engagement and hadn't time to stop.



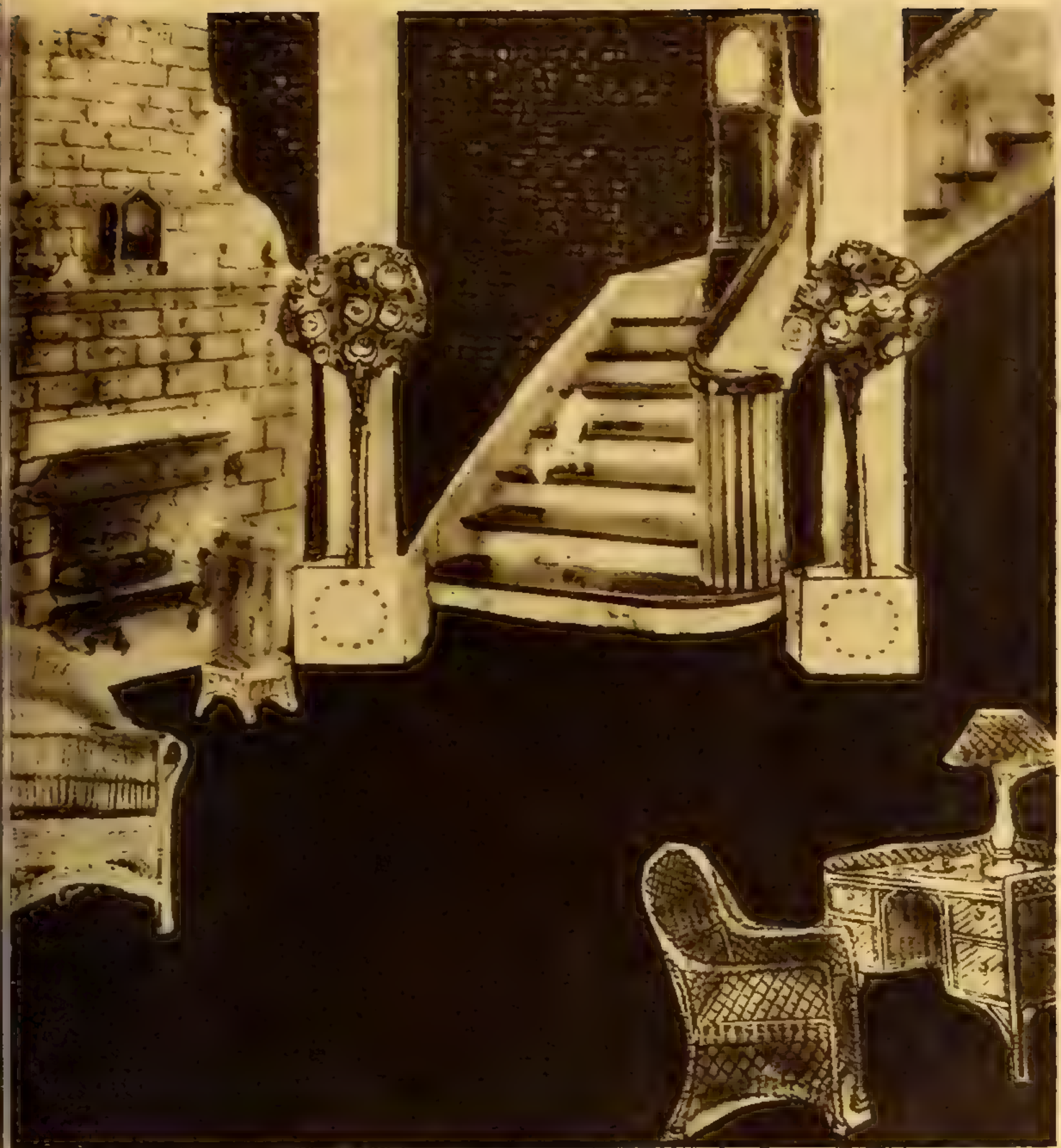
"For the first time in my life," Helen Hayes told me, "I wished I was more attractive to men, that I had wiles, that I was very beautiful, or very brilliant, or very something. . . ."

"I kept right on dreaming though.

"That spring I leased an old farmhouse at Syosset. Mainly because it seemed to me the very sort of place Charlie would love. I remember how, signing the lease, I pictured him there, poking around for secret cupboards, lounging on the porch steps."

Another six weeks passed; it was early summer before Charlie MacArthur stood again at Helen Hayes' dressing-room door. This time, however, she did not let him escape. She insisted he drive out to the country with her, that he stay until Monday.

June Walker, who was visiting with Helen, drove them out. All three crowded together in June's roadster. Driv-



The center picture to the left is a room in Colleen Moore's home. The pictures above and below are from her scrap book—the book which kept alive her ambition, her dream, to own a lovely house. (Above) Another glimpse of Colleen's gorgeous home—the house which came true. Read about her in the story.

ing across the bridge, speeding along the Boulevard, turning into the old turnpike, Charlie held Helen's hand. Holding hands with Charlie Helen found as intimate and thrilling and binding, sort of, as a kiss or an embrace.

Mrs. Brown, Helen's mother, held a lantern high in the dark to light the three of them from the barn where they had garaged the car.

"And I thought," Helen told me, "that lantern held up against the night will be memorable to me always."

They sat on the porch steps talking, Charlie and Helen, until Mrs. Brown called down that it was after three, that they must get some sleep.

"All right, mother," Helen called back. Then, acting by blind instinct, she turned to Charlie. "You haven't even asked to kiss me," she told him.

It was the first time she ever had said such a thing to any man. It was the first time she ever had cared whether a man kissed her or not.

What did it matter that actually it was only the third time she had laid eyes on this young man with his fawn-like face and his beautifully (Continued on page 88)

YOUR MIDSUMMER CLOTHES

By Margery Wells



Gloves of lace—gloves of any of the thin summer materials are all the rage this year, but especially for evening. This very graceful pair (left) is of net and lace—worn by Elissa Landi. (Right) Adrienne Ames shows the most popular coat for summer—it's white piqué.

Marian Nixon wears a quilted checked taffeta blouse with a navy blue crepe skirt—plus a ducky red leather belt for a touch of color.

● A complete clothes budget for \$300.00 a year! Think of it! Can you imagine three hundred dollars covering your complete wardrobe for a year? You'll find it pretty difficult to figure out—because you're not familiar with the tricks of economizing to the last degree. Margery Wells, however—who wrote this article—has worked it out. And you can get this information from her by simply writing to Margery Wells, in care of Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MIDSUMMER clothes help you to look your best—and to save money, if you are wise. If you are working your clothes budget on a yearly basis—and this is the only way to do it quite economically—then summertime is the time to lay by pennies for those furs and what-nots which must be purchased at higher costs later on in the year. During the summer you need thin things and sport things, but if you are at all handy with the needle, then the costs dissolve themselves to almost nothing. With simply superb looking cottons for as low as ten cents a yard, you can have a dress, run up at home with one of



They're doing dressmaker suits for beach wear this year. This one which June Vlasak is wearing in checked flannel is nice. Like the shorts?



Cottons have been every woman's friend all through this summer and they are still going every bit as strong. Miriam Jordan knows her style when she wears this tailored blue cotton suit with a crash scarf and a white pique hat. Don't forget—if it's cotton, it's plenty chic.

our patterns, for forty-five cents. That is thirty cents for three yards of material and fifteen cents for the pattern.

For evening and afternoon dresses of organdy, silk or linen, the cost of the material by the yard runs up, and often it takes more yards to make the dress. But, even so, the costs keep down to a minimum.

Buying them ready-made—even that is a low-cost proposition for, nowadays, summer dresses are being produced for ridiculously low sums of money, and with all the style and dash that any girl could want.

This season the cotton and linen suits are just too cap-

tivating for words. You can have a white linen suit, for instance, with a black blouse, a dark blue blouse and a red blouse—hats in each instance to match the darker color. Only try this scheme and see how smart you will look.

Then the cotton dresses, for morning and sport wear, have leaped into the forefront of fashion. They have quite taken the place of the once so fashionable silks, and you can go to business, the country club, shopping or to afternoon parties arrayed in gingham and cotton prints, being perfectly certain that you are representing the height of the fashionable mode. (Continued on page 75)



What happens to you in a

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

(Above) The very, very latest in fingerwave dryers, demonstrated by Jean Parker. The heat of the dryer permeates slowly. More beneficial. (Extreme right) The top of Jean's hair is waterwaved. The ends are curled on a not-too-hot iron. (Right) Claudette Colbert keeps her hair smartly thinned out because it is very thick.

By Martha Kerr



SOME smart Hollywood statistician has estimated that stars spend one-sixth of their waking hours in beauty shops or in having themselves beautified at their homes.

The Chamber of Commerce has discovered that there are three times as many beauty shops in Hollywood as in any other town in the world of its size.

Beauty is Hollywood's most salable commodity.

But these are statistics about which you shouldn't bother your pretty little head. What you want to know—and what I'm going to tell you—is exactly what would happen to you if you walked into one of the best beauty shops and said, "Give me the works."

The Ann Meredith, the Du Barry, Jim's (I can't begin to name all of the best shops because there are so many), but they're all marvelous. Come, let me have your little unmanicured hand, and I'll show you how one of these places works its miracles.

When you go into a Hollywood beauty shop, you're as apt as not to hear Jean Harlow talking to the manicurist in the next booth and see Sylvia Sidney, her hair all flattened by a waterwave, sticking her head

out a door to ask for a telephone to be brought to her. Uh-huh, you can ask for a telephone and get it in a Hollywood beauty shop. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Now, prepare to spend the whole afternoon getting beautified. If you're going to have everything that the establishment has to offer, you'll *have* to spend the afternoon.

The shop we're going to is on Sunset Boulevard. It's entirely modernistic—even the outside. Inside it's all done in darkish wood and there are dozens and dozens of elaborate booths. And is the place busy! The depression hasn't touched beauty.

So you say to the girl at the desk that you want everything the stars have. She'll ask you what operators you want, for the stars have their favorites. The girl who waves Joan Crawford's hair is named Sib, and that reminds me of a funny thing I heard Joan say on the telephone. She was calling for an appointment and was talking to Sib. What she meant to tell her was that she wanted a wave along with lots of other things. What she said was, "I want a manicure" (Continued on page 104)

SEE THE STARS GETTING BEAUTIFIED—AND GET SOME INVALUABLE TIPS

TO ORDER PATTERNS AND PATTERN BOOK

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—if it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.

PATTERNS



511

450

2681



For back views, see page 97

511—A little more feminine than most. Molds the figure through the waist and hips. The partial belt and neckline are flattering. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 and 38 bust.

450—Just the thing for hot days! Very easy to make. Lovely in cotton batiste print, with white batiste contrast. Sizes 12 to 20, 36 and 38.

2681 — Miriam Jordan's shirtwaist dress—there should be at least one in every wardrobe. This is in pastel blue cotton piqué, with white pearl buttons. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40 bust.

OBJECT LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS



(Above) Bebe, Ben and little Babs leaving Hollywood for New York and their European trip. (Left) The portrait of Bebe and Babs by Dario Rappaport and (extreme left) the artist's portrait of Bebe's grandmother, Mrs. Griffen. There's a rather sweet story about these two portraits.



By Her Highness Princess Laure Mural

FROM the train, en route to New York, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon telegraphed invitations to a tea party for the following afternoon. They were sailing the day after that for England and Europe where they are now having a grand holiday and where Bebe is fulfilling the brilliant engagement which actually occasioned the trip.

The short notice given this party certainly didn't keep many guests away. And if this party is typical of the parties Bebe and Ben give, I'm not surprised. It was informal. But not in the sense that everything wasn't quite as it should be. Every guest was unostentatiously watched and served to whatever he might desire. New-comers immediately were introduced to one little group or another.

Entirely too many hostesses feel that because their party is informal, they need not give it much thought—that they are let off some part of their social responsibility.

Bebe was frightfully excited about her engagement. Naturally. For what, after all, could be more flattering

than to have another country come beseeching you to appear in its productions!

"I'm going along as gigolo," joked Ben. "I'm going to carry Bebe's make-up box and hold her mirror. I'm just going to be the movie star's husband."

Bebe looked charming in a simple black dress and one of those high Cossack hats so few women should wear and so many women insist upon wearing. *And her charm did not confine itself to her appearance. As a matter of fact she gave me a very complete picture of the attitude we all should have toward those older than we. . . .*

IT would have been perfectly natural and understandable had Bebe wanted to talk about her offer . . . how she had hesitated to cable her acceptance until she was certain Ben could get away and until she had decided that it would be advisable to take little Barbara, too . . . how the foreign company had burned up the cables in their impatience to hear from her.

But one guest after another, (Continued on page 100)

TRUE COURTESY TO OLDER PEOPLE! LEARN ABOUT IT FROM BEBE DANIELS!

Midsummer Clothes

(Continued from page 71)

EVEN for evening, cottons are good. Not only good, but leaders for this sort of wear. A plain printed cotton dress, dark blue pattern on a white ground, carries with it a coat of dark blue piqué—three-quarter length—which completes a costume to be seen at the smartest places. Nothing easier to sew up at home—nothing smarter in which to appear.

Of course, silks are still good but they can't be called the leaders of the season. You can have your printed silks or your necktie silks and feel good in them. You can have your sheer street costumes with coats that are too soft and becoming for words. But these are necessarily more expensive.

HATS

Large wide brims are all the rage again. So nice for summer suns, so kind to our faces, so flattering.

When you are very tall, wear brims as wide as you can get them. When you are shorter, cut down the width of the brim so that it will not tend to squash down the height of your figure.

Trimmings are done with ribbon, with organdy, with tight bunches of flowers, with perky little feathers. Everything that the designers can think of to make faces more attractive has been used this season. And white hats are good, as they have never been before, made of straw, of linen, of piqué—smart sailors, or mushroom brims—even little toques for those who cannot bear to give up the idea of the tight little hat, and there are some faces which carry off this line extravagantly well.

SHOES

Comfort and still more comfort seems to be the ideal of the shoemakers today—more power to them. There are sandals, with low heels made to wear with sport clothes and with afternoon or evening dresses. If you have not tried them, then do so at once and see whether you don't believe that the emancipation of women's feet has at last been accomplished. They are so sympathetic and comfortable that they defy description.

GLOVES

Now we have gingham gloves and linen gloves and knit string gloves and organdy gloves and lace gloves and chiffon gloves and silk gloves. They match the costume and sometimes they complement it. But always, in the present styles, they are an integral part of the whole, being vastly more important in the general scheme of dressing.

NOTE: If you are interested in a clothes budget for a year, totalling \$300 every twelve months, or approximately \$25 a month, write to Margery Wells, c/o Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

"Here's the one we took when
Dick wasn't looking"

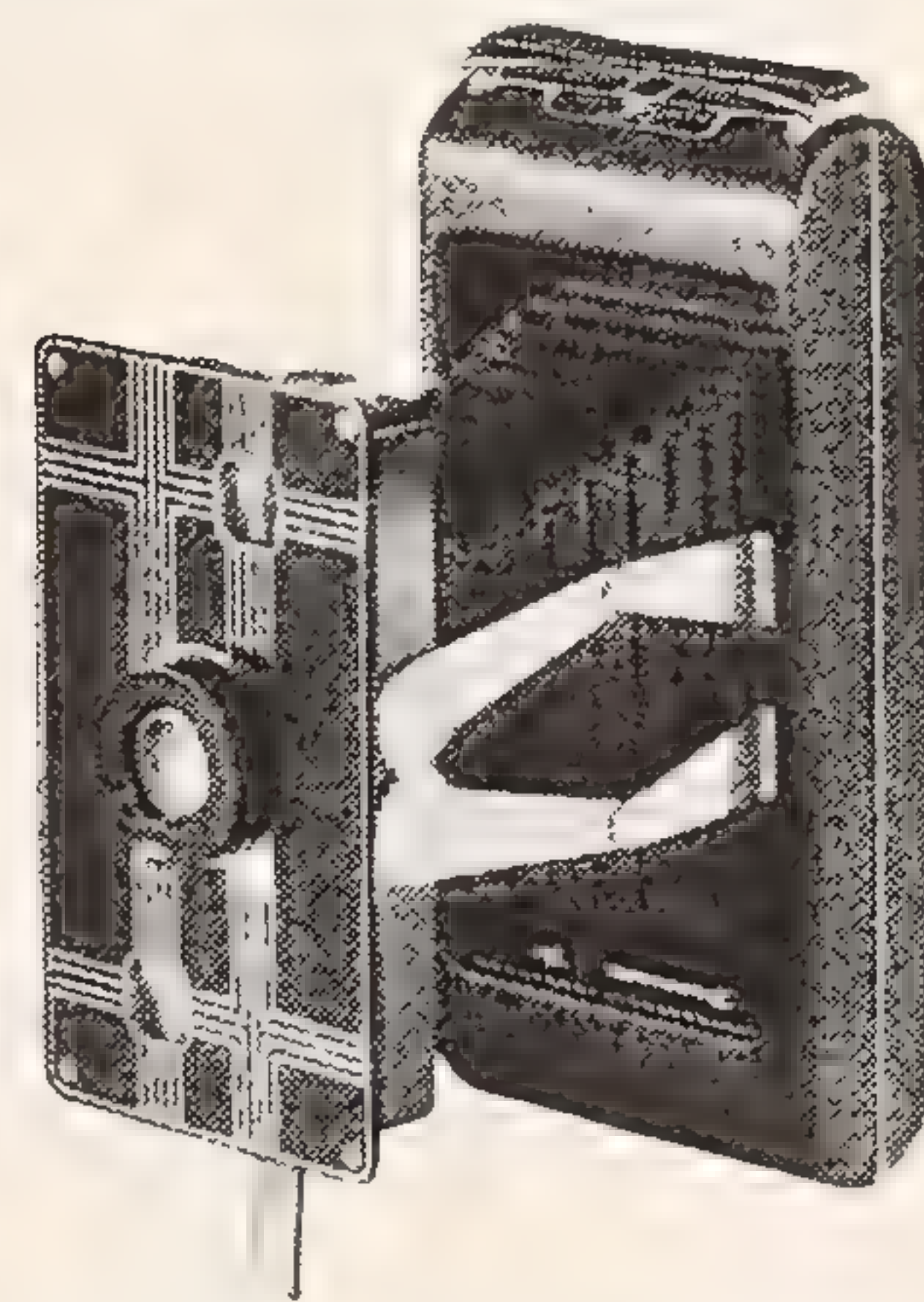


"I've got the pictures!" That brings them running. It was fun when the snapshots were taken . . . It's even more fun when you get your first look at the prints.

You can now make snapshots that were never possible before. Kodak VERICHROME Film has simply revolutionized picture making. Bright light isn't necessary. Nobody need be posed, or squint at the sun. Just snap folks in their easiest, gayest moments—you'll get pictures to exclaim over. Pictures for your memory book.

Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK

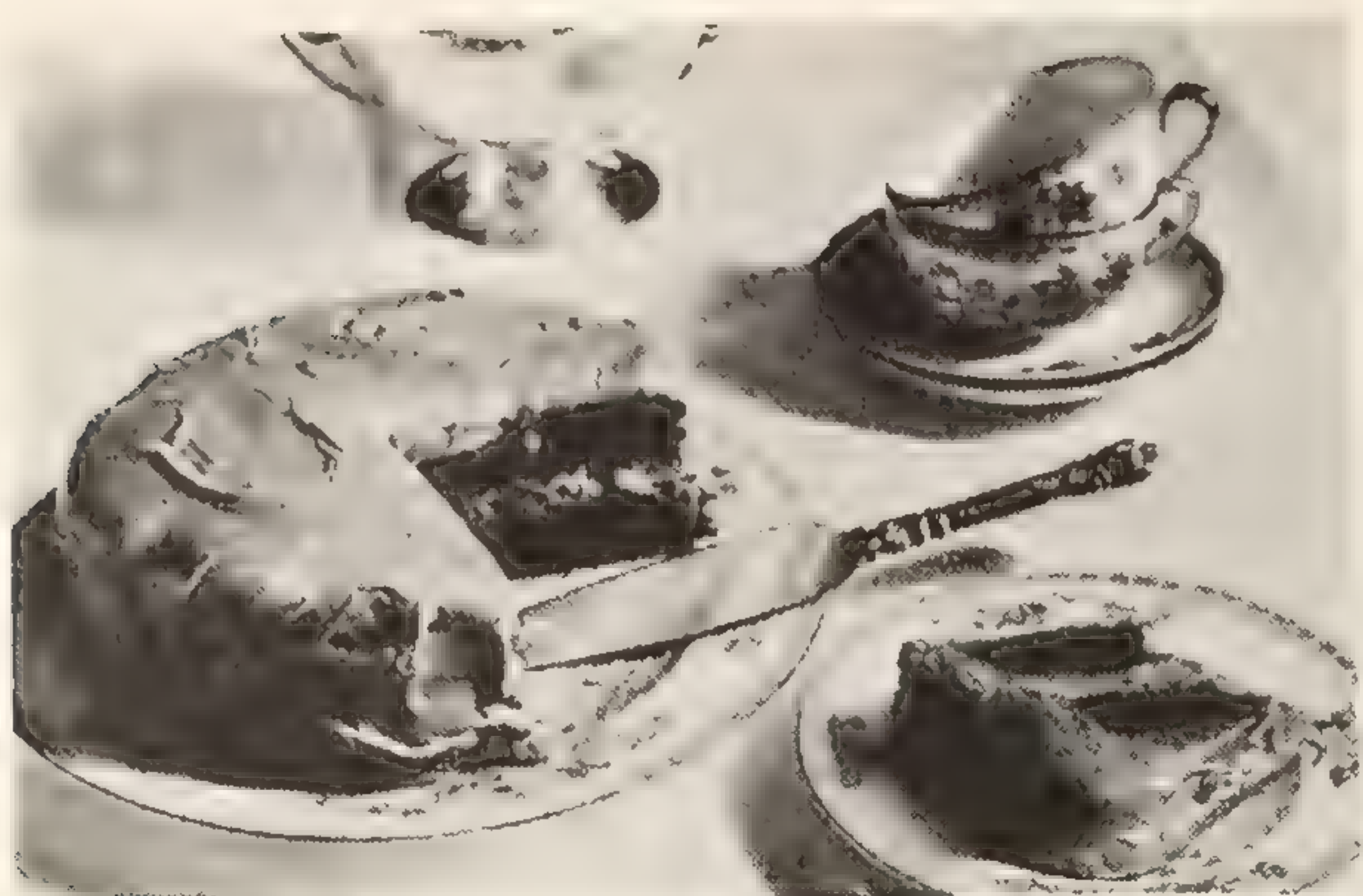


Jiffy KODAK

SIMPLEST FOLDING CAMERA
EVER DEvised

● Eastman's latest: a folding camera as easy to use as a Brownie. Touch a button—"pop"—it opens. Touch another—"click"—it snaps the picture. No fuss, no fiddling . . . nothing but simplicity. Jiffy Kodak Six-16 (2½ x 4¼ pictures), \$7.50. Jiffy Kodak Six-20 (2¼ x 3¼ pictures), \$6.75. See this new, unusual camera; your dealer is showing it now.

THE MODERN HOSTESS



Courtesy of Angelus-Campfire Co.

*By Phyllis
Deen-Dunning*

Bob's favorite hot picnic dish is steak. And he insists on a delicious chocolate cake—the sort pictured above—to top off the meal. And what a topping off it would be.



IF you want to find out about picnics as *are* picnics, and not just hard-boiled egg and ham sandwich affairs, go to a man who has learned about eating out of doors while away on fishing and hunting trips. After a conversation with one of these you will have an entirely new concept of picnics which will make you eager to get out under the sky and eat—whether your eating place be in your own back yard or some isolated wooded spot far from the maddening crowds.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for August, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

For our annual inspirational talk about picnics we went to Robert Young, and his description of meals eaten in the great out-of-doors was enough to make a picnic addict out of the most rabid anti-picnicker on record.

There was nothing vague about Robert's discourse, no leaning on fancy adjectives; for here is a young man who really understands the technique of picnicking. And what's more important he can make it clear to you just how to go about planning and executing the practical details of picnic parties so that those events will stand out in your memory as the most joyous of the summer!

"Before you start thinking about the food you are going to take along," says Robert, "you want to select the *people* you are going to take along, and pick them carefully! A congenial crowd is the first essential of a successful picnic. I think six, or at the outside eight people constitute the right number.

"Then you must decide whether yours is to be a picnic lunch or supper," he continued. "When the party is completely adult, supper is usually the most fun—but if you are including children you will do better to make it lunch.

"Then you are ready to consider the location of your prospective picnic. Any number of people I know like to

picnic within a stone's throw of their own houses and have built outdoor fireplaces or ovens somewhere on their grounds or on the beach if they have a beach house. But if this isn't feasible, or if you just naturally prefer to wander farther afield, try and hit upon some spot which combines rustic beauty with privacy and an opportunity to cook, eat and lounge about in comfort.

NOW, after you have settled upon your company, your meal time and your location, you are ready to consider the *food* end of the business. The first item to be decided upon, in my opinion, is the hot dish. You should have at least one hot food, whether you take it along, all cooked and ready to serve from a wide mouth thermos jug of some sort, or cook it at the scene of the picnic. Fried chicken, baked beans or spaghetti are my idea of the three best things to take along already prepared. But if it is at all possible, I much prefer to do a little broiling or roasting on the spot.

"I think my favorite outdoor cooking viand is steak. I am a wow with steak." (He fairly beamed with masculine pride.) "To cook steak properly in the great open spaces I take along a couple of bags of charcoal in the car, because find- (Continued on page 102)

Robert Young has some swell ideas for picnics—you can't afford to pass them up

Reviews

(Continued from page 9)

type, with beaucoup action and a thrill a minute.

THE BIG BRAIN (KBS-Tiffany)

Fair. An entertaining yarn about a little guy who starts out as a bootblack and winds up as a big shot on Wall Street. His manipulations aren't always on the square so we soon find him in London, where he's going into the oil business. Again he succeeds. Enter the gal and his ruination. George E. Stone as "The Big Brain" does some commendable work.

KING OF THE ARENA (Maynard-Universal)

Okay. Ken Maynard is both producer and actor in this Western entertainer. After a number of mysterious murders, he turns from cowboy to detective, trails the murderer to a traveling wild west show, joins the show and brings the killer to justice. Interesting and thrilling. Send the kids.

THE SPHINX (Monogram)

Good. Here's another murder mystery to gladden the hearts of you mystery lovers. Lionel Atwill lends his leering personality as a phoney deaf and dumb philanthropist whose hobby is murder. He always escapes conviction because he can prove that the killer could speak.

PILGRIMAGE (Fox)

Good—if you like to weep. It is the interesting performance of Henrietta Crosman which will hold your attention in this picture, which, in our opinion, is entirely a woman's picture. A country boy (Norman Foster) has a girl (Marian Nixon) of whom the boy's mother thoroughly disapproves. The story concerns the mother's sending the boy to war to separate him from the girl—and her ultimate remorse.

JENNIE GERHARDT (Paramount)

Slow—but sure. The plot of this is rather depressing and the action certainly couldn't be called fast. But it is a fine piece of work. Sylvia Sydney as the tragic heroine is fine and she looks so charming in the old fashioned coiffures and costumes. Little Cora Sue Collins is appealing as Sylvia's child. Donald Cook provides the love interest.

BED OF ROSES (RKO)

Good. Although Connie Bennett is more beautiful than ever in this picture, the dramatic value of her role is somewhat shadowed by the acting of one Pert Kelton, who, in a Mae West sort of part, is simply superb. The story is about two molls, just out of prison. One marries the first man who comes along and the other lives, in what is known as sin, with a rich publisher. Later, she repents and marries the captain of a cotton barge.

Wise babies aren't cry babies about their skins



If you want a baby's smooth, clear skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

No use shedding private tears over a dull, old-looking skin! When men, who come to see you, stay to make a fuss over your baby sister—it's time for you to get busy!

Help yourself to a cake of the baby's Ivory Soap and start taking Ivory beauty treatments.

What better soap could you use for your own skin than this pure gentle Ivory that keeps a baby's tender skin so petal-smooth? Ivory is white . . . pure. It contains no strong dyes or cheap perfumes. And so doctors say it is *the safest soap* even for tiny babies.

It's smart to be a baby about your bath! Ivory's creamy-white lather caresses your skin, gently freeing every pore of the day's grime and dirt. It rinses off magically . . . leaving no die-hard soapy smell to conflict with the scent of your real perfume.

Watch your complexion grow lovely and youthful again after your daily Ivory cleansings. Feel its silken-smooth texture. And then say to yourself, "It's Ivory for me from now on!" Ivory beauty treatments cost so little, and do so much for your skin!

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure . It floats

HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

Chatter about fashion, beauty tricks, interior
decorating and entertaining—it's all here

WHAT-HO! The Gingham Girl! She's the most stylish young thing on the summer landscape. And she's apt to use her gingham in a most unexpected manner! As a scarf, for instance, as Janet Gaynor does. Janet went on a shopping tour for her new home in a blue and white linen sports costume. Around her charming young throat was wrapped—with the nonchalant air of grandest silk—a many-shaded blue gingham scarf. It had fringed ends . . . and the most sportive look you can imagine.

Gingham is getting very swanky too, swishing beside the sad sea waves. In the form of backless, full skirted dresses, you know. When you come from your dip, you slip into one of these dresses, pull on an umbrella-shaped hat, and munch sandwiches with the assurance that you're adding a bright, piquant note to the beach.

● Still more on the subject—Elissa Landi's porch furniture began to have that dejected air that porch furniture *will* acquire after a while, especially if it has the Pacific breezes as playmates. So Elissa had it covered with a jolly gingham in tobacco brown and yellow. Being washable, it can always be kept clean and neat. If you want to spruce up a corner of your home, just make slip covers of this material and have your walls tinted a cool, neutral tone. Very gentle on one's pocketbook and it makes life worth living all over again.

● Gentlemen—attention, please! This is a tip for *you* exclusively. Just in case you've been sweltering in the regulation blue serge coat and white flannel trousers at gala summer dances. Why not do as Ricardo Cortez does—wear a mess jacket and vest of white Palm Beach cloth and jet black trousers? Comfortable, a supremely cosmopolitan touch and highly approved by the girls. A wing collar and a black bow tie add the formal note.

● And speaking of gentlemen's togs—how close can a woman's clothes resemble a man's and still have a feminine look? Marlene Dietrich is evidently trying to find out. From Berlin comes the report that she has set the town agog just as she set Hollywood with her tuxedo-evening gowns. The one she wore at the farewell party Rouben Mamoulian gave her was of black crêpe, very tight and long as to skirt, and with a top cut in mess jacket fashion. A white faille vest, having pearl studs, and a large white wing tie further increased the illusion of masculine formal attire. Much better than the pants!

● Maybe Sylvia Sidney's trying to find out too. At any rate, she has taken to wearing tailored evening scarfs to match her gowns that are ver-ee, ver-ee smart. If you've envied a man the dash his formal muffler gives him, then by all means adopt Sylvia's idea. With her silver embroidered white satin gown she wears a muffler of the same material. It's extremely chic above the trim collar of her plain white faille coat—which, by the way, is another Prince Albert version. They're becoming more and more popular.

● So is the single flower corsage for evening. We saw Lilian Harvey dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with a blond young millionaire and five guesses what she wore . . . It was a white satin dress, a bit Grecian as to cut—completely backless and the one high-light was a



Sylvia Sidney adopts a masculine fashion note that really is practical and chic for women. An evening muffler—of the same material as her gown.

big, full-blown yellow tulip on the bodice. That tulip looked as if it were growing on the dress. No ferns, no silver ribbon. And with Lilian's golden hair, the corsage was no less than a masterpiece.

● Perhaps the most stunning shore costume seen this season is Claudette Colbert's. She has a sea-blue jersey bathing suit and with that she uses a *sea-green* corduroy wrap-around dress, to which is added a very wide belt

of white piqué. Claudette's sport belts are very novel. They're at least four inches wide, of the material of the dress, and given a metal trim with nail heads.

● And have you heard about her slenderizing luncheons? Not that Claudette is on a diet but it's considered the height of tact these days not to ask your guests if *they* are dieting. You simply go ahead and serve a slenderizing meal. And they can be made as delicious as any fattening banquet! Claudette's favorite menu is:

Jellied consommé
Broiled chicken
Spinach mold
Grilled tomatoes
Citrus fruit salad with French dressing
Raspberry ice

● Lilyan Tashman is another famous hostess who always has a lovely surprise for her guests. At a buffet supper in the garden recently, tiny sausages were passed around by way of *hors d'oeuvres*, and they were on little sausage-shaped plates of heavy white crockery. As the twilight deepened, Lilyan's new lamps were lighted. They are exactly like those old-fashioned oil lamps, only they're about ten times as large and a candle is used in them instead of wick. There's but one disadvantage about serving in the open air—pesky insects have a way of coming around and lighting on things. Lilyan solved *that* difficulty in a twinkling. She has printed organdie stretched over little frames so that they look like small lamp shades and these are placed over the food. They're closed on top with a bright bow that also serves as a handle.

● Only one kind of salad dressing does Lilyan like and she mixes it herself at the table. In an enormous wooden bowl she puts a piece of French bread that has a garlic clove stuck in it. Then she adds salt, olive oil, tarragon vinegar and blends them thoroughly. She grinds her own pepper in a unique little affair and adds that. Then comes the *zip*—the thing that makes the Tashman dressing so excellent. She breaks a raw egg, drops it in and stirs and stirs.

● Heather Angel wanted a radio in her bedroom. Just a small, inexpensive one. Now, radios are usually in dark wood and something of an eyesore in an oyster white and blue room. So Heather took her fifteen dollar one to a shop and had it enameled in white. She even had a white cord attached in place of the brown. Result: said radio looks most expensive and very smart.

Forecasting Favorites

(Continued from page 47)

"Right here I would like to say that a studio *never* types a star.

"From the moment the characteristics of a personality have caught on, the public will not permit any change.

"Take the case of James Cagney: When we first signed Jimmie, we had various ideas in mind for him, certainly *not* the long succession of hard-boiled roles into which his career quickly settled. We had planned to try him in musicals but the success of his first role was so terrific that we have been actually afraid to swerve.

"In spite of this," continued Mr. Warner, "we are going to fly in the face of the gods—or the public—and experiment with Jimmie in a musical sometime this coming season. What the result will be, I cannot tell.

"Another case in point is Kay Francis. Excellent actress though she is—and possessed with a definite sense of the drama—I should hesitate to cast Miss Francis in a role which did not allow her to wear beautiful *clothes* at least in part of the picture.

"And don't think that we are ignoring Ruth Chatterton's obvious light comedy qualities but *you* have placed her in the *loose lady* class for the time being. When *you* will permit, we have some ideas for a new departure for Miss Chatterton—some of them will surprise you.

"As for Bette Davis, our newest star, well—I'm afraid we shall have to keep Bette in "clothes pictures" for a while.

"At the present moment, we are particularly interested in the possibilities of Joan Blondell and Ruby Keeler as potential big stars of the screen. Joan has been with us for some time and I do not mean to insinuate that we have overlooked her worth to any of our pictures. But just recently we got a brand new slant on her. A certain scene in 'Gold Diggers of 1933' suggested something *new* in Joan's personality, something we have overlooked. We shall develop this.

"Ruby Keeler, on the other hand is a perfect musical comedy natural and since we intend producing many of these, it is a certainty that she will figure greatly in our new program.

"Dick Powell is another newcomer who can't be ignored this season. I like him very much teamed with Miss Keeler.

"George Arliss, of course, will never be typed by the public except as an exceptional performer.

"The most I can say for Joe E. Brown is that he will continue to give us *more of the same*—God bless him!

"As for the trend of the pictures we are going to produce during the coming year, that will depend entirely upon the headlines in your morning newspaper. Does that sound surprising? It shall be our policy to use *timely topics* as themes for our stories.

How Jane changed from "PLAIN" to "PRETTY"



Jane, **THEN** . . . Men never noticed Jane in this dull, dark dress. How silly she was—this season's new gay clothes wash beautifully with gentle Ivory Flakes.



Jane, **NOW** . . . Same girl, dressed inexpensively but smartly. *All* this tricky outfit has been washed in Ivory Flakes — pique hat, red-white-and-blue linen suit, pique gloves, handbag!

Don't resist the new colorful clothes. Just be sensible when you buy them and ask the salesgirl if they will wash. Follow her advice when she says, "Yes, *but to be safe*, wash them with Ivory."

Salespeople are that way about Ivory Flakes—awfully partial, because they know that Ivory Flakes are made from pure Ivory Soap, the soap that's safe for a baby's skin—hence it's *safest* for your saucy silk prints and pastel cotton frocks and fuzzy-wuzzy sweaters!

Ivory Flakes are made for lazy girls who want instant suds. Does that mean *you*? Try those tiny

Suit from Lord & Taylor, New York. This entire outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes . . . just as salespeople in fine stores advise.

curls of soap—see how fast they twinkle into thick suds in lukewarm water. Keep away from *flat* clinging flakes—they cause soap spots!

Remember what Vogue says, "The girl with a lot of uncared-for dresses is dowdy. The girl with a few dresses, in immaculate condition, looks smart." Something to think about, girls. Better buy a bargain box of Ivory Flakes today, and start dipping your pretties through Ivory suds tonight!

IVORY FLAKES

Salespeople everywhere say:

"Wash it with Ivory!" 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % pure

★ RICHARD LA VERNE JOHNSTONE,
at 12½ months



"PERFECT!" SAYS DOCTOR

Mother praises Eagle Brand

"Enclosed is a picture of my baby," writes Mrs. Leota C. Johnstone, 3346 Fay Ave., Culver City, Cal., "when he was 12½ months old. Weight 19 lbs., 6 oz.

"He has been on Eagle Brand since the age of 3 weeks, and has been pronounced perfect in every way by our doctor."

This proud mother is one of thousands who have written in, to tell us of perfect specimens—often prize winners—who have been raised on Eagle Brand.

If your baby is not thriving on his present food—try Eagle Brand! It is approved by Good Housekeeping and other eminent authorities. Send for free booklet, "Health for Baby and You." 80 pages on care before birth, layette, baby's bath, bowels, weight. Latest scientific findings on baby feeding. Mail coupon.



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Modern Screen

DIRECTORY of PICTURES

... It's foolish to see a movie without some idea of whether or not it's the type of thing that will appeal to you. These brief reviews will give you just that idea—and save you time and money

● RECOMMENDED.

● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.

● **ADORABLE** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **ANIMAL KINGDOM** (RKO)—Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy and William Gar- gan in a sophisticated story of modern upper-class folk. Excellent—but children won't be much in- terested.

● **BABY FACE** (Warner)—How a girl from poor surroundings wins her way to the top—not al- ways by fair means—and falls in love at the critical moment of her ambitious life. Very good—but not for children.

● ● **THE BARBARIAN** (M-G-M)—Another sheik story with a lovely civilized girl falling in love with the handsome dark-skinned Arabian. Ramon Novarro is the sheik and Myrna Loy the girl. Very good romantic stuff—dull for children, though.

● **BED OF ROSES** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **BE MINE TONIGHT** (Universal)—A film from Europe in which there is some comedy, loads of singing and not much story. Very good if you like singing—children may like parts of it.

THE BIG BRAIN (KES-Tiffany)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **CAVALCADE** (Fox)—What thirty years—from 1900 to the present day—did to an English family and their servants. Even though the story takes place in England you can't fail to be interested because it is so human. Excellent—okay for chil- dren.

CENTRAL AIRPORT (First National)—Airplane story with Richard Barthelmess, Sally Eilers and Tom Brown. Fair—children will be thrilled by the action stuff.

CHRISTOPHER STRONG (RKO-Radio)—A young girl flyer falls in love with a prominent married man and he with her. Their efforts not to yield to their love make the story. Katharine Hepburn is the flyer. Very good—children will be apt to get bored, though.

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia)—Re- viewed in section starting on page 6.

CITY HALL (Wm. Berke)—Drama of political life and all its intrigues. Good—okay but not very ex- citing for children.

● ● **CLEAR ALL WIRES** (M-G-M)—A foreign newspaper correspondent who decides to manu- facture news—with some surprising and disconcert- ing results. Lee Tracy is the newspaper correspond- ent. Good—okay for the kiddies.

● ● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROU- BLE** (Universal)—Charles Murray and George Sidney in another one of these comedy series. Very good if you enjoy the series—the kids will find some laughs in it.

● **DESTINATION UNKNOWN** (Universal)—A rum- runner is lost at sea with thirteen people on board. An unknown man suddenly appears and leads the ship back to safety—and then disappears. His effect on the thirteen people constitutes the story. Very good—but children will be bored.

● ● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (M-G-M)—Another one of those marvelous real all-star pictures— like "Grand Hotel." This has Marie Dressler, Wal- lace Beery, John and Lionel Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and others. Very good—but children will be bored.

● **DIPLOMANIACS** (RKO)—Another Wheeler-Wool- sey comedy. Great for kids.

● ● **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK** (Paramount)—Fredric March, Jack Oakie and Cary Grant in airplane story with the war as a background. The story isn't terribly exciting but there are some ex- cellent air scenes in it. Good—and quite okay for kids.

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warner)—Joe E. Brown in a baseball yarn. Very good if you're a Joe E. Brown fan. Perfect for the kids.

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

EX-LADY (Warner)—Young love and its struggle for complete and perfect happiness. Gene Raymond and Bette Davis. Good—but not for children.

● ● **FAREWELL TO ARMS** (Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes in a love story which happened during the stirring days of the war. Ex- cellent—but the children should be left at home.

● ● **FORTY-SECOND STREET** (Warners)—The musical which has made such a tremendous hit. Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, George Brent and oth- ers are in it. Excellent—okay for children.

● **FRISCO JENNY** (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton as a tough girl of the old days and her son who grew up to become the unknowing enemy of his mother. Very good—but send the children to a Western.

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adri- enne Ames in an amusing race track story. Very good—okay for the kids.

● ● **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE** (M-G-M)—Imaginative story of a president who saves the U. S. from the brink of disaster. Walter Huston is the president. Franchot Tone and Karen Morley are also in it. Excellent—good for the young ones, too.

● **GIRL IN 419** (Paramount)—The melodramatic goings-on in a police hospital. The action centers about a girl who is brought in suffering from a severe beating inflicted by her gangster boy-friend. David Manners, James Dunn and others are in the cast. Very good—okay for children.

● ● **GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **HELL BELOW** (M-G-M)—Robert Montgom- ery, Walter Huston, Robert Young, Madge Evans and Jimmie Durante in story of the men who go down to the ocean in submarines. Excellent— kids will love it.

HEROES FOR SALE (Warner)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

HUMANITY (Fox)—The struggle between a doctor and his son—the old man believing in old-fashioned doctoring while the young man believes in the "profiteering" end of the profession. Poor.

● ● **I COVER THE WATERFRONT** (United Art- ists)—If you read and liked the book you'll be disappointed in the picture as the story has been changed quite a lot. But if you'll forget the book and get set for an hour's entertainment of good melodrama you'll have a good time. Ben Lyon and Claudette Colbert head the cast. Very good—okay for the kiddies.

● **I LOVE THAT MAN** (Paramount) Nancy Carroll and Edmund Lowe in the story of a gal and her man and how she tries and tries and tries to make him go straight. Good—okay for children.

● **INFERNAL MACHINE** (Fox)—All about a set of people on board an ocean liner who are led to believe that there is a bomb on board which will explode at a certain time. Much excitement from their expectations. Very good "unusual" stuff— okay for the kiddies.

● **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE** (Paramount) — Re- viewed in section starting on page 6.

● **JENNIE GERHARDT** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE KEYHOLE (Warners)—A wealthy husband's jealousy, a former husband's unexpected return, the detective the wealthy man has hired to watch his wife and the wife's romance with the detective make up the story. Fair—not amusing for children.

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Uni- versal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR (Universal)—An attorney swears that if he can acquire a friend who has murdered his wife for infidelity he, the attorney, will kill his wife—who, too, has been un- faithful. He does acquit his friend and then—. Fair—not for children.

● **A LADY'S PROFESSION** (Paramount) — Two members of the English nobility—Alison Skipworth and Roland Young—come to America and get mixed up, quite unwittingly, with a gang of bootleggers. Very good—some of it may amuse the children.

LILLY TURNER (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton mar- ries a bum who turns out to be a bigamist. From then on the story becomes more and more sordid and unpleasant. Not recommended.

● ● **THE LITTLE GIANT** (Warners)—Edward G. Robinson is the racketeer who has gone high-hat in this one. It's more of a comedy than a drama and Eddie proves that he's a swell com- edian, too. Mary Astor plays opposite him. Very good—kids may enjoy it.

● **LUCKY DOG** (Universal)—Chic Sale appears in this without his specs and beard. It's the sim- ple tale of a man and his unbounding love for his dog. Perfect if you're a dog lover. Good for the kids.

● ● **THE MASQUERADER** (United Artists)—Dual role story with Ronald Colman as both the wicked man and the good man. Elissa Landi is the wife of the wicked man but she falls in love with the good man. Very good—okay for children.

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warner)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **MEN MUST FIGHT** (M-G-M)—Excellent preach- ment against the horrors of war—with Diana Wynyard and Phillips Holmes. Very good—dull for children, though.

● **THE MIND READER** (Warners)—Warren Wil- liam and Constance Cummings in the story of a fortune teller who makes a lot of money at the racket and then gives it up for the sake of his wife, only to sneak back to it again—with dramatic con- sequences. Very good—might amuse the children.

● **MURDERS IN THE ZOO** (Paramount)—Pretty much of a horror picture, all of the action tak- ing place in a zoo. Lionel Atwill once again plays an insane person who perpetrates the grue- some atrocities. Very good—okay for children if you think it's not harmful for them to be scared.

● **THE NARROW CORNER** (Warner)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE NUISANCE** (M-G-M)—Reviewed last month as "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break"—Lee Tracy as an ambulance-chasing lawyer does excel- lently in this amusing and dramatic piece. Madge Evans, Frank Morgan, and Charles Butterworth are also in it. Very good—not harmful to the kids.

● **OUR BETTERS** (RKO-Radio)—Constance Bennett overacting a bit as the society queen of London. The story isn't bad, though, and the lines excellent. Gilbert Roland and Violet Kemble Cooper do well.

Very good sophisticated stuff—not for children, though.

● **OUT ALL NIGHT** (Universal)—A couple of newlyweds—played by Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts—endeavor to snatch a quiet honeymoon at Niagara Falls. They're constantly thwarted, however. **Very funny—all right for children.**

● ● **PEG O' MY HEART** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING (United Artists)—Modern marriage story with Gloria Swanson, Genevieve Tobin, Lawrence Olivier and Michael Farmer. Not as good as some Swanson pictures but worth seeing—not for children, though.

THE PHANTOM BROADCAST (Monogram)—A pleasant little story about a crooner who was deformed. Ralph Forbes is in it. **Good—all right for children.**

● ● **PICTURE SNATCHER** (Warners)—James Cagney becomes a newspaper photographer in this one which gives a good chance for him to get mixed up with some exciting events. **Excellent Cagney stuff—children will like some of it.**

● ● **PICK-UP** (Paramount)—Pleasant little romantic story about a taxi driver who befriends a girl who, just let out of jail, has no place to go. **Good—not especially for children.**

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PLEASURE CRUISE (Fox)—Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin in a yarn about a wife who goes on a cruise to get away from her husband only to find he's turned up after all. **Poor.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—William Powell as a private detective in a story that doesn't turn out to be as good as it should—considering the elements which make it up. **Fair—dull for kids.**

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS** (M-G-M)—The story of the famous Russian monk—with the three Barrymores in the leading roles. **Excellent—but hardly for children.**

● ● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M)—Sophisticated comedy taken from the famous stage play by Robert E. Sherwood. John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard play the leading roles and very capably, too. **Very good sophisticated stuff—not for children.**

THE ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Fast-moving melodrama which all takes place on a crack express train. Esther Ralston is in it. **Very good melodrama—the kids will enjoy it very much indeed.**

● ● **SECRETS** (United Artists)—The story which Norma Talmadge did in the silent days is here again with Mary Pickford in the leading role. Leslie Howard plays opposite her. **Excellent romantic stuff—kids will like the exciting parts.**

● ● **SHE DONE HIM WRONG** (Paramount)—Sizzling story of the good old days of New York with Mae West as the wicked woman with a heart of gold. **Very good of its hot-stuff kind—but be sure to leave the kids at home.**

SHE HAD TO SAY YES (Warner)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE SILK EXPRESS (Warner)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **THE SILVER CORD** (RKO)—The sad tale of how a mother can wreck her sons' lives simply by giving them much too much care and devotion. Irene Dunne, Laura Hope Crewes, Joel McCrea, Frances Dee and Eric Linden are in it. **A little talky but excellent—kids will be bored.**

THE SONG OF THE EAGLE (Paramount)—A good cast, including Richard Arlen, in a beer racket story. Somehow it isn't as exciting as it could be. **Fair—not much in it for children.**

THE SPHINX (Monogram)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **STATE FAIR** (Fox)—Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, Lew Ayres, Janet Gaynor, Norman Foster and Sally Eilers in a nice story which all takes place at the state fair. **Excellent—kids will like some of it.**

● **THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE** (Paramount)—How the daughter of a respectable Southern family gets mixed up with some gangsters when she goes in search of romantic adventure. **Very good strong stuff—not for children.**

● **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **SWEEPINGS** (RKO-Radio)—The struggle of a department store owner to make his children take an interest in the business he has built up. **Slow, but good acting—children will be bored.**

● ● **TODAY WE LIVE** (M-G-M)—A love story with the war as a background. Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone. **Good—okay for children.**

● **TOMORROW AT SEVEN** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **TOPAZE** (RKO)—John Barrymore's show. **Very good—not for the kids.**

● ● **TRICK FOR TRICK** (Fox)—How two magicians help the police solve the mystery of a girl's death. **Very good—okay for the kids if you're not too fussy about their seeing exciting pictures.**

● ● **THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND** (Fox)—Comic story of an imagined old-time country where the woman go out and fight and the men stay at home. **Very good—not so good for kids.**

● ● **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Columbia)—Triangle marriage story with Jack Holt as the center figure. **Good—a few thrills for children in the last reels.**

● **THE WHITE SISTER** (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Helen Hayes. **Excellent—not for children.**

● ● **THE WORKING MAN** (Warner)—George Arliss in another picture wherein he is rather a charming, slightly sentimental old gentleman. Bette Davis is in it, too. **Good—children won't sit very still through it, though.**

● ● **ZOO IN BUDAPEST** (Fox)—Exciting story with a charming romance in it. The photography is particularly beautiful. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

She thought *If he would only ask me!*



He thought *If it weren't for that one thing!*

"WHY has he lost interest? Why do I fail to please him? Why doesn't he care as he did at first? Why . . . why . . . ?"

She has watched the admiration in his eyes turn to disinterest—and does not dream that just *one thing* has offended him.

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusioned a man about a girl as the lack of a certain personal daintiness—as the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

A girl may not realize that she offends in this way, but she pays the penalty just the same!

This morning's bath, you know, cannot protect you from tonight's perspiration odor. The underarms must have special, more lasting care for *that*.

The quickest, easiest way to give your underarms the care they need is just to use Mum when you dress for the day.

Mum is so easy to use—takes only half a minute! No fuss, no effort. As simple as powdering your nose.

And if you should forget to use it while dressing, you can use it afterwards, any time. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing and cooling to the skin, too. Indeed, you can use it right after shaving the underarms!

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration. It simply absorbs all unpleasant body odors.

Don't ever run the risk of underarm odor. It has ruined more than one girl's chances of happiness. Make sure of daily daintiness, with Mum! All toilet counters have Mum, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS. Careful women use Mum on sanitary napkins. It gives complete protection from unpleasantness.

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with
Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress
(or any other dark-colored
article) and are pining for a
lighter-colored one



Tintex Color Remover will safely
and speedily take out all trace
of color (including black) from
any fabric



Then the article or fabric can be
redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints
and Dyes in any new shade to suit
yourself — either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and
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COLOR REMOVER

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE;
WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND
FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Unmarried. Born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Working Man," Warner Bros.; "Song of Songs," Paramount.

AMES, ADRIENNE: Married to Stephen Ames. Born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Broadway Bad," Fox; "From Hell to Heaven" and "A Bedtime Story," Paramount. Working in "Disgraced."

ANDRE, GWILI: Unmarried. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon"; "Secrets of the French Police" and "No Other Woman," Radio.

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1st. Paramount player. Featured in "The Island of Lost Souls"; "The Song of the Eagle." Working in "College Humor." Next is "Three-Cornered Moon."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity"; "The King's Vacation"; "The Working Man." Working in "Voltaire."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "King Kong," Radio; "Fast Workers," M-G-M; "I Love That Man," Paramount. Working in "Jamboree," Radio.

ASTHER, NILS: Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Working in "Night Flight" and "Strange Rhapsody."

ASTOR, MARY: Married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. Born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Red Dust," M-G-M; "Little Giant," Warner Bros. Working in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

ATES, ROSCOE: Married to Ethel Rogers. Born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Little Orphan Annie," "Lucky Devils," Radio, "What, No Beer!" M-G-M.

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, England, March 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Secret of Madam Blanche," M-G-M; "Murders in the Zoo," Paramount; "Song of Songs," Paramount. Next is "The Sphinx," Monogram.

AYRES, LEW: Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay America," Universal. Co-starred in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "In the Money."

BARRYMORE, JOHN: Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Topaze," Radio; "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M. Working in "Night Flight," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Sweepings," Radio; "Looking Forward," "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M. Working in "Night Flight" and "Stranger's Return," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Alias the Doctor"; "Cabin in the Cotton"; "Central Airport"; "Heroes for Sale."

BAXTER, WARNER: Married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Six Hours to Live," Fox; "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.; "Dangerously Yours," Fox. Working in "I Loved You Wednesday," Fox.

BEERY, WALLACE: Married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Flesh"; "Dinner at Eight." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

BELLAMY, RALPH: Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Picture Snatcher" and "Narrow Corner," Warner Bros.; "Parole Girl," Columbia. Working in "Flying Devils," Radio.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Married to the Marquis de la Falaise. Born in New York City, October 22. Radio star. Starred in "Rockabye" and "Our Betters." Working in "Bed of Roses." Next is "Doubtful Lady."

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Week Ends Only"; "Wild Girl"; "Me and My Gal." Working in "From Arizona to Broadway."

BENNETT, RICHARD: Married. Born in Beaconsfield, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Washington Merry Go Round," Universal; "If I Had a Million," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES: Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "No Other Woman," Radio; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount.

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Broadway Bad"; "Blondie Johnson." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Goodbye Again."

BOLES, JOHN: Married to Marcellite Dobbs. Born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox player. Featured in "Six Hours to Live," Fox. "Child of Manhattan," Columbia; co-starred in "My Lips Betray," Fox.

BOW, CLARA: Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage."

BOYD, BILL: Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio. Featured in "Men of America"; "Lucky Devils"; "Emergency Call." Now working in "Flaming Gold."

BOYD, WILLIAM: Divorced. Born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Oliver Twist," Monogram.

BRENDEL, EL: Married to Flo Bert. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct"; "Too Busy to Work"; "My Lips Betray."

BRENT, GEORGE: Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Keyhole," "Baby Face," "Lilly Turner," First National.

BRIAN, MARY: Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hard to Handle," "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros.; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.: Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "You Said a Mouthful"; "Elmer the Great"; "How to Break Ninety."

BROWN, JOHN MACK: Married to Cornelia Foster. Born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Vanishing Frontier" and "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

BROWN, TOM: Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Destination Unknown," Universal; "Central Airport," Warner Bros. Next is "The Forgotten Boy," Universal.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount; "The Nuisance," M-G-M.

CABOT, BRUCE: Unmarried. Born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "King Kong," "The Great Jasper," Radio. Working in "Flying Devils," Radio and "Disgraced," Para.

CAGNEY, JAMES: Married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Hard to Handle," "Picture Snatcher" and "The Mayor of Hell."

CANTOR, EDDIE: Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "Palmy Days" and "The Kid from Spain."

CARRILLO, LEO: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Parachute Jumper," Warner Bros.; "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia; "Exile Express," Universal. Next is "Shoot the Works," Universal.

CARROLL, NANCY: Married to Francis Bolton Malloy. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "The Woman Accused," Paramount; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "I Love That Man," Paramount.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES: Divorced from Lita Grey. Born in London, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHATTERTON, RUTH: Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Frisco Jenny"; "Lilly Turner."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. Paramount star. Starred in "Love Me Tonight"; "A Bedtime Story." Next is "The Way to Love."

CLARKE, MAE: Divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Parole Girl," Columbia; "Fast Workers," M-G-M; "Flaming Gold," Radio.

CODY, LEW: Widower of Mabel Normand. Born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Undercover Man"; "I Love That Man," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Co-starred in "Sign of the Cross"; "Tonight Is Ours," Paramount; "I Cover the Waterfront," U. A. Next is "Three-Cornered Moon," Paramount.

COLLINS, CORA, SUE: Child Actress. Born in Beckley, W. Va., April 19. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Silver Dollar" and "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros. Working in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD: Separated from Thelma Ray. Born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara"; "The Masquerader."

COMPTON, JULIETTE: Married. Born in Columbia, Ga., May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "The Match King," Warner Bros.; "The Masquerader," U. A.

COOK, DONALD: Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Baby Face," Warner Bros.; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Tampico," Columbia. Working in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Starred in "If I Had a Million"; "Farewell to Arms"; "Today We Live," M-G-M. Next is "One Sunday Afternoon."

COOPER, JACKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Divorce in the Family."

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Flesh," M-G-M; "Broadway Bad," Warned Bros. Working in "Lady of the Night," M-G-M.

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Rain," United Artists; "Today We Live," M-G-M. Next is "The Prize Fighter and the Lady."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Age of Consent," Radio; "That's My Boy," Columbia; "This Day and Age," Para.

CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount; "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett. Working in "College Humor," Paramount.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Unmarried. Born in Seattle, Washington, May 15. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros. Making pictures in England.

DAMITA, LILI: Unmarried. Born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Match King," First National.

(Continued on page 85)

TINTEX OFFERS THE GAY, NEW SUMMER SHADES



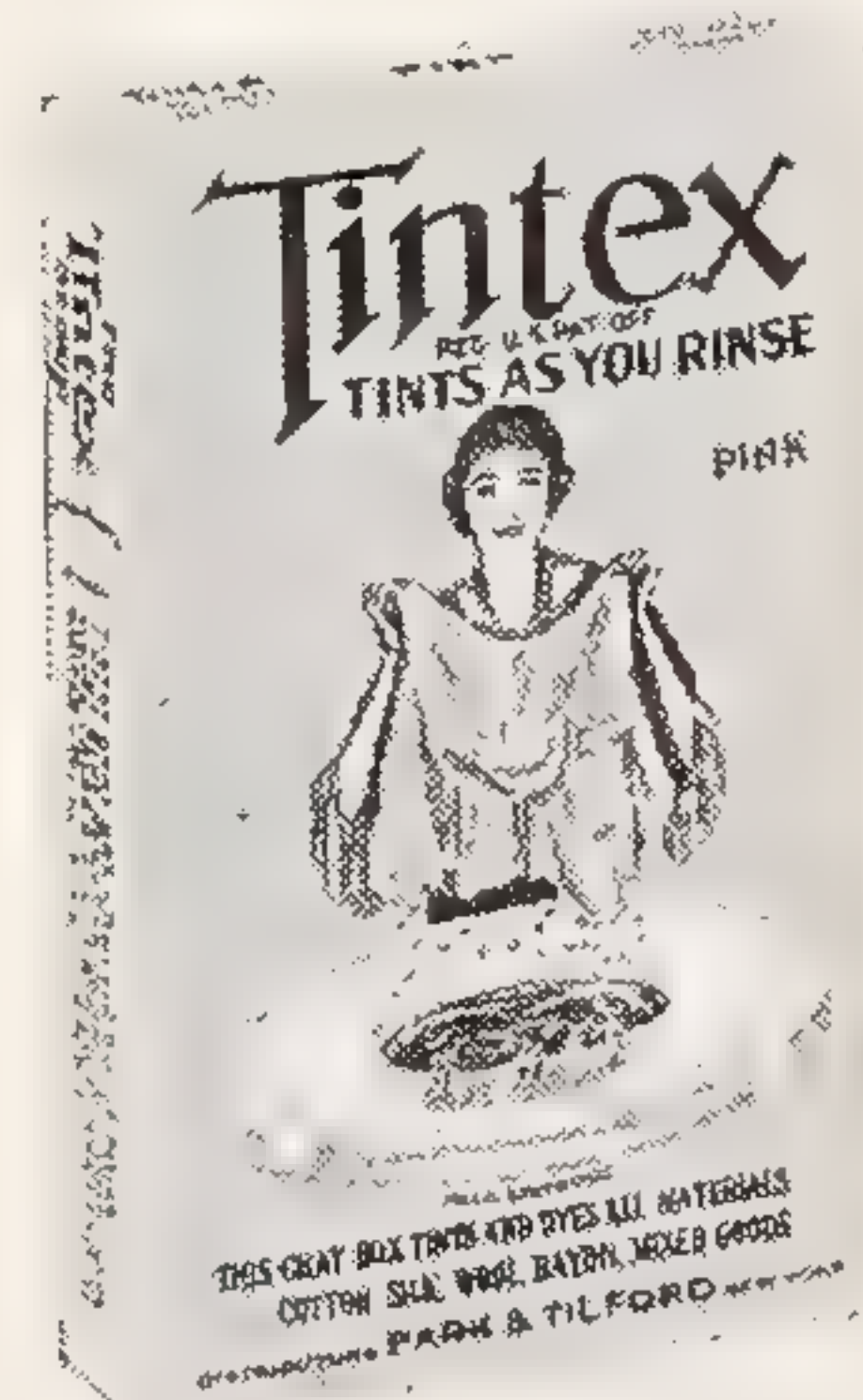
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LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

**MORE NEWS AND GOSSIP STRAIGHT FROM
THE VERY-MUCH-ALIVE FILM CITY**

HERE's a little lowdown:

Mae West is trying to get Clark Gable for her leading man in her next picture. Hotcha!

Clara Bow is still twelve pounds overweight.

Greta Garbo will marry in 1934. Or so a crystal-gazer in Hollywood says.

Jean Harlow has double-jointed thumbs.

THE divorce of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt is about the biggest jolt Hollywood has had for a long long time. The Holts have been married something like ten years and theirs was one of those "everlasting marriages"—so everyone thought. In fact, no one knew there was any trouble between them (Jack is as tight-lipped off the screen as he is on) . . . until Mrs. Holt filed the divorce papers in Mexico. Incompatibility was the reason given. See the swell story on page 64.

DENIALS and emphatic "oh, how ridiculous" statements to the contrary notwithstanding, all is not smooth sailing in the Gloria Swanson-Michael Farmer household. It may be all patched up by the time you read this but the fact remains that there are plenty of eye witnesses in Hollywood who will tell you about the time that they arrived separately at the same party and—more important—left separately.

Naturally, Gloria isn't going to break down and confess anything. Remember how she stoutly maintained "no trouble" just before she separated from the Marquis? And nine times out of ten that statement "we've never been happier in our lives" is made just a couple of weeks before he packs his bags and moves to the athletic club.

Anyway, Gloria and hubby are in Europe now. A recent photo of Bridget Michele was sent them in Hollywood—and it showed two new teeth! They just had to see those new teeth! They'll be back soon for Gloria is seriously considering some picture propositions here.

WHAT is there about La Garbo that sends quivers through everyone, even hardboiled, blasé studio employees? She visited the Paramount Studio recently to have a look at "Song of Songs," evidently to witness director Rouben Mamoulian's work (he's going to direct her picture, too) and practically everyone on the lot just stood and stared. She actually had to be *sneaked* off, the accumulated mob being too much for the Swede to face.

RUMORS continue to fly merrily about Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. There are those who swear they are married. Others even venture to say that the reason for their

strict silence on the matter is that they're not getting along so well and that there may be a divorce even before the marriage is revealed. Charlie is getting his yacht ready for a long trip. Question is: Will he sail with or without Paulette?

FRANCHOT TONE continues to be high man in Joan Crawford's life, although a certain Mr. Robert Abbott has become quite prominent of late. Mr. Abbott hails from Boston and, according to reports, has been given six months in which to make good in the movies. He has just had his first screen test . . . and the result was quite favorable they say.

By the way, Tone will again have a prominent part in Joan's next picture "The Prizefighter and the Lady." So far the cast sheet reads: Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone. Not bad.

SOUVENIR hunters are as much of a nuisance as autograph hounds and this proves it:

One of the first-mentioned pests broke her way into Katharine Hepburn's dressing room one day and walked off with Kate's favorite picture of herself plus a large silver frame. Next day the pix was sent to Kate through the mails, accompanied with a note asking for her autograph! This is what Hepburn did, she kept the frame, and sent the picture back with the following inscription: "Stolen from Katharine Hepburn."

DOROTHEA WEICK is verrrry much in love with her husband. He is Ernst von der Decken, editor of a German newspaper, and for that reason has to remain in Germany. Too bad, because they've only been married about eight months. But they certainly manage to keep in touch. They write each other daily and some of Dorothea's letters are *forty* pages long. Always taking advantage of the fastest airlines, these letters cost on the average of \$1.85 per. Ain't love grand?

Those Eskimos on the M-G-M lot still think we're a bunch of dumbbells. The other day one of them saw a plow on the back lot of the studio.

"Huh," said the Northerner, "white man make very bad sled. Only one runner."

WHEN Alexander Kirkland and Ann Harding, accompanied by Ann's secretary, flew to Havana. Hollywood buzzed with romance rumors.

But here's the real truth—and don't let anybody tell you differently. Ann and Alexander have been friends for ages and ages. Once Alexander was in love with her, but they are just good friends now. That's the lowdown.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 83)

DANIELS, BEBE: Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Co-starred in "Silver Dollar" and "Forty-Second Street." Warner; "Cocktail Hour," Columbia.

DAVIES, MARION: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Blondie of the Follies"; "Peg O' My Heart."

DAVIS, BETTE: Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Parachute Jumper." Starred in "Ex-Lady"; featured in "The Working Man." Next is "Easy to Love."

DEE, FRANCES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "King of the Jungle," Paramount; "Silver Cord," "Headline Shooter," Radio.

DEL RIO, DOLORES: Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio. Next is "Green Mansions."

DEVINE, ANDY: Married. Born in Flagstaff, Ariz., October 6. Universal player. Featured in "The Big Cage," Universal; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount. Working in "Disgraced," Paramount.

DIETRICH, MARLENE: Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Blonde Venus"; "Song of Songs."

DIX, RICHARD: Married to Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors"; "The Great Jasper." Working in "The Public Be Sold." Next is "Monsters of the Deep."

DOVE, BILLIE: Married to Robert Kenaston. Born in New York City, May 14. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies."

DRESSLER, MARIE: Unmarried. Born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Prosperity"; "Dinner at Eight." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Hold Me Tight"; "The Girl in 419." Next is "From Arizona to Broadway."

DUNNE, IRENE: Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "No Other Woman," Radio; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M; "The Silver Cord," Radio. Next is "Sally Was a Lady."

DURANTE, JAMES: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "What, No Beer!" and "Hell Below."

EILERS, SALLY: Separated from Hoot Gibson. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Sailor's Luck" and "Hold Me Tight," Fox; "Made On Broadway," M-G-M.

ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Under the Tonto Rim" and "International House," Paramount. Working in "Hold Your Man" and "Stranger's Return," M-G-M.

EVANS, MADGE: Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Below," "Made on Broadway," "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M; "The Mayor of Hell," Warner Bros.; "The Nuisance," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, Jr.: Divorced from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," "Narrow Corner," "Captured," Warner Bros. Working in "Morning Glory," Radio.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: Married to Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES: Married to Virginia Vallie. Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Co-starred in "Wild Girl"; "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

FARRELL, GLENDA: Married. Born in Enid, Okla. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Keyhole"; "Mary Stevens, M.D." Working in "Madam La Guimp," Columbia and "Gambling Ship," Paramount.

FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Big Cage," Universal; "Headline Shooter," Radio. "Goodbye Again," Warner Bros.

FOSTER, NORMAN: Married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "State Fair"; "Pilgrimage," Fox. Working in "Professional Sweetheart," Radio.

FOSTER, PRESTON: Married. Born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "Ladies They Talk About"; "Elmer the Great." Working in "The Man Who Dared," Fox.

FOX, SIDNEY: Married to Charles Beahan. Born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Don Quixote"; "Roi Pausole"; "Afraid to Talk."

FRANCIS, KAY: Married to Kenneth McKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Keyhole"; "Mary Stevens, M.D." Working in "Strange Rhapsody," M-G-M.

GABLE, CLARK: Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "No Man of Her Own"; "White Sister." Working in "Night Flight" and "Hold Your Man." Next is "The Prize Fighter and the Lady."

GARBO, GRETA: Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me." Working in "Queen Christina."

GARGAN, WILLIAM: Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Sweepings," Radio; "The Story of Temple Drake," Paramount; "Emergency Call," Radio. Working in "Night Flight," M-G-M.

(Continued on page 87)



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Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou in a scene from "The Morning Glory."

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STRANGE RHAPSODY. Kay Francis and Nils Asther.

THE MAYOR FROM HELL. James Cagney and Madge Evans.

JENNIE GERHARDT. Sylvia Sydney and Donald Cook.

THE MAN WHO DARED. Preston Foster.

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THE PUBLIC BE SOLD. Richard Dix and Doris Kenyon.

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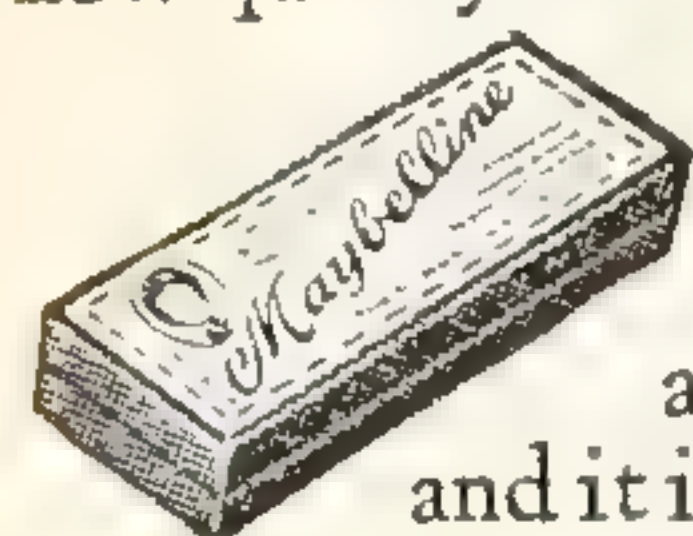
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and long appearing, dark lashes by using Maybelline Eyelash Darkener.

This will instantly make your eyes appear larger and more expressive, and it is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof! It can't make the lashes hard or brittle, but on the contrary keeps them soft and silky because of the pure, high-quality oils it contains. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes.

To intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow softly on your eyelids. Pure and creamy, it comes in five exquisite shades to match any eye: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



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The natural growth of your lashes is best stimulated by applying Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring. Its pure, nourishing ingredients are wonderfully beneficial.

Be sure to ask for Maybelline eye beauty aids. The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. Special purse sizes on sale at all leading 10c stores.



MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

It's Ruby's Turn Now

(Continued from page 17)

Guinan's were "awfully nice girls." And she isn't putting on an act. To Ruby, they were.

Ruby managed, somehow, to remain immune to the sinister and sometimes sordid atmosphere she breathed. She danced at Guinan's but she was never a part of it. I'll give you a typical incident.

One night there was a fight in the club, the reason for which remains a tawdry secret of the underworld. Guns were drawn. Hatred charged the air. Everyone in the place was filled with terror.

And Ruby? Well, Ruby was down in the grill room. She didn't know there had been a fight until the other girls told her about it later, for Ruby was always somewhere else when these spectacular events occurred.

Ruby worked at Guinan's—that was all. The life was never an actual part of her life.

And that, of course, was partly because of her family.

For Ruby had lots more fun telling her brothers and sisters about the celebrities that came to the club than she had stepping out after the show. Besides, she was too tired to do much stepping out.

Ruby's working day at the club began at twelve-thirty and ended at half past four in the morning. The rest of the morning and the better part of the day were the child's sleeping hours. She usually got up at five and told the family everything that had happened the night before.

It was one of those big, jolly, Irish families and with them Ruby felt much more at home than in the world of glittering tinsel in which she worked.

ONE day Ruby asked her sisters, "Guess who came in last night?"

Ruby couldn't wait for them to guess. "Al Jolson," she said, with a note of due awe in her voice.

"Al Jolson!" they repeated.

Yes, the great Al Jolson had been to Texas' Club—the greatest entertainer in the world, the big shot of the theatrical business and—what's more—he had definitely noticed Ruby. He had asked who she was. It was all very exciting and thrilling and her sisters sat wide-eyed and listened as she told the story.

And that was how the romance began—the romance between the big entertainer and the little chorus girl.

Ruby was so thrilled to be seen in company with the great Al Jolson. For she had never overcome her awe of celebrities and a feeling of her own unworthiness.

She was so shy, so unsure of herself that when Ziegfeld asked her to star in "Show Girl" she told him she could neither sing nor act and that he was making a mistake in putting her in the part. But he patted her on the back and persuaded her to take the stellar rôle.

She suffered such torments that when she would look out into the audience and discover two heads together, people whispering and laughing, she was quite sure that they were laughing at her. In spite of encouragement from Ziegfeld she died a thousand deaths of self-consciousness whenever she stepped on the stage and finally, her nervousness was so great, she became physically ill and a doctor told her she must leave the show.

Ruby didn't want to be anything but just Al Jolson's wife, to shine only in his reflected glory.

But the executives begged her to work in pictures. The first offer came to play opposite Al in one of his films. Ruby refused that flatly. She knew Al was nervous when he worked and she thought the added worry of her would trouble him. Besides, now that she and Al were married she had no desire for a career.

They broke down her resistance finally and she consented to "Forty-Second Street."

Again she suffered from stage fright, although she was thrilled to meet the stars and asked for autographs like any high school girl. And still, as her popularity on the lot grew, she believed that it was just because of Al.

WITH the utmost sincerity she told me, "People hardly ever remember me. But they all know Al and it's fun meeting them through him."

You see? To Ruby there is no change. Their relationships are exactly the same. She does not realize what has happened.

But these are the facts. With the release of "Forty-Second Street" Ruby's star ascended. It was one of the smash hits of the season and Ruby became an instantaneous success. She was rushed into "Golddiggers of 1933" and other films are in preparation for her.

In the meantime—and even long before—Al's star had been waning. The novelty of his work in the first talkies having worn off, he is no longer the greatest entertainer in the world.

But the curious part is that Ruby doesn't know it. The beautiful part of the story is that Ruby still sees Al as the greatest entertainer and her picture triumphs are merely secondary to the glory of being Al Jolson's wife.

The important part of her life is being with Al.

She actually doesn't realize that he is answering the 'phone for her and waiting on her while she rehearses and has fittings, for Ruby is still the little girl in the night club who was awed when Al Jolson asked her name.

As his popularity with the public fades, his popularity with Ruby grows. In her heart he is the great one, she the lesser. She still thinks that it is only because she is Al Jolson's wife that anyone is interested in her.

And so, perhaps, Al is compensated.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 85)

- GAYNOR, JANET:** Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "Tess of the Storm Country"; "State Fair"; "Adorable." Next is "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."
- GIBSON, HOOT:** Separated from Sally Eilers. Born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Hoot Gibson Pictures Corp. Starred in "Cowboy Counsellor" and "Dude Bandit."
- GIBSON, WYNNE:** Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Crime of the Century," Paramount; "Emergency Call," Radio. Next is "Her Bodyguard."
- GILBERT, JOHN:** Married to Virginia Bruce. Born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Starred in "Fast Workers."
- GLEASON, JAMES:** Married to Lucille Webster. Born in New York City, May 23. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "Clear All Wires," M-G-M.
- GOMBELL, MINNA:** Unmarried. Born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway"; "Pleasure Cruise."
- GRANT, CARY:** Unmarried. Born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "The Woman Accused"; "The Eagle and the Hawk." Working in "Gambling Ship." Next is "Torch Singer."
- GREEN, MITZI:** Child actress. Born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in "Little Orphan Annie."
- HAINES, WILLIAM:** Unmarried. Born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Life."
- HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER:** Unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live"; "White Sister"; "The Barbarian." Working in "Strange Rhapsody."
- HAMILTON, NEIL:** Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Terror Aboard," Paramount; "Silk Express," Warner Bros.
- HARDING, ANN:** Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors"; "The Animal Kingdom"; "When Ladies Meet." Working in "Double Harness."
- HARDY, OLIVER:** Divorced. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Towed in a Hole"; "Twice Two"; "Fra Diavolo."
- HARLOW, JEAN:** Widow of Paul Bern. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Dust"; "Dinner At Eight." Working in "Hold Your Man."
- HARVEY, LILIAN:** Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., January 19. Fox player. Co-starred in "My Lips Betray."
- HAYES, HELEN:** Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount; "Son Daughter" and "White Sister," M-G-M. Working in "Night Flight," M-G-M. Next is "Another Language."
- HEPBURN, KATHARINE:** Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn., November 8. Radio player. Featured in "Bill of Divorcement"; "Christopher Strong." Working in "Morning Glory." Next is "Little Women."
- HERSHOLT, JEAN:** Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Crime of the Century"; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M.
- HOLMES, PHILLIPS:** Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Born to Kill"; "Men Must Fight"; "Looking Forward." Working in "Strange Rhapsody."
- HOLT, JACK:** Divorced from Margaret Wood. Born in Winchester, Pa., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "When Strangers Marry"; "The Wrecker."
- HOPKINS, MIRIAM:** Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "The Story of Temple Drake." Working in "Stranger's Return," M-G-M. Next is "Chrysalis."
- HOPPER, HEDDA:** Divorced from DeWolf Hopper. Born in Holidaysburg, Pa., June 2. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Men Must Fight" and "The Barbarian."
- HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT:** Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise" and "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.
- HOWARD, LESLIE:** Married. Born in England, April 24. Write him at Fox. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Secrets," U. A.; "Captured," Warner Bros. Working in "Berkeley Square," Fox.
- HUDSON, ROCHELLE:** Unmarried. Born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "Lucky Devils," Radio; "She Done Him Wrong," Paramount.
- HUSTON, WALTER:** Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Below"; "Gabriel Over the White House." Working in "Strange Rhapsody."
- HYAMS, LEILA:** Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast" and "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.
- JONES, BUCK:** Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Universal star. Starred in "Unknown Valley"; "The Open Road."
- JORDAN, DOROTHY:** Unmarried. Born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Strictly Personal," Para-

(Continued on page 93)

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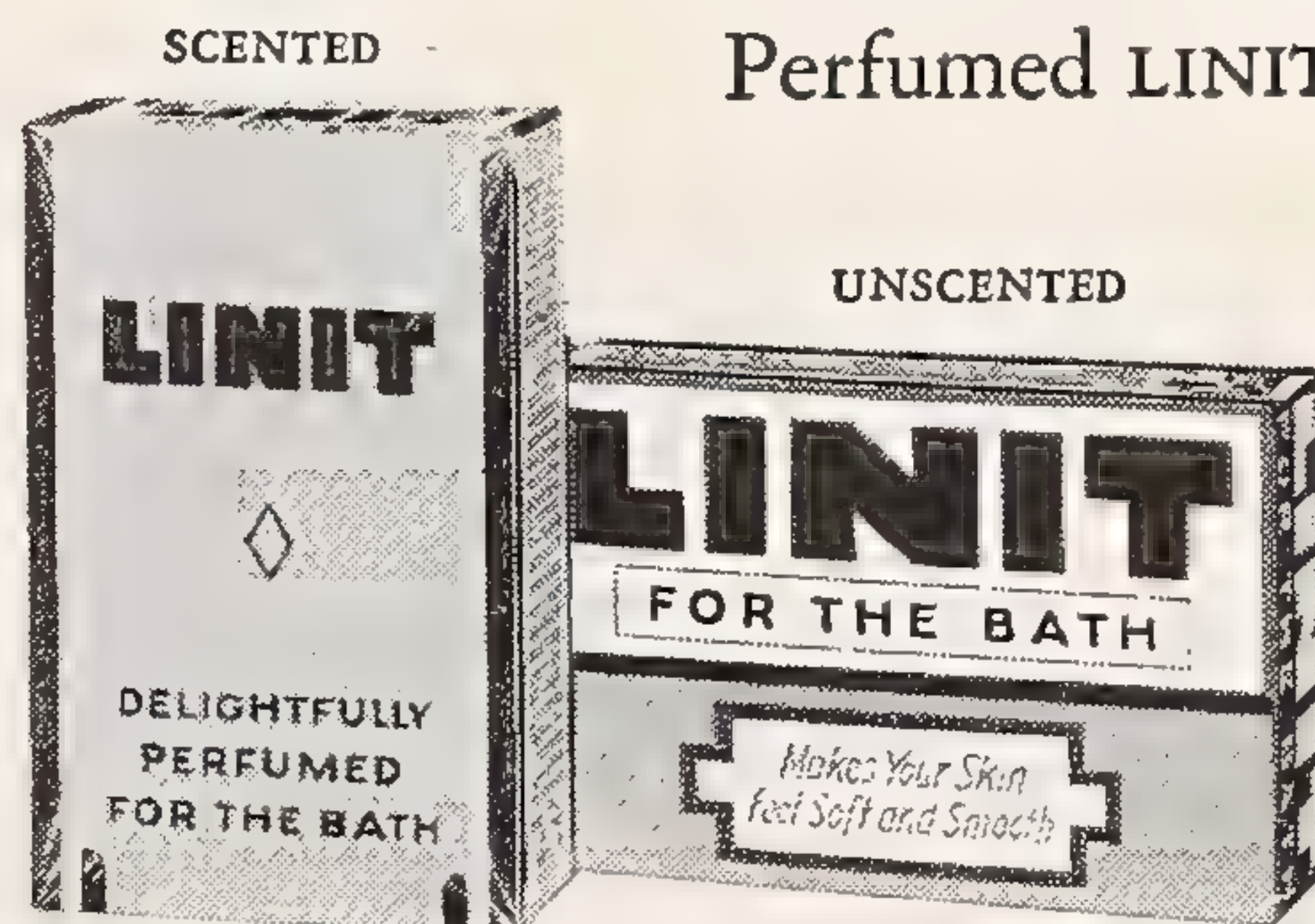
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You Can Get Anything You Want

(Continued from page 69)

mad ways. She knew him intimately and well. In her dreams she had been with him every day and night for months.

When Helen's friends learned she was seeing Charlie, that he was calling for her after the theater and taking her to supper, they were generous with well-intended warnings.

LOOK out," they said, "he's fascinating. If you let yourself get too fond of him he'll break your heart. He's only marking time. The day So and So gets back from Europe you'll see that young man no more!"

The girl they mentioned by name was and still is considered one of the most glamorous ladies in New York. She's tall and slim. She's smart. And besides possessing the gay humor and the very ridiculous, nonsensical ways a man like Charlie MacArthur would adore, she is *distingué*, theatrically and socially.

Nevertheless, not for one minute did Helen give up her dream of having Charlie MacArthur for her own. Still his face hung before her. Night and day. Day and night.

"And," says Helen *"dreaming of the two of us together I always saw myself as a person Charlie would like. And every day, because subconsciously I began developing the particular qualities I felt had attracted Charlie to me in the first place, I came a little closer to being that person."*

"I didn't see how Charlie possibly could prefer me when the other girl came back. But I knew he would. I knew he must.

"I used to say to myself 'Charlie MacArthur's a free soul if ever there was one. Don't let your feminine desire for possession run away with you. You never could possess him. And he'd hate you for trying it. Be as self-sufficient with him really as you see yourself being in your dreams."

"I was fortunate, really," she went on, "because Charlie's so frankly a free soul. I knew from the start that he never could be possessed. Other women rarely have this fact made so clear to them. So, too often it is through a woman's attempts to possess the man she loves that she loses him."

When Charlie MacArthur's other girl came home that autumn, important parties were given in her honor. Charlie, naturally, was asked to all of them. It sometimes happened Helen also would be among the guests. Other times she wouldn't be. The times she was were the worst in a way.

"I used to strain so, trying to be gayer, brighter, more brilliant than she was," Helen confesses. "And the more amused Charlie would be by the things she said, the more his laughter would ring out, the more desperate I'd grow.

"At last I woke up. At last I realized it never had been the tense, straining

person I became at such times that Charlie had sought during the last few months. So I quit trying to be something and somebody I wasn't.

"It wasn't until Christmas that I felt I had Charlie's interest. And then only because he asked his other girl to take back a handsome dressing-gown she'd sent him, explaining he couldn't accept anything so valuable.

"She understood. She was a good sport about it. She sent him a little china dog with a ten cent price tag hanging about its neck and a note asking if this would be all right. It's upstairs on the fire mantel in Mary's nursery now. We're splendid friends now, Charlie's other girl and I.

"Charlie tells me he was afraid to accept that dressing-gown, afraid to do anything, for fear of spoiling things between us. But at the time, I assure you, he didn't let me know I was of any importance to him at all.

"I don't mind saying I'm still doing my best to keep Charlie MacArthur's interest. I'm fighting the battle every female creature must fight to maintain any appreciable degree of self-sufficiency. I've never made any attempt to possess Charlie.

"And if it hasn't always been the easiest thing in the world to hold my attitude, as Jimmy Durante would say, it's been worth while. I did get Charlie. And I've kept him now for quite a few years. . . ."

It was dreaming of herself and Charlie MacArthur together that helped Helen Hayes become the person with whom Charlie fell in love.

It was dreaming of herself and Charlie MacArthur together that helped Helen Hayes realize he was a free soul and that to attempt to possess him would be to lose him.

If you want your Prince Charming do as Helen did. . . .

1. Dream. Strong. Vividly. Constantly. And true.

2. Always see yourself in possession of your dream.

3. Never doubt that your dream will come true.

4. Become so obsessed with your dream that you will do everything in your power towards its fulfillment.

It is interesting, to say the very least, that a French school of psychology should invest auto-suggestion with almost limitless power.

It is inspiring, again, to say the very least, to see how many of the motion picture stars have made their day dreams come true.

But, to my mind, one of the most amazing things of all is the case of Colleen Moore and her first dolls' house.

Colleen Moore's gorgeous big dolls' house is rated, I believe, next to the



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tory Cream
over the hair to be removed, rinse off, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. You will marvel at this white, fragrant cream; smooth and mild; rapid and efficacious. ZIP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, and instantly removes every vestige of hair. . . GIANT TUBE 50c.

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Queen Mary's dolls' house. But long before Colleen began collecting miniature services of Sévres china and tea sets of silver, miniature Hepplewhite chairs and Sarouk rugs she had another dolls' house. Less famous. But no less prized by Colleen. This first dolls' house was made from a blank book with a stiff card-board cover, the kind children use in school.

Over the cover of this blank book is pasted a colored photograph of an exterior. On the first page comes the hall. (If I'm not mistaken the stairway with a trim maid polishing the treads appeared in an advertisement for floor oil.) Then come pages arranged to represent a living-room, a dining-room, a library, a kitchen, and a maid's room and bath. Following, on what any fool could tell is meant to be the second floor, are a master bedroom, an upstairs sitting-room, a nursery with toys galore strewn all over the blue wallpaper floor, a boy's room, designated as such by the photograph of a boy scout hanging on the green wallpaper wall, a young girl's room and several baths. The last two pages are covered with full page illustrations of a very grand and formal garden and a swimming-pool such as even Hollywood has yet to see.

Mrs. Moore having preserved this blank-book which Colleen converted into a paper doll's house, there can be no doubt about the early age at which Colleen's absorption in houses commenced.

ALWAYS, she says, "I saw myself grown-up, presiding over a lovely home. Sometimes being breath-takingly elegant.

"Clothes and beaus and all the other feminine interests intrigued me from time to time but my passion for houses and my conviction that one day I would have a long low house with sloping lawns, charming gardens, a tennis court, and a sunken swimming pool never left me.

"I'm sure I have no idea how I thought I was going to attain this dream. No boy I ever knew had any prospects that would have led me to believe he could give me anything of the kind.

"But knowing a thing is going to be yours has nothing to do with reason. It didn't in my case in any event. It was just knowing. . . ."

Through her screen success Colleen has attained her dream house. Her house itself is outstanding even in Bel Air, a development comprised only of beautiful estates. Colleen has, too, all that goes with the home.

Undoubtedly the day Colleen started to dream of a beautiful house she started herself on the road to fame and wealth. As she says herself:

"I'm inclined to believe that it was my dream of this house that fostered my other dream of becoming a movie star. There were any number of times when I was discouraged and tired, when it would have been easy to give up a career and settle back as a wife. But my dream of my house so obsessed me that it never was possible for to



"Aren't you unusually rough tonight, Percival?"

"Sorry, dear boy, but I really am annoyed, you know."

"Of all things! Why?"

"You borrowed my FILM FUN and forgot to return it."

AND let that be a lesson to you, too, gentle reader. Always have your own copy of FILM FUN on hand and you'll run no danger from infuriated wrestlers, athlete's foot, pyorrhea, or the seven-year itch.

Not that we claim any medicinal qualities for the screen's only fun magazine, but it'll keep you so busy laughing at the antics of Hollywood you'll never have time to think of your troubles. Try this laugh tonic today. Dash up to the nearest newsstand and ask the dealer—when he stops laughing over his own copy—for the latest issue of

FILM FUN

THE HOWLS OF HOLLYWOOD!



Darling,

YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

... Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it fades your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Re-color your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely new way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the shaft—and colors the hair where nature does . . . Notox shades duplicate nature's own—and keep their even shade just as permanently as natural color no matter how much you wave or wash your hair or expose it to the sun.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Or buy it, if you prefer, at any smart shop. Resent a substitute—no like product exists.

... Send for booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and for name of nearest beauty shop featuring Notox. Write to Sales Affiliates, Inc., Dept. 60, 33 West 46th Street, New York.

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX
COLORS HAIR INSIDE
WHERE NATURE DOES

to do anything that would postpone my attaining it.

"There's no doubt in my mind that you can have anything you want. If you'll only:

1. "Want it enough.
2. "See yourself having it.
3. "Never stop believing you'll get it.
4. "Become so enthralled with the idea of possessing it that you can't stop working and planning towards it."

Psychologists tell us that we forget nothing, that all our lives we are influenced by the sights, smells, and sounds we experience in our formative years, in our childhood and even in our infancy. It doesn't matter that we aren't aware of remembering these influential experiences. There is scientific proof that these memories remain in our subconscious minds to color our entire lives.

Some people do remember these experiences, however. For instance, Travis Banton, Paramount's famous costume designer, remembers vividly the experience which gave him his dream of working with fabrics, colors and line and creating glamor and romance in women's clothes.

IT all happened in Texas when Travis was a little boy, seven years old. . . .

His mother and father were going to a great ball given in honor of visiting celebrities. There had been talk of this occasion for weeks and weeks. All the women of the family had huddled in his mother's bedroom the day her gown came home from the shop in a big white box and mists of tissue paper.

Although it was almost nine o'clock the lights in his nursery were left on the night of the ball. He was waiting for his mother to kiss him good-night. She was to stop in just before she left so he might see her in her gown.

His mother was so very beautiful. Her gown of soft blue chiffon might have been fashioned from a piece of Spring sky. It caught at her slim waist with crushed velvet. And on both of her smooth white shoulders were great bunches of forget-me-nots.

He had been told in advance that he must not throw his arms about her with his usual vehemence. So while she came across the room he just sat there, saying nothing at all.

"You see," Mr. Banton said, "you're so lovely you even take that little rascal's breath away."

Pleased, smiling, Travis' mother bent down to kiss him, to push his hair back off his forehead. She smelled divine. In fact, long after he was left alone he wiggled his nose like a puppy dog will to catch his fragrance lingering there in the dark.

The day I saw Travis Banton in his office at the Paramount Studios a dozen sketches of gowns the stars of this company will wear in future productions lay on his big desk. There was the whirr of the sewing machines in the work-room down the hall.

"That gown of my mother's gave me my dream or whatever you want

to call it of doing this sort of thing," he said, nodding at the sketches.

"So in memory of that gown I designed one of the gowns Marlene Dietrich wears in 'Song of Songs' the same way. Only Marlene's gown is violet, with violets on the shoulders."

TRAVIS BANTON'S family did not remain in Texas. They moved to New York where he grew older. He must be educated to follow in the footsteps of his father's family. His grandfather had been a judge. His uncle, also Travis Banton, was a well-known New York district attorney.

Travis was sent to Columbia University. The law school there is famous.

"But," he says, "even while I was doing other things and apparently being educated for another life entirely I saw myself doing the sort of things you find me doing today.

"Actually, subconsciously I had become a designer long before I went from Columbia to the Art Students League and from the Art Students League to the New York City School of Fine and Applied Arts and acquired the technical knowledge that I had to have to put my ideas into effect.

"I never saw myself a judge, sitting in judgment. I never saw myself a district attorney, eloquently prosecuting some poor devil.

It's a far hail from being a little boy in Texas with a family determined you'll enter law or politics, even going so far as to educate you for such a career, to becoming a famous designer of motion picture stars' clothes. But Travis Banton made it. Because he, like the others:

1. Dreamed. Strong. Vividly. Constantly. And true.
2. Saw himself in possession of his dream always.
3. Never doubted his dream would come true.
4. Did not pick his dream out of the air but concentrated upon the dream that came to him of its own accord.
5. Became so obsessed with his dream that he had to work and plan at all times towards its fulfillment.

Helen Hayes . . . Harold Lloyd . . . Colleen Moore . . . Travis Banton . . . They dreamed, all of them. And their dreams came true.

There is no reason in the world why your dream should not come true too.
**YOU CAN GET ANYTHING
YOU WANT! IF YOU WANT IT
ENOUGH!**

It doesn't matter how far removed you are from your dream. No one in the world could have been further away from the things they dreamed about than Joan Crawford was when she worked at Stephens' College, waiting on table, carrying heavy trays.

In the September issue of MODERN SCREEN you will learn how Joan as well as several other famous motion picture people bear out this exciting and inspiring theory of the power of auto-suggestion. Don't miss it!

Bob's Big Brother

(Continued from page 25)

stage had him! Had him for good. As a member of the Playcrafters, he was soon taking the lead in such plays as "Pals," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Robin Hood." After he took the name-part in "Robin Hood" he was a school idol—along with being yell leader, and along with half a dozen other activities.

And, was Joe tickled?—Joe, whose sacrifice had made it all possible. "Go on, kid, you're terrible," he growled fondly, after the fashion of big brothers. "Now, me, I'm a *real* actor." For an actor Joe was! Mack Sennett in those days had a habit of ordering everybody in his studio into cop uniforms and sending them out before his cameras, to save the price of extras. The prop department was no exception. Joe became a Keystone Cop. Then Sennett learned that he had nerve, and he got a boost in pay doubling for Billy Bevan, at that time a featured comedian. A little later he was a featured comedian himself, playing juvenile leads opposite Alice Day. Not only that, but the studio thought that he showed promise as a comedy director. He had a great future ahead of him, everybody told him. Joe could hardly believe his ears. It was the end of the rainbow!

"Gee, not only Bob's going to be a success, with his education but even I'm going to be a success!"

BOB graduated, with honors, from the white high school on the hill overlooking the river and the train-yards. He was starting up.

At about the same time, Joe started down.

At the studio he was ordered to take a lay-off. With his mother and his kid sister to take care of, and Bob's future, Joe couldn't accept it. His brand-new five-year contract was torn up, as a result, and he was fired.

There's a saying in Hollywood: "If they know you need a job, you don't get it."

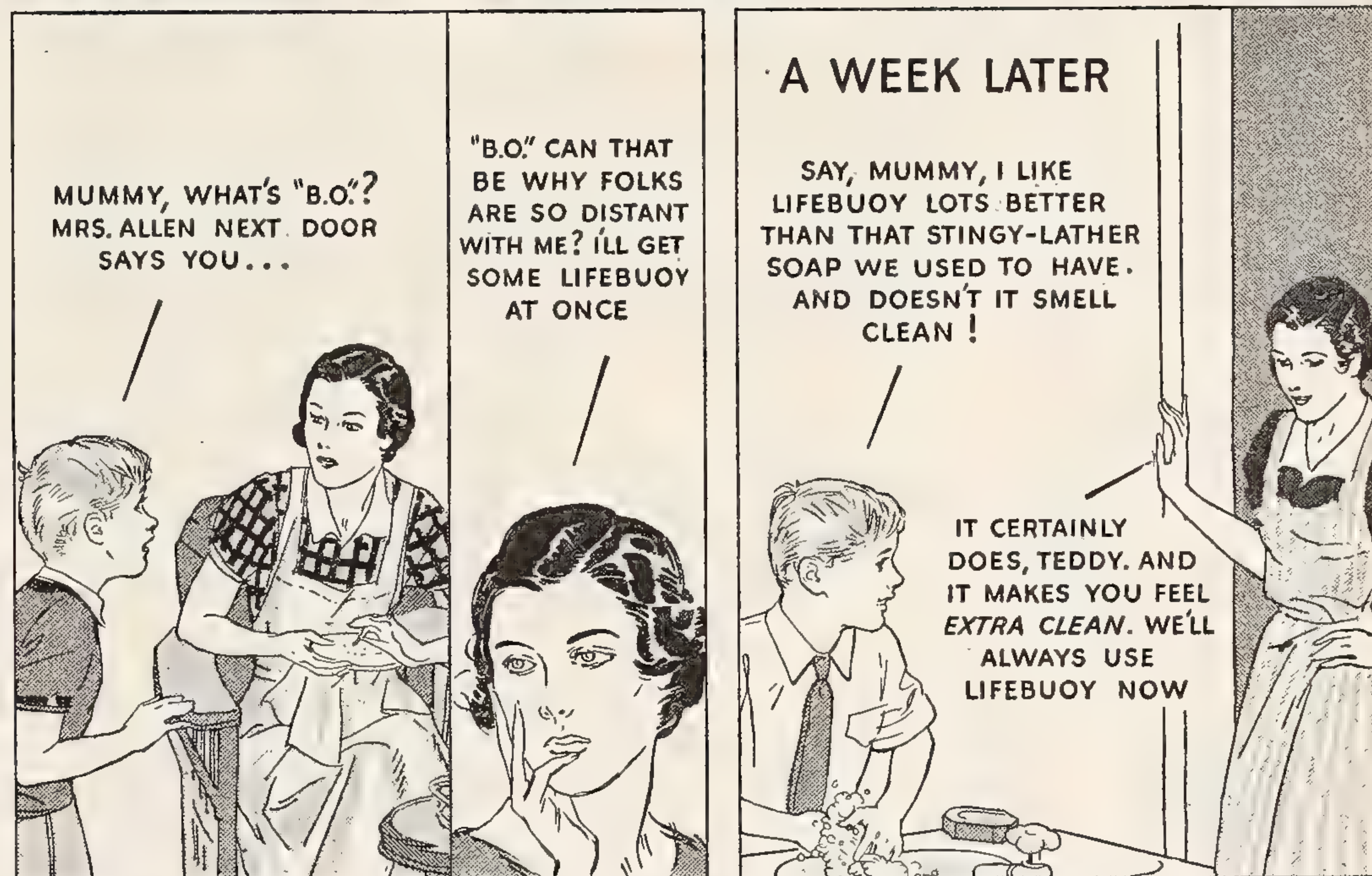
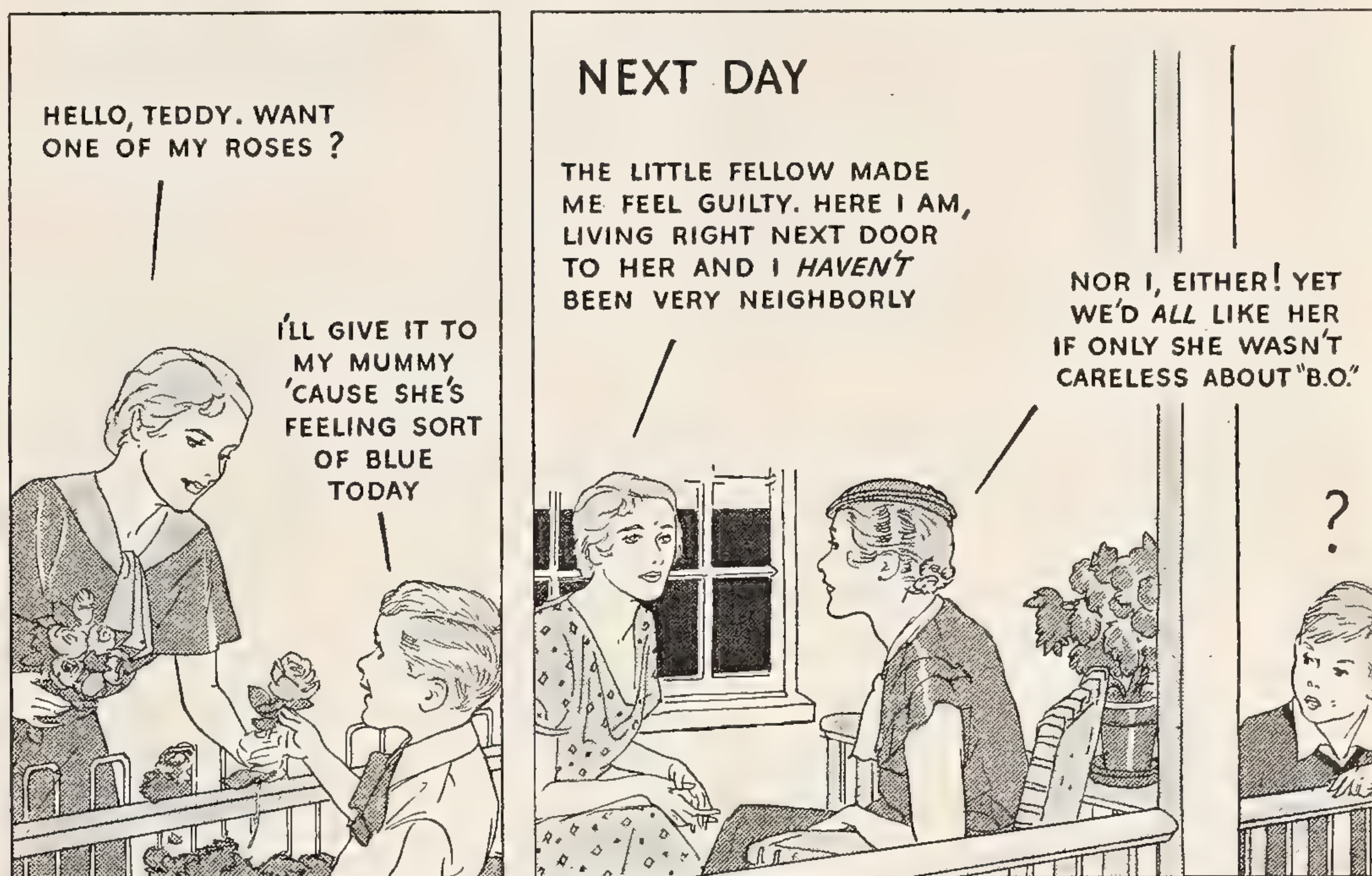
He ended up in the port of missing stars, Poverty Row, playing in quickies with Addie McPhail, Fatty Arbuckle's wife. Then he was in a "Mike and Ike" series which failed. Next he was at the Darmour Studios, of which you have probably never heard, with Alberta Vaughan. . . . The end of the rainbow, it seemed, was a little farther on, after all.

And what was happening to Bob? When he graduated from high school in 1926 his teachers urged him, because of his brilliant record, to go on to college. Bob might have been able to do it, working his way through, but he said no.

"Please go, kid," urged Joe.

"Nope." Bob shook his head. "Look, Joe," he explained, "if I go to college, I'll go just for the dramatics. Well, I can get dramatics without going to college." He got a job in the Farmers

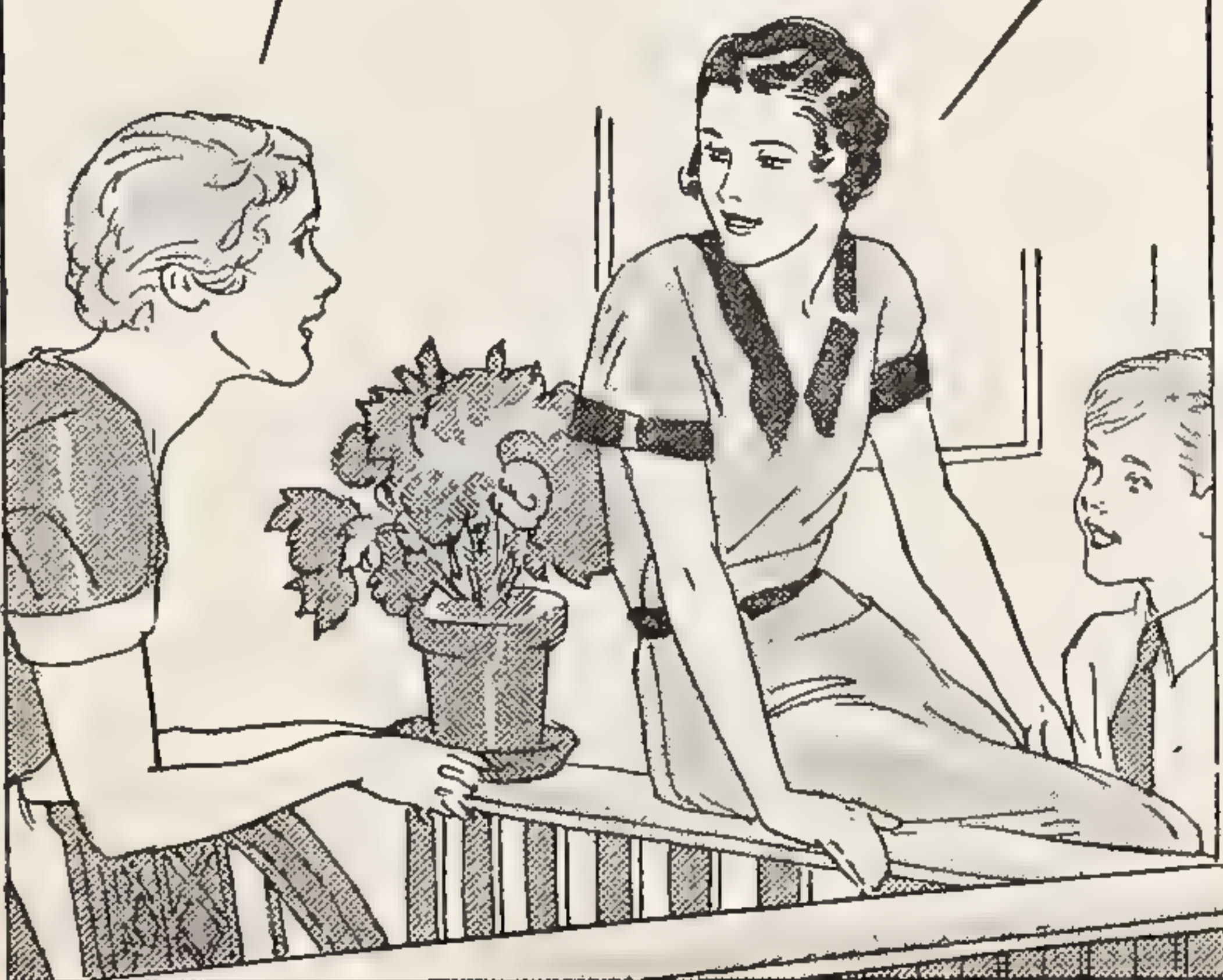
HE WENT AND TOLD HIS MOTHER — — by Timmins



"B.O." GONE—she's "one of them" now!

IT'S SO RAINY WE'RE GOING TO THE MOVIES. WON'T YOU AND TEDDY COME ?

WE'D LOVE TO. IT'S SUCH FUN GOING PLACES WITH YOU FOLKS

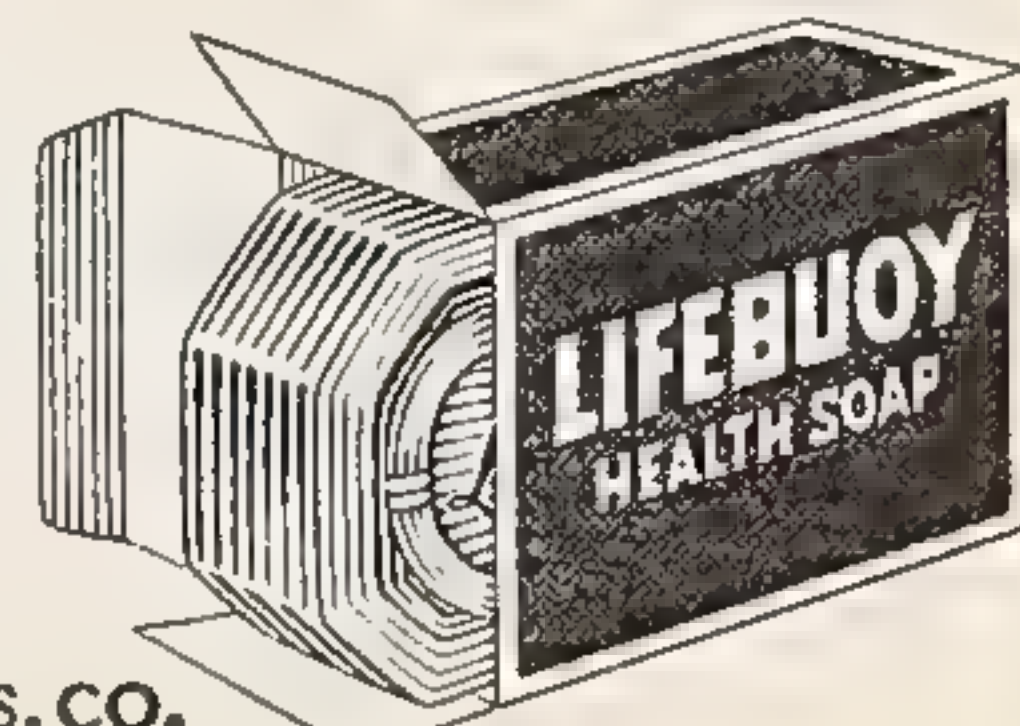


Many "B.O." victims (body odor) these hot, muggy days

SUN HOT, humidity high, thermometer soaring. We perspire freely—it's Nature's way to cool us off. But watch out for "B.O." (body odor)! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You'll like its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent—its creamier, more abundant lather that purifies and deodorizes pores, stops "B.O."

Awakens skin beauty

Complexions thrive on Lifebuoy's pure, bland lather. Gently it washes away pore-deep impurities—freshens dull skins to radiant health.



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gave her more

NATURAL APPEAL!

LIPS of lovely shape...but somehow unattractive. Never "sweet enough to kiss" simply because she spoiled their beauty with a painted look. It wasn't until she tried a new lipstick that her lips glowed with natural, appealing color...without a trace of paint!

Keep Your Lips Kissable

End that painted look that comes from ordinary lipsticks. Give your lips the fresh, natural color that Tangee Lipstick brings! This amazing lipstick brings out your full natural color...and cannot possibly make your lips look painted!

Tangee isn't paint. It's a scientific formula that changes color on your lips. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it is the one shade of rose for your complexion!

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and Merchants National Bank, in downtown Los Angeles, at \$65.00 a month. Nights, he took small parts at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, working without pay, for the experience.

Bob hated his dull work in the bank. How he hated it! An actor, an artist, he needed freedom, color, excitement, and the dull routine of pulling totals on an adding-machine drove him frantic. But he was supporting Joe, now; paying back some of his debt to his big brother. He would not quit—and so he compromised. He moved the family to Pasadena, so that he could be closer to his beloved Playhouse, and got a job there in a bond broker's office. The financial crash ended it, but a friend got him into the collection department—the Misery Department, Bob calls it—of the North American Building and Loan Company.

He went on acting, nights, at the Playhouse. If only he could get to be an actor who was paid for acting! That way, he would be able not only to support Joe and Moms and Arnette, but to do what he wanted, as well... They say that, if you want a thing badly enough, it will come to you. Gilmor Brown, the director of the Playhouse, heard that the Moroni Olson stock company, playing small towns up and down the coast, needed a juvenile. He put in a good word, and Bob got the job.

But, much to Bob's amazement, he found that it wasn't quite as simple as all that. When his contract with the stock company ended, he was right back where he had started. He had to find a job all over again. Joe took him around to the Hollywood casting offices. (How well Joe knew those offices!) The story is that Bob had never worked in pictures before he landed his contract at Metro. That is not quite true. As an extra, wearing a leopard-skin, he "carried a spear" at Universal. But his attempts to break into the films were unsuccessful. He failed, and it hurt him. Hearing that a bank job was open at Carmel-by-the-Sea, three hundred miles north of Los Angeles, he surrendered. He would go back to the banking which he hated.

JOE, saying little, drove him north in the rattletrap old car known affectionately as "the crate." The car got as far as King City, a few miles south of Carmel, and broke down. While it was being fixed in a garage, Joe laid his hand on Bob's shoulder. "Kid, you don't want to work in this bank, do you?" he asked, gently.

Bob shrugged.

"Look," Joe went on, in his quiet voice. "You've failed once, and it's got you licked. I've been failing for years; I know how to take it better than you do. Let's turn around and drive south again, and have one more try at the movies?"

"What'll we use for food?"

"I can always get extra work."

"Oh, Joe—"

"Come on, kid. Don't quit. For my sake. Let's turn around."

They turned around, and drove the three hundred miles back to Hollywood, a total of six hundred miles without

sleep. It was the turning point in Bob's life, there is no doubt of that.

He immediately signed up with an actors' agent, and, immediately, the agent got him tests at Paramount, Fox, and M-G-M. Two weeks later he was walking the deck of a luxurious liner, bound for Honolulu on his first location-trip... Behind him he left Joe, who knew how to take failure—Joe, who had never been on a location-trip as anything but an extra—Joe, without whose courageous decision to turn around, at King City, we might have no Robert Young on the screen today. And the rest of Bob's story you know. After "Black Camel" he followed through with "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "The Wet Parade," and "Unashamed." And more recently, "Today We Live" and "Hell Below."

But what of the rest of Joe's story? What of Joe's future? If nothing succeeds like success, in Hollywood, it is also true that nothing fails like failure. "Joe Young? Oh, yes; he plays extra parts." To Hollywood it's simple. He's a failure, and that's all there is to it... Hollywood may have forgotten Joe, but Bob hasn't. No. Bob hasn't forgotten that, but for him, Joe might now be a leading comedy director. Bob hasn't forgotten, when they tell him that Joe hasn't the trained voice and the stage-developed technique required by the talkies, that Joe might have had them if he hadn't given up his education to let him, Bob, have one. Bob hasn't forgotten that he would not be where he is today unless there had been Joe. Bob hasn't forgotten—although he has never betrayed it by word or sign—that his big brother has a broken heart.

And now young Bob is married—to a lovely girl named Elizabeth Henderson. That couldn't have happened, either, if it hadn't been for the chance Joe gave Bob. The chance to have a career, to earn a very fine income, so that he could marry the girl he loved when she came into his life.

And so the story has a happy ending. Of course, the ending comes with a surprise twist which O. Henry would have loved, but that's life. Joe planned for the glorious day when he would be able to give the family a nice home, a car, and money in the bank. He has given those things to the family—through Bob.

But that's not the end of the story. If you think it is, you don't know Joe. Bob does know Joe, and so he's giving him something better than money. He's giving him encouragement and faith. He's giving Joe what Joe gave him, that day at King City. He's getting him a chance to play stage parts at the Pasadena Playhouse. He's getting him to take voice lessons. He's coaching him at home—passing on to him the lessons which he himself is learning daily at the studio... If you want a thing badly enough, it will come to you, they say. So don't be surprised if, a couple of years from now, you read a story in MODERN SCREEN entitled, "How Joe Young Rose to Stardom from Over the River and Across the Tracks."

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 87)

- mount; "Bondage," Fox. Next is "Hide in the Dark" and "Three Came Unarmed."
- JOYCE, PEGGY HOPKINS: Divorced. Born in Norfolk, Va., May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "International House."
- JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Sweepings." Working in "Flying Devils."
- KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in Dulwich, Eng., November 23. Free lance. Starred in "The Mummy," Universal; "The Ghoul," Gaumont.
- KENYON, DORIS: Widow of Milton Sills. Born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany. Working in "The Public Be Sold," Radio.
- KIBBEE, GUY: Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "The Silk Express"; "Gold Diggers of 1933." Working in "Madam La Guimp," Columbia.
- KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER: Unmarried. Born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Call Her Savage"; "Bondage."
- KNAPP, EVALYN: Unmarried. Born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Air Hostess"; "State Trooper."
- LANDI, ELISSA: Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Co-starred in "The Masquerader," U. A.; "The Warrior's Husband," Fox. Working in "I Loved You Wednesday."
- LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, Eng., July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Sign of the Cross." Next is "White Woman."
- LAUREL, STAN: Divorced. Born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Towed in a Hole"; "Twice Two"; "Fra Diavolo."
- LEE, LILA: Divorced from James Kirkwood. Born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Face in the Sky," Fox.
- LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "Sweepings"; "The Silver Cord." Working in "Flying Devils." Next is "News Reel."
- LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."
- LOMBARD, CAROLE: Married to William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "From Hell to Heaven"; "Supernatural"; "The Eagle and the Hawk." Working in "She Made Her Bed."
- LOUISE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Vienna, January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Our Bitters."
- LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hot Pepper," Fox; "I Love That Man," Paramount. Next is "Her Bodyguard."
- LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Topaze," Radio; "The Barbarian," M-G-M; "When Ladies Meet," Working in "Night Flight."
- LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Grand Slam," Warner Bros.; "A Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Captured," Warner Bros.
- LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros.; "I Cover the Waterfront," U. A.
- MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight." Next is "The Cat and the Fiddle," M-G-M.
- MACMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKee's Port, Pa., May 3. First National player. Featured in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Gold Diggers of 1933"; "Heroes For Sale."
- MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzanne Bushell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount; "Warrior's Husband," Fox; "The Girl in 419," Paramount.
- MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Tonight Is Ours"; "The Eagle and the Hawk." Next is "Chrysalis."
- MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China. March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "A Lady's Profession"; "International House." Next is "Every Man for Himself."
- MARSH, JOAN: Unmarried. Born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Kiss of Araby"; "High Gear," Goldsmith. The Man Who Dared," Fox.
- MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, Eng., May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus"; "Trouble in Paradise"; "Evenings For Sale."
- MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "King of the Arena."
- MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Married to Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Working in "Morning Glory," Radio.
- MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burla. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Whistling in the Dark"; "Clear All

(Continued on page 114)



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**S U M M E R
N U M B E R
O N
S A L E N O W
E V E R Y W H E R E**

Revealing the Life of Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 45)

Dunne her devoted husband, her two healthy, attractive children, her charming home, her life of comfort and security.

"Joseph Dunne," the neighbors used to say, "is a good provider."

THEN, without warning, everything changed. Slowly at first. Then swiftly. Joseph Dunne didn't laugh as often as he had before. And when he did laugh it wasn't the same at all. Ailing, he no longer found it so good to be alive.

When the doctor ordered that the library be converted into a bedroom so that his patient would be spared the stairs, every member of the Dunne household sensed the danger ahead. But not one of them showed him their fear. They made gay plans for the future. And while they watched him fail until he was a shadow of the man he once had been, they talked of all the things they'd do together when he was well again.

This was the very least they could do for him.

It was a Saturday night, while his wife was engaged upstairs, that Joseph Dunne called Irene to him. She slipped her hands between his hot and wasted ones.

"I want you to be a good girl," he told her. "Promise . . ."

"I do promise, Daddy," she said. "Gladly!"

"Life," he went on, "will be more difficult for you because you won't be . . . well, plain. But with your promise, I'm well content."

That was all. But for that moment in the other's eyes both read the inevitable truth.

The next morning, early, Irene was awakened by her mother crying. She jumped out of bed and flew downstairs to her father's room.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she called. But never again was Irene Dunne to hear his reassuring, "Here, Daughter!" While she and her mother had slept he had left them.

She gathered him in her strong young arms. "Daddy! Daddy!" she called again and again. She felt she must bring him back, that he mustn't be allowed to escape them like this.

Then her mother came and sent her away.

And the next day with her mother and her brother, Charles, she took the train for Madison, Indiana, where her grandfather lived.

ADELAIDE DUNNE decided to sell the St. Louis house and remain in Madison. She felt she would be happier there. Next to the big house in which her father, a prosperous ship-builder, lived, there was an old brick house which she would renovate. And Irene would go back to Loretta Academy as a boarder until she finished.

Life without Joseph Dunne would be a poor thing. But not materially poor. His insurance was adequate to taking care of all of them for some time.

Gradually, very gradually, Irene felt enthusiasm for the Academy parties to which the boys from a neighboring school were invited, for amateur theatricals, for the summers she spent in Madison with her mother and her brother and her maternal grandfather, for the moonlight canoeing parties on the Ohio.

Sometimes, for a week or even two, there would be a crush so thrilling that Irene would wonder if she really wanted a career after all. But the crush would end and her ambition would soar again.

She took an examination for Public School Supervisor of Music and Art and, passing with flying colors, was given an appointment by a school in East Chicago.

"I'd rather," said Adelaide Dunne, pausing in weeding her garden, "that you'd stop with our relatives there. You can pile your hair high on her head, my dear, but you're still too young to be entirely on your own."

"I don't mean to hold you back. But I know how your father would feel if he was here . . ."

So Irene went to stay with relatives, the Wallace Burnetts, who had a house in Irving Park. It was here she learned of the year's scholarship being offered at the Chicago Musical College, tried for it, won it, and resigned her school appointment.

Eduardo Sacerdote, Madame Melba's accompanist, played for her audition.

"By his sympathetic attitude he helped me tremendously," Irene says. "He made me lose my fear of the faculty sitting around, waiting to pass judgment."

"I sang 'Villanelle' by Delaqua. It's a coloratura thing every girl studying dotes upon. There are lots of trills in it. Singing it you feel you're really making quite a showing."

IT was while Irene was living with the Wallace Burnetts that she had her first real love affair. I do not know that the Burnetts disapproved of her young man. I do not know that they ever met him. But I do know that he did not call at the house.

Every morning, driving slowly, he would pass the Burnett place and whistle. Then he would stop at the corner under a big tree and wait. And Irene would come hurrying . . . Then, sitting close together in his little runabout, they would drive into Chicago, he to his job, Irene to her school.

Young people in their 'teens with a natural attraction for each other do not recognize anything so superficial as social barriers. They know only that when they are together the blood in their veins runs warmer and faster and

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Was a career worth its cost, worth the sacrifice and application it demanded if it ever was to be more than a second-rate, weak sort of thing?

Irene thought not.

Then the letter came from her brother, Charles, fourteen now. It brimmed over with his excitement over his first long trousers which had been ordered for his graduation in June.

It was a very brief letter. Obviously Mrs. Dunne had forced Charles to sit down and write his sister. However, it reminded Irene of her responsibility. It brought her up sharp with the fact that there was more to the world, even to her little world, than a certain exciting young man sitting close beside her in a funny little runabout.

A large part of Joseph Dunne's insurance had gone to educate her, to pay her tuition and board at the Loretta Academy, to support her now while she availed herself of her scholarship instead of earning money as Supervisor of Music and Art in that East Chicago school.

What of Charles? There must be high school for him. And then college. As their father had planned . . .

So gradually Irene quit seeing that young man. She got up earlier in the morning. By the time he went whistling past the house she was on the commuters' train. Thus she avoided the temptation of running to meet him which might have proven more than she could resist.

And if giving him up filled her with a sweet, dark melancholy it made her work harder.

The following summer, back in Madison, Irene was the center of interest.

"So," family friends said over their afternoon teacups, "Adelaide Dunne's daughter is training for the stage! Fancy that now . . .

"Mark my words," one after another would insist, "with her looks and her personality and her voice she'll go far!"

One evening the vice-president of the American Steel Foundries, whose grounds adjoined Irene's grandfather's, dropped in. Irene sang "The Shadow Song" for him. And obviously he was impressed with her, as a person, and as a singer.

"Next month," he said, "our company is having a convention in Atlantic City. You must appear and sing that very song . . ."

He turned to her mother and her grandfather seeking their permission. His mother and sister would be there, too, he explained. And so it was agreed Irene might go.

THEY stopped at the Marlborough-Blenheim.

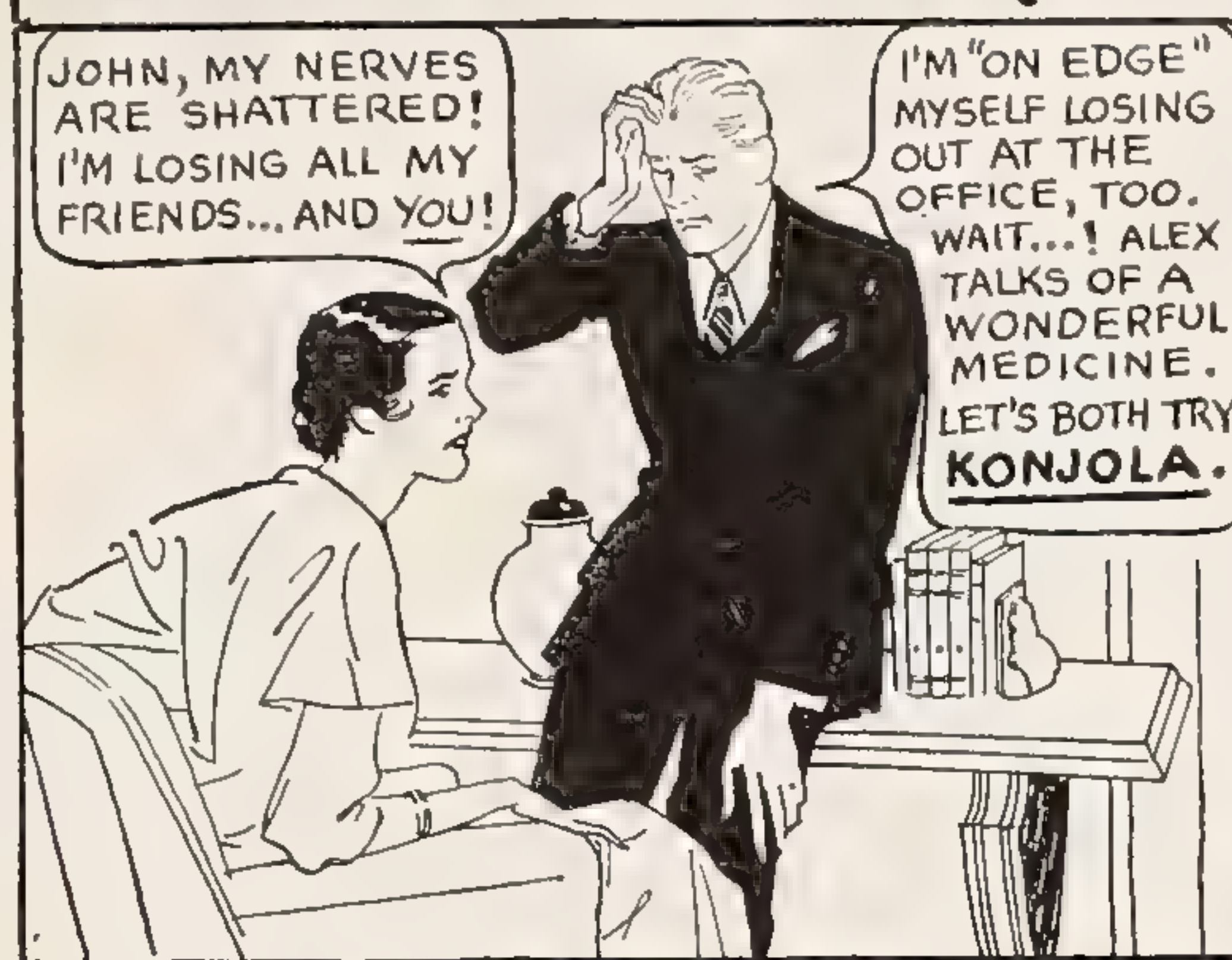
The afternoon she was to sing she called the hotel drug store.

"A bottle of pure glycerine for Room 418, please. Right away!"

With a room of her own, she felt very adult. Planning to drink glycerine before a performance (as great singers do) she felt very professional.

In the bathroom she tipped back her head and raising the bottle to her lips,

"NERVES CONQUERED" JITTERY JANE & JOHN FIND HAPPINESS AGAIN!

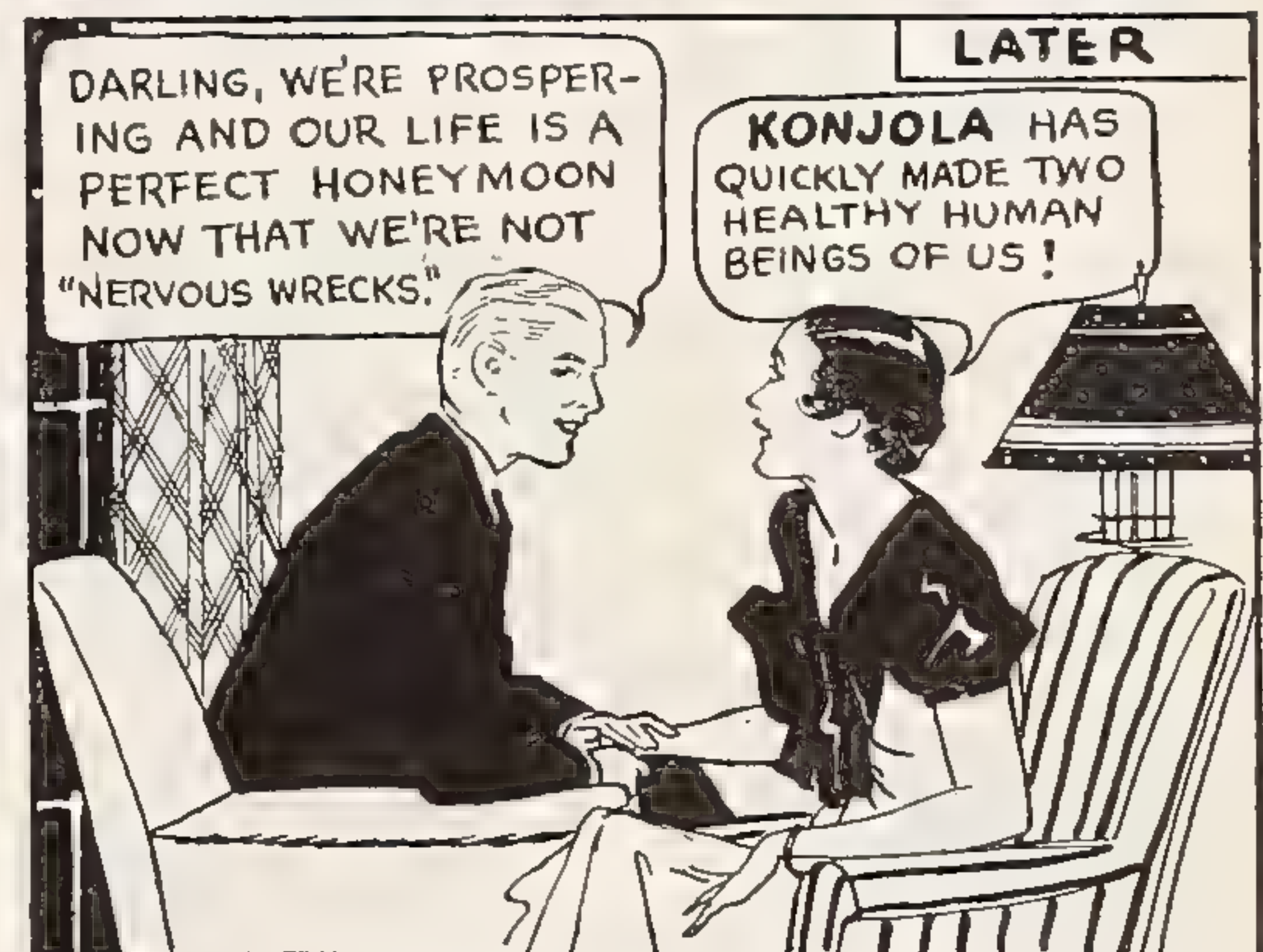


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JIM TULLY! He has written for MODERN SCREEN a story about that amazing girl, Barbara Stanwyck. The story will be called "Come Back, Barbara!" It is a plea to her to return to Hollywood—to abandon or terminate quickly this stage tour with her husband Frank Fay. Why? Mr. Tully tells you—together with many astounding things about the two of them. DON'T MISS THIS STORY!

And—ANITA LOOS. She will tell you about Marie Dressler's early love affairs. Perhaps you didn't know Miss Dressler had 'em? Well, she did—and the story will also give this beloved actress' "Advice to People in Love." WATCH FOR IT—SOON!

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she took a mouthful. She coughed. She gagged. She gulped one glass of water after another. Frantically. Still that vile taste clung to the walls of her mouth. *By mistake they had sent her castor oil!*

She told her friend and chaperon. Her friend and chaperon told her son. Her son told his best friend. And he told someone else.

"It very nearly ruined my performance," Irene Dunne said. "When I stepped out on the balcony of the music room where the convention was assembled, feeling none too happy, it seemed to me that every face raised to mine wore a knowing smile."

Every face raised to her's wore a knowing smile. Until she began to sing . . .

There were palms banked behind her. A string orchestra played her accompaniment. Her cream lace dress was youthful and unaffected and charming. And her naturally musical voice, trained now, delighted everyone. While she sang there was utter quiet. But when the last note of "The Shadow Song" died away the applause sounded like the roar of the sea outside.

IN New York City, faced now with the necessity of earning a living, Irene took a room with friends, the Pfaffs. She and Rosemary Pfaff had studied together.

Through them, Irene obtained a part in "The Beggar's Opera"—for two weeks

She rehearsed in a revue which never opened. And spent the next six months looking for work.

Her clothes began to grow shabby. Now there was only one suit left fit for interviews with managers. One silk blouse. One trim pair of shoes.

The most difficult part of all was keeping the letters home cheerful. And being her father's daughter she couldn't do anything else.

"Bad breaks, one time or another, are everybody's lot," she wrote her mother. "Perhaps it is better to have mine now, and have them over with."

Then Irene got a good break. She was engaged to play the secretary in the prologue of "The Clinging Vine" and to understudy Peggy Wood.

The play was successful. Irene looked forward to a profitable engagement.

Then one morning the telephone rang. It was the Henry Savage offices calling. Irene was requested to report at the theater at once, to rehearse in Peggy Wood's role.

That evening the programs at the Knickerbocker Theater enclosed a little printed notice. Owing to the death of Miss Peggy Wood's father, her understudy, Miss Irene Dunne, would appear.

In her dressing room, Irene was ready—and calm. She knew the part.

"Curtain, please, Miss Dunne," came the cry.

With steady hands Irene turned the knob of her door.

"Don't be nervous. Take it easy!" they cautioned her.

The audience applauded—patronizingly. "We'll help the poor gal a bit," they seemed to say.

Irene resented this. She caught at her first line to read it well. She moved across the stage with life and youth and grace. She'd make them forget their patronage.

And when the final curtain fell the applause meant only one thing . . . that in the future the name of Irene Dunne must be reckoned with.

The following week when Peggy Wood returned the management asked Irene to go on tour in the role they now were convinced she could play.

Delighted, Irene telephoned her mother to ask if she would like to go too.

"It won't be easy," she explained. "There will be one night stands. But, if you think you'd like it, I'd love to have you."

The alacrity with which Mrs. Dunne agreed to join Irene amazed her. Or was that all? Sheltered and protected all her life, Adelaide Dunne loved the novelty and excitement of touring and the theater.

AFTER "The Clinging Vine," there followed, in Atlanta, Georgia, a light opera season. Half of the orchestra and many members of the company were from the Metropolitan.

The season, financed by the Coca Cola people, was very social. The people in Atlanta gave dinner parties and then took their guests to the play. And often enough, afterwards, fascinated at being permitted this intimate view of the theater, these select little parties would visit backstage.

One evening there was an unusually attractive young man in the group to which Irene was introduced. She marked him immediately he came into her dressing-room. He was lean and straight and tall. He had crisp sandy hair and level blue eyes. He had a background and future which endeared him to the mothers of all the debutantes, this young man. And the way he had with him endeared him to the debts themselves. But no one had caught him yet. He wasn't ready to marry and settle down.

In Irene Dunne this young man saw an exciting interlude . . .

Irene and this young man proceeded to see a great deal of each other. There was supper and dancing at the roof gardens. On Sundays there were drives into the country, his long low car skimming over the miles.

During the past year Irene had worked unceasingly, taken little or no time out for pleasure. She loved this beau telephoning, sending flowers, appearing backstage every night after the final curtain. If she suspected he wasn't to be taken seriously—and she undoubtedly did, for she is an exceedingly wise young woman—it didn't worry her.

"For I'm not taking him seriously either," she told herself.

Then one morning he didn't call at the usual time. And it was waiting for his telephone call, nervous, impatient, unable to settle down to anything, that Irene had her awakening. Irene realized she was falling in love.

(To be continued.)

Behind the Scenes with Jean and Clark

(Continued from page 14)

sure—and dependable. All the time.”
“What would you think of Clark as a lover?” I asked.

“He’d be great,” said Jean without any hesitation. “The type that doesn’t always want to be mooshing about with you. But if you did get sentimental he’d break down and meet you halfway. However, he’s in love with his wife and my big yen at the moment is for a Duesenberg car, so I don’t think we’ll get together *this* year.”

At this instant up hove Clark.

“Well,” said Jean loudly, “now I’ll have to be pawed over by that big lum-mox Gable for an hour. If I get a chance I’ll bite his ear off!”

EVERY day at tea time either Clark or Jean treats the company to tea and cake. While on a picture Jean scarcely eats anything, because she has an idea that food instantly makes her fat and can change her contour in the length of time it takes to swallow it. If she allows herself an infinitesimal cookie at tea, she swears that it can be seen in the following shot.

Jean has a “double” who is not on the payroll at M-G-M. It is her mother. Jean’s nickname for her is “Angel.” “Angel” generally shows up at the end of the day to take Jean home. They adore each other and are so much alike in appearance that any of Jean’s fans would know her mother instantly if they should meet her. She has the same natural silvery blonde hair as her daughter and exactly the same features.

Incidentally, Jean rarely uses slang, except when she is scrapping with the gentleman she sometimes calls “Rough-neck Gable.” This is only one of her numerous pet names for Clark.

Both Jean and Clark are very agreeable to allowing strangers on the set while they are working. However, it is a studio rule for the guide always to ask the stars before they show visitors on the set.

One day during the shooting of “Hold Your Man,” Jean had had a very exacting morning. She had been working with a bad case of the flu and was worn out. The guide came in and

asked her if she minded having visitors.

Jean, very weary, said, “Well I don’t know. How many are there?”

“There are six of them.”

“Six!” said Jean wearily.

“Yes,” answered the guide, “but they are all very small.”

Jean laughed so heartily that she couldn’t refuse his request. When the guide came back he had six little Japs in tow.

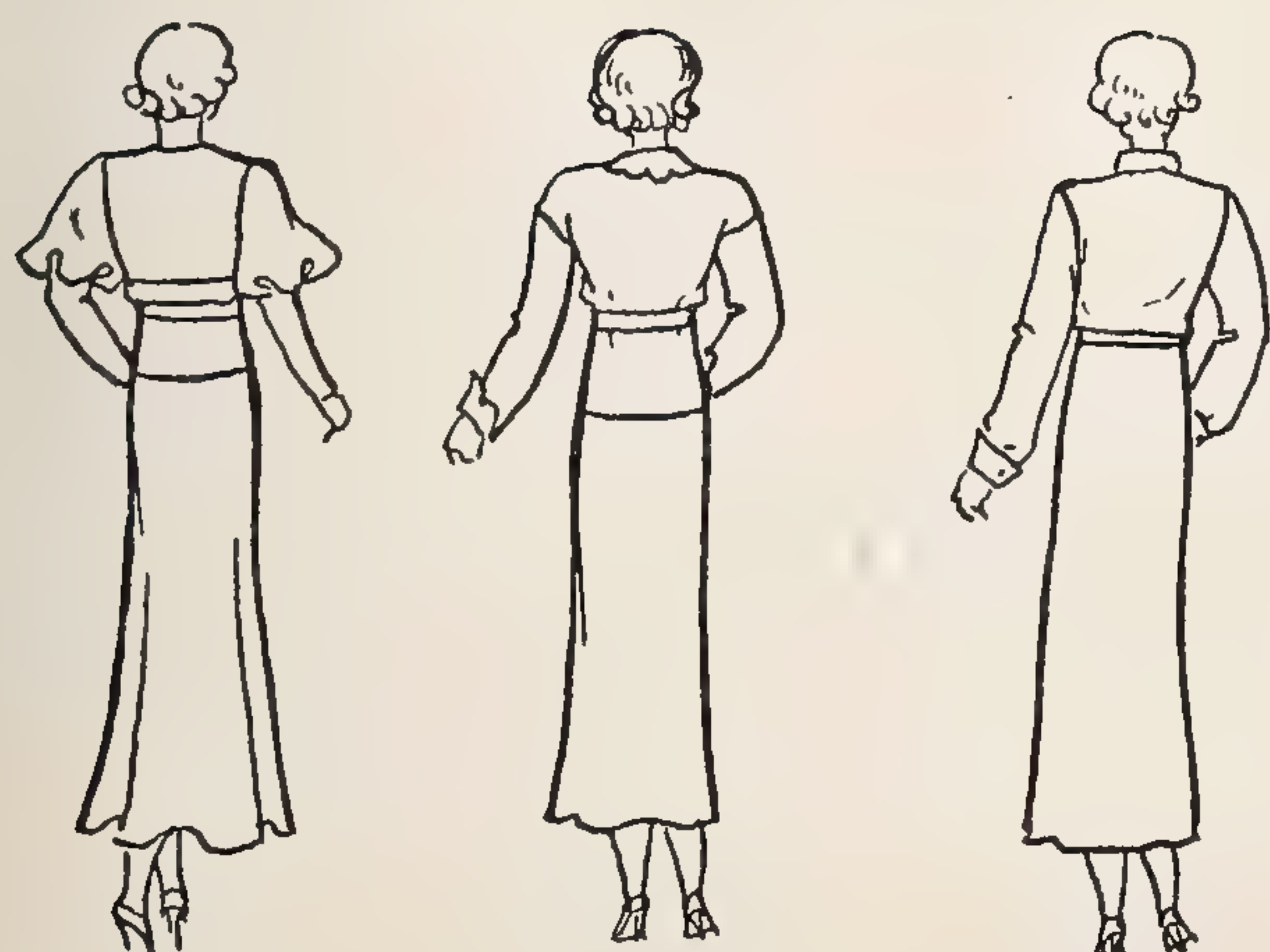
THE Gable-Harlow set is noted for having no “yes” people. Everybody “no’s” everybody else, making a very healthy atmosphere. Sam Wood, director, wields no blacksnake, but he gets what he wants by asking for it in a tone as gentle as he would use in asking for a cup of tea at a church fair.

Clark and Jean appeared together for the first time on the very stage on which they are now working. The picture was “The Secret Six,” and the popularity they each enjoyed later might have had something to do with the public’s desire to see them together again.

Jean is probably today the world’s ideal of exactly what a siren should be. Her name has grown to be almost a synonym for sex. And in this—as in a few other weighty matters, I fear the world is wrong. Jean, as a type, is what I would call a mental tom-boy. Her attitude toward me is one of frank comradeship. She’d rather laugh than flirt any day. She’d rather be comfortable in old clothes than alluringly dolled up. She likes men better than women, I think. Women will always be a little resentful of Jean because of her striking beauty, and perhaps she senses this. Men are drawn to her, not only for her beauty, but for her unfailing comradeship and wit—and this she likes. A vampire she certainly is not, and does not want to be.

But when the cameras start to grind—particularly when she’s playing opposite Clark Gable as in “The Secret Six” and “Red Dust”—it’s different.

Just wait till you see some of those scenes I watched in “Hold Your Man!”



Back views of patterns 511, 450 and 2681. 2681 is modelled after a shirtwaist frock of Miriam Jordan's.

511

450

2681

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Name

Address

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What's Wrong with Hollywood Love?

(Continued from page 24)



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Seattle, Wash. * * * * Please send a free sample.

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Color of my hair: _____

most of the Peggy Hopkins Joyce romances. She has sought so much publicity (she, too, was reported interested in Jack LaRue) via the romance route. All the world loves a lover—but certainly not a lover who is using love as an excuse to get her name in the paper.

Thus there is around Hollywood love a cloud of cynicism you could cut with a knife. The question is asked over and over again. "Is this romance on the level or is it just for publicity?"

THERE'S another way in which romance is put to political use. Remember that in Hollywood there are many more women than men and every man is able to do something to further a girl's career. Once Bill Boyd said to me, "Dorothy and I don't go to parties because we're apt to quarrel if we do. Foolish little girls make a play for me not because they like me, not because they even know me, not because of anything but that there might be a chance for them to play a lead in one of my pictures. And men make a play for Dorothy because she is attractive and beautiful. But no matter how much in love you are the aftermath of this is bad and a doubt stands between the two people in love. Dorothy and I had rather stay away from parties." Thus you can see how it is possible for a scheming woman to step between two real sweethearts. That's been done before in other towns, but in Hollywood the women scheme in a more deadly fashion than anywhere else—since the stakes are so much higher. And if they win they win so big.

Yes, every man in Hollywood can do a favor, so when a girl is interested the man is doubtful, doesn't know whether it's real interest or "good business." That's why nice boys like Joel McCrea play the field.

One of the loveliest romances in Hollywood at the present time is that between Myrna Loy and Ramon Novarro. Those who saw the meeting said it was love at first sight. Of course there were "those who saw the meeting." It happened on the set and there are plenty of witnesses to every Hollywood love encounter and it's not only the 150 reporters who report it. It's the people of Hollywood who do the gossiping. So, instantly, the Loy-Novarro romance was broadcast.

Thus far it has thrived. It is in its early stages and is very genuine. Ramon has never been "the ladies' man" type. There have been very few romance rumors about him because he has led a rather cloistered life, but now these two seem to be in love. The list of their mutual interests is long—both enjoy music, both love quiet and composure better than the usual round of Hollywood revelry. They differ in religious beliefs but Ramon is a liberal Catholic and Myrna has a religion of

her own. While Ramon is in Europe, Myrna has leased his beautiful modernistic house.

So it would seem, somehow, that this was a romance that would endure. Everything, apparently, is for it—nothing against it except the fact that the scene is played in Hollywood. It will be interesting to watch what happens. I do not want to put a printed blight upon it, but we have seen that Hollywood is a bad town for romance.

Now here's another important obstacle that stands in love's way. All of the people in this amazing town have careers—and a careerist is selfish. He thinks first of himself. He must in order to have a career, but love should learn the meaning of sacrifice and there have been only a few girls in pictures who, when it was necessary, gave up their careers for love. Ann Dvorak is one of the very few. But, ninety-nine times out of a hundred that career comes first.

I'M going to tell about Hollywood's latest romances and then let you—in the next few months—watch and see for yourself what happens. There are Wera Engels and Ivan Lebedeff. Their coming together was one of those strange Hollywood tangles.

It seems that Gary Cooper liked Wera and was taking her out places when the Countess de Frasso returned unexpectedly. Gary was taken up with Wera so the Countess began to be seen places with Ivan Lebedeff. One day the four of them met in the Brown Derby. Wera and Ivan were introduced. Then Gary began being the Countess' escort again and Wera and Ivan—perhaps to console each other—began being seen everywhere.

Other romances for you to keep your eye on are those of George Raft and Marjorie King; that handsome Randolph Scott and Virginia Gaye (she's Sari Maritza's manager); Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice, Grantland Rice's daughter (and they say they are secretly married. That's what Hollywood says); Helen Mack and William Janney; Ralph Forbes and Martha Sleeper; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Benita Hume.

Hollywood has already watched and commented upon Jean Harlow as she went around with Howard Hughes, Jay Widden, Jesse Lasky, Jr.; then Gary Cooper with Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez, the Countess, and now—his new flame—Lilian Harvey; Clara Bow going with Gilbert Roland, Victor Fleming, Gary Cooper, Harry Richman and, at last, marrying Rex Bell which, so far, has been grand; Norma Talmadge in love with Gilbert Roland and now George Jessel.

So love comes and goes in Hollywood because love isn't given a chance. If you're seen three times with the same man in Hollywood you're rumored engaged. But there's more than that—

there's the political jealousy. When anybody is close to an important and famous star there are always dozens of others who are trying to oust the favorite to become close themselves. When Alice White was a big star and Cy Bartlett was the steady boy friend dozens of people were trying to influence her against him, telling her he gave her bad advice, that he was a handicap to her career, that he was not working for her best interests, etc., etc., etc. Some of these people who told her these things might have been sincere but most were trying to oust Cy in order to stand in well with a famous star. Does it remind you a

little of old-time court intrigue? That's just what it is like. Incidentally, Cy and Alice have split and now Alice is going around with John Warburton.

A few people have found real and lasting romance in Hollywood in spite of all of these menaces. A few couples have remained in love both before and after they were married, but they are people who have definitely set out to beat the game. And for the most part Hollywood is no place for the steady flame of love.

You may envy the stars their beauty, their money, their fame if you want to—but don't envy them their romances. True love just doesn't have a chance!

Katharine Hepburn's Style Secrets

(Continued from page 31)

The curving seams, the long pointed cuff on the sleeves. There is nothing *usual* about this suit. It's swagger but not masculine. How's that? It's due chiefly to what I like to refer to as the "Stomacher girdle" on the skirt and those flaring seams. The diagonal seams on the front of the jacket that appear to be pockets are in direct line with the cuffs. Please note because it's such small details as this that give you that arresting, *individual* appearance.

The white wool sweater is buttoned right up the front and is boldly collarless. Don't try this if a moon-shaped face has been wished on you as it has on me. It's altogether too severe. On Katharine, with her strong facial contour, it's a happy complement.

The shoes are her favorite kind. Plain pumps and in this case, combining black with white and perforated.

"You wouldn't believe it," Katharine wrinkled her nose at me—she does that when she smiles. "But I'm an unconsciously practical person. Unconsciously, because I didn't set out with the fixed purpose of *being* practical. It just worked out that way. Togs like mine last on and on. Dry-cleaned, brushed, a few new accessories, and they step from one season right into the next. Simple things do that. With very few changes they can be adapted to almost any vogue in fashion.

"Anyway, *smartness* is secondary. An outfit should be *becoming* first. If it's your style, then stick to it!"

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S wardrobe is tailored, yes. But there are no square, mannish lines. No flat-heeled, prosaic oxfords.

Let's glance at that wool suit a moment with its dark gray jacket and skirt of lighter gray. Metal clips fasten the jacket instead of buttons, and observe that flattering surplice swing to the front closing. No collar, though. The high neck of the rose and dark gray printed blouse is given more emphasis that way. Pale gray gloves, wrinkled at the wrist, and black kid street pumps add a nice note. And that jaunty overseas cap—same shade as

the jacket—is knitted in a square. Then the ends are caught together at the top by a metal ring.

Katharine's hats are always amazing and either cute as punch or awfully daring. "Indeed I like brims! And when I wear a large hat it is large, but of late my headgear has been running to berets and Alpine caps."

There is one of the latter among her accessories shown on page 31. It's bright blue ostrich cloth, turned up in back, and with a rakish cockade of beige feathers on the side.

And isn't that an amusing head-adornor—that brown jersey contraption that is nothing more than a very swanky, modern variation of the old stocking cap? It's a gay touch with the brown alligator bag (very good again!) and the clever shoes and the kid gauntlets.

Speaking of hats—fezes and chechias may come and go but the droopy, brimmed felts go on forever. Tie a sprightly scarf around your throat, pull on the old felt and get into a white cotton coat like Katharine's . . . lo and behold! You're positively swagger! I know it doesn't look like cotton but it is—that coat. A smooth, leather-finished kind that's easy to launder and distinctly "snappy."

THAT raincoat—heavens, how did it get in among these things! It's more or less a relic of my childhood. Resembles a nurse's cape, doesn't it? But I wouldn't part with it. Not for any of these cellophane slickers. Now this coat is one of those indispensables. Fits in for a hundred purposes, for street, the beach or any sport. . . ." And very capably fits in, too—a great swishy coat of natural linen cut like a smock. The collar is a high round turn-over on the order of a child's. And does it do elfish things to Katharine's green eyes! Light coats are, of course, the latest over dark dresses. She wears hers over a black linen dress. A plain little dress with patch pockets and a white buckle on the belt. Her open-work sandals are also black linen.

"And what kind of costume does she choose to 'dress up' in?" I hear you

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ask. I asked her that, too. She smiled—and showed me. It was a gown so captivating in cut, so astoundingly simple that you couldn't quite believe it. Where did it begin? The first surprise is—you don't slip into it. *You button it on like an apron!* And thereby save your new hair wave. It buttons on the side in back with crystal crosses. Very long, very form-fitting, and the front swirls right up around the neck and goes into a twist across the back. "I'm extremely fond of white crêpe for evening. All my formal things are either white or wine-colored. This dress has a white quilted jacket to go with it. Short, you know. And with Schiaparelli's tray shoulders. I'm having the dress copied in gingham, too. That apron arrangement is the best thing I've discovered in years. So convenient . . ." Katharine went across to her dressing table. "No jewels, you see. I never, never wear them. Not so much as a fancy pin. Just don't happen to care for them on myself." I glanced at her hands. Shapely hands they were, freckled and characterful, with merely a hint of natural polish on the nails. That is one of her antipathies—ruby tinted fingernails.

"I used to wear nothing but green during the day. All shades. But now most of my things are gray or blue."

Her French flannel suit, for example. It's a lovely light shade of gray. Four patch pockets, no less, and link buttons to close it. A suggestion of a rolled collar takes away that air of studied tailoredness. So does the dark blue sweater of blistered material. It's skin tight and small buttons perching on the shoulders provide the only trimming.

She can—and frequently does—wear a brighter than bright blouse with it too, made of cotton toweling. In a red, white and brilliant blue plaid, it's one of those things you can squirm into for many occasions. The short flaring sleeves and the choker collar are new notes. Katharine tops her white shorts with it often and wears it also with a white skirt and that white cotton coat.

Star material, they've called this young Hepburn person from the first. She has a way of departing from the ordinary that thrills you. A beautiful bit of the eccentric, if you like. For those hours when most women select peach or white or pale pink, Katharine selects—flame chiffon! A very high-necked nightgown that has long ends of chiffon cascading down the back. And the negligée is water-striped in flame, blue and white. A plain bedroom ensemble, minus fussiness, that has a completely feminine accent.

A fascinating wardrobe—Katharine's!

Object Lesson in Good Manners

(Continued from page 74)

greeting Bebe and Ben and Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Bebe's mother, would say: "What? Isn't the little grandmother with you?"

And Bebe would answer "No, we left her in California. We miss her frightfully, too, as you may imagine."

Whereupon everybody would begin talking about Mrs. Griffen instead of talking about Bebe's thrilling trip.

Not knowing Bebe very well, I waited for her to resent this, to bring the conversation back to her affairs, to grow a little bored with this constant talk of her grandmother. But nothing of the sort happened. Bebe continued to talk about her grandmother with interest and animation and enthusiasm. The more I listened, the more surprised I became. And then it dawned upon me that, with all due respect to Mrs. Griffen and the personality she undoubtedly is, that it is Bebe who has emphasized her color and her importance.

For instance, Bebe told one friend: "I left Grandmother home because I must work while I'm away. And I know from experience how it would be if she were along. She would have to see everything. She'd have to go to every famous restaurant, see every famous sight.

"I'd never get her away from Paris until she'd seen the markets at dawn and sat up on a high stool at the farmers' bar and had her big thick bowl of onion soup."

"And at Versailles," said Bebe's friend, "you'd simply have to get a

special permit to see the Pompadour and Dubarry apartments. She'd never rest otherwise."

"You know she wouldn't," Bebe laughed. "And if Ben and I got tired—and we would get tired long before she did—she would shake her head at us and wonder, out loud, what our generation was made of that we always must go home and sleep."

Mrs. Daniels stood beside me. "Bebe has spoiled my mother," she said. "Anything she wants to do is all right with Bebe. And it is equally true that anything Bebe wants to do she condones."

"I'll never forget some years ago when Bebe first flew across the country. I was frantic with fear. I literally hung on the telephone. My mother was put out with me."

"You may as well get accustomed to Bebe flying," she told me. "I see no use in being old-fashioned. It won't be long before everyone will travel that way, before the sky will be dark with planes."

"She knows, you see, how Bebe admires her. And not for anything would she allow Bebe to discover her old-fashioned in any respect!"

IN that sentence, I think, Mrs. Daniels sums up the equation between grandmother and granddaughter perfectly. Knowing Bebe admires her, knowing Bebe sees her as a colorful, alert personality, old Mrs. Griffen lives up to Bebe's picture of her.

And, by the very same token, old

people are allowed to feel that they are dated and passé and boring, if not actually in the way, soon begin to think of themselves as all of these things and to act all of these things.

It is all very well to teach children to curtsy to those older than they, to address older men as "Sir," and so on. But in doing this it is important to watch out that we do not alienate them from older people, that we do not discourage the possibility of warm and friendly relationships.

Bebe Daniels has the happy faculty of understanding those who belong to other generations than her own. She seems to know instinctively that she must journey practically the same road they have journeyed. She leads them to talk of their experiences as she would if they were seasoned travelers who had been to the cities and countries she was about to visit for a first time.

Besides all of this, Bebe never makes the mistake of assuming that in thirty years she has learned more about everything than others have managed to learn in fifty years or seventy years. She undoubtedly does know more about some things. But it is the things about which she *doesn't* know more she discusses with older people. And so she learns all sorts of things and is enriched.

The day of Bebe's and Ben's party I watched Bebe talking to a woman at least twice her age. It wasn't at all the polite, touch and go conversation you might expect between a young woman of thirty and an older woman of sixty-five. Because this older woman felt the warmth and sincerity of Bebe's interest, because she sensed that Bebe wasn't talking to her merely to be polite, she, in turn, was warm and interesting. As a matter of fact, she was delighting Bebe with her love story, telling her how her husband, then her suitor, had called every Sunday afternoon to take her driving in his spick and span Victoria surrey, how she always had pretended to read while she sat waiting for the crunch of the wheels on the gravel carriage-road.

And I thought how much better Bebe's attitude is than a more conventional adherence to the law which demands we respect our elders. And again I regretted I had not been a more precocious child, that years ago when my grandmother, Princess Louise Murat, had taken me to the Villa Cynos to visit the Empress Eugénie, I hadn't been quite so bored. I still can see myself now making a pretty curtsy when I arrived and another when I departed. In the meantime, I sat stiffly on the edge of my chair concerned only with the sweet brioche served with tea and the length of time my grandmother was likely to stay. I was only five or six. But had I been helped to see these two chattering old ladies as romantic figures who had lived colorful lives, I would have a far more vivid picture of the Empress Eugénie today.

A FRIEND who went to Bebe's and Ben's tea party with me also had been at the reception they had given

in California a month or two previously to honor the artist, Dario Rappaport, who had painted Bebe and Barbara and done another canvas of the grandmother. And she told me how truly delighted Bebe had been that even more enthusiasm was shown the portrait "Little Grandmother," than was shown the portrait of her and Babs. The story of that is rather amusing:

Rappaport was painting Bebe and Babs when the grandmother arrived for a visit. Mrs. Griffen's grand old face, with its alive dark eyes—what a subject for a portrait! Rappaport simply *had* to paint her. He forgot beautiful Bebe and adorable Babs. Was Bebe piqued? Not at all. She was delighted—and amused. At Rappaport. And at her grandmother—who acted oh, so blasé about it all. But she wasn't, really. How could anyone be blasé about being painted by an artist who has done such famous personalities as Mussolini, Pope Pius XI and Georges Clemenceau? And who would choose oneself, in preference to one's beautiful granddaughter and great-grandchild? Well, the portrait was painted. Rappaport will exhibit it in Europe and then return it to Ben and Bebe.

All of which continues to point to the fact that it is largely because of Bebe—because of the way she presents her grandmother to her large circle of friends and acquaintances—that Mrs. Griffen is considered one of the most interesting personalities in the entire film colony.

So I repeat that while I do not doubt that Mrs. Griffen is an amazing woman for her years and quite as individual and colorful as she is reported to be, I most decidedly do question whether she ever would have become the personality she is today if Bebe hadn't had understanding for her and found her charming in the first place.

Plenty of families have surprisingly active grandmothers. But they regard them as great trials. Though they may pay surface respect, they wish from the bottom of their hearts that these older ones would settle back into their years and not insist upon projecting themselves into the lives of others.

I complimented Bebe on her charming attitude towards older people. She laughed.

"It's pleasant to be told such things, of course," she said, "but I couldn't bring people older than I am nothing but a superficial respect and courtesy. I couldn't bear just to go through motions with them, so to speak. They know too much that I want to hear. They've failed or succeeded at solving many problems I still face.

"Fundamental issues change very little with the years, I find."

I left Bebe that afternoon determined to do more than teach my little Ghislaine to make charming curtsies and address older men as "Sir," to do everything in my power to give her something of the same feeling for older people that Bebe has.

For I'm convinced that once an emotional or intellectual basis is right, the surface gestures of good manners will pretty well take care of themselves.

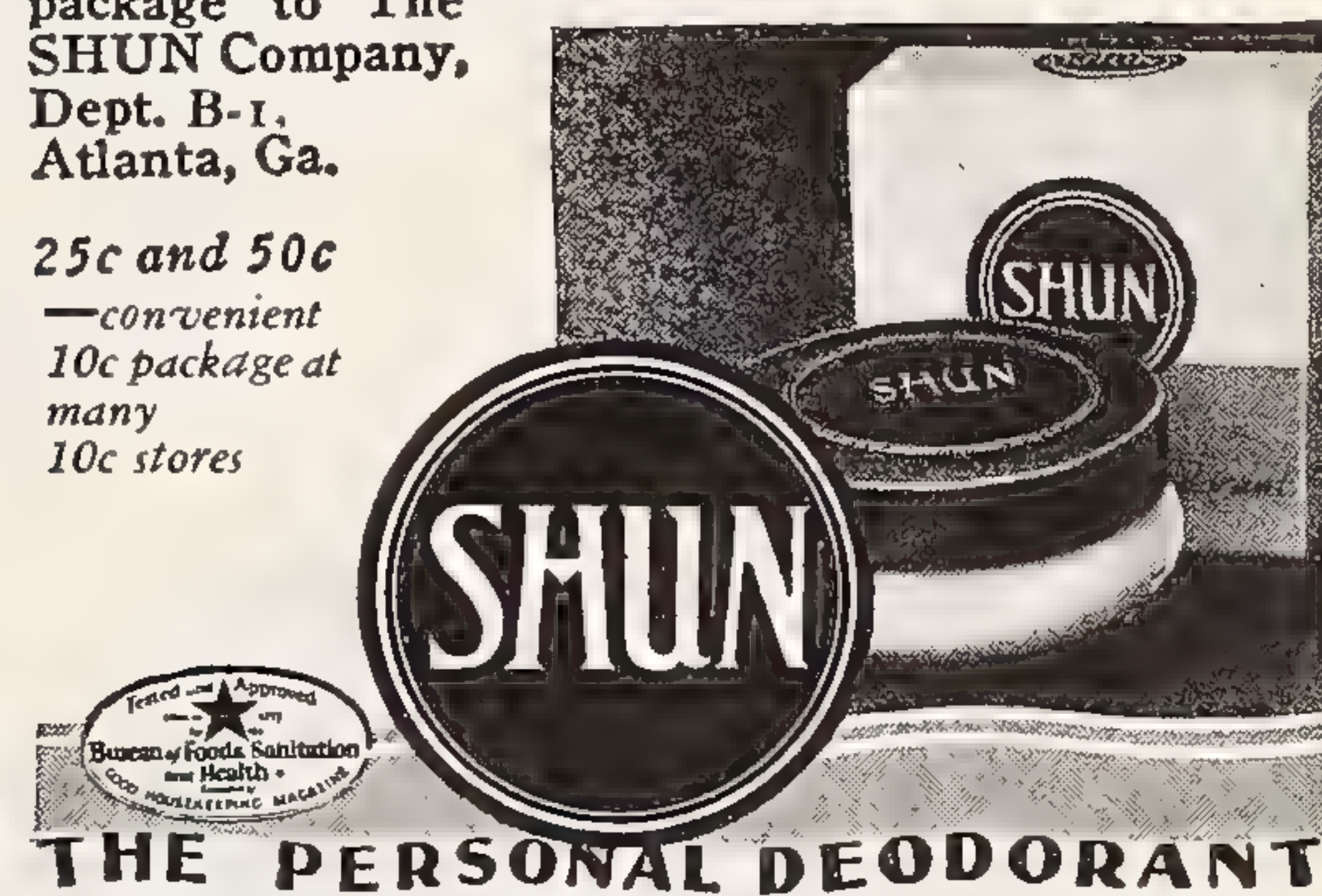


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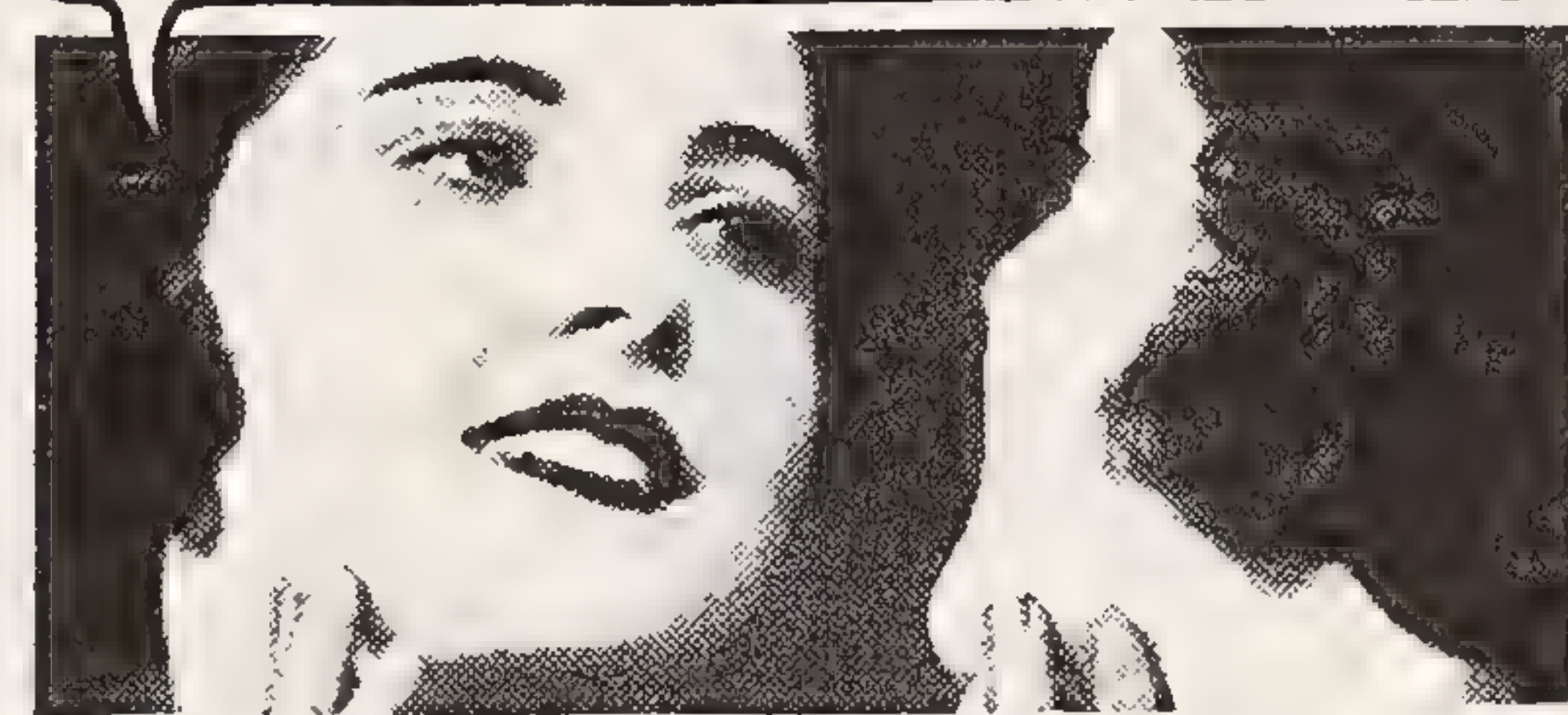
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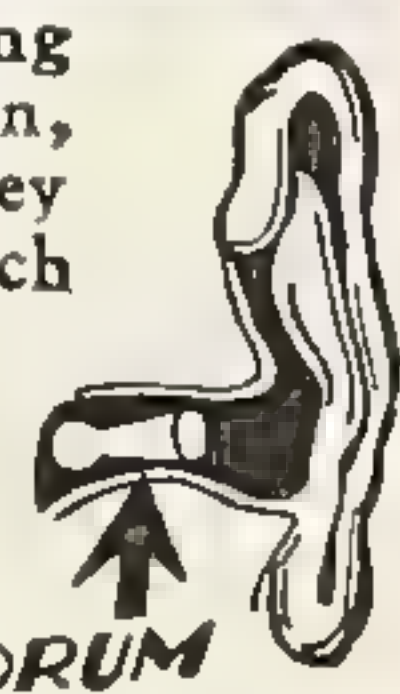
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The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 76)

ing enough of the right kind of dry wood to make a proper bed of coals isn't my idea of outdoor sport. Let them as wants to, do it, but I think it's a bloomin' nuisance.

"After your charcoal fire has burned down to the place where it is just a level bed of coals it is fit to be introduced to the steak, not before. Now, you place two iron bars or pieces of iron pipe on the fire. Sprinkle your steak with plenty of salt, and rub it in well. Then put the steak into a wire broiler with a long handle and place it on the iron bars. Some people scoff at this iron bar idea and plank their steaks right down smacko onto the live coals, but I confess this is a little too primitive a method for me. It is too much trouble to scrape off all the charcoal mess after the steak is done!"

"How do you know when the steak is done?" we interrupted hastily, that being a point which we have seen baffle many an ambitious outdoor steak broiler. Mr. Young looked at us pityingly for a moment, evidently suspecting we were not quite bright.

YOU take a sharp knife and cut into it somewhere and look, to see whether it's done or not," he explained patiently. This, of course, is unthinkable when you are broiling a steak in a nice, temperature-controlled oven and accounts for the fact that we never thought of it ourself.

"Roughly speaking," said Robert helpfully, "a two-inch steak—and your steak should be that thick—will take about 20 minutes cooking on each side if you like it moderately well done, 15 minutes cooking on each side if you like it medium rare and 10 minutes on each side if you like it practically raw.

"Now, when your steak is done, you cut it into thin slices and eat it in rolls which have been split and buttered at home, or between slices of toast made by holding pieces of bread on forks or forked sticks over the charcoal fire."

"What else do you like to have to eat on one of these steak parties?" we asked, as Robert paused to relish mentally one of those steak sandwiches he had so graphically described.

"Either potato salad, or potatoes roasted in the coals. To roast potatoes you want to use medium sized ones and bury them in the red hot embers. At the end of half an hour or so stick a fork into one and if it feels soft on the inside the potato is done. Either sweet or white potatoes are swell roasted this way. And, of course, roast corn is excellent, too."

"We've heard about it, but how do you go about it?" we wanted to know.

"Some people roast corn by peeling off all the husks, impaling the corn on a pointed stick and holding it over the fire, turning it so that it sort of toasts on all sides. But I prefer corn which has been roasted in the embers with some of the husks left on. It takes from

10 to 20 minutes to roast the corn properly, depending upon the heat of the fire. And you want to be careful to surround the entire ear with embers so that the corn will roast evenly on all sides."

AND what other foods do you want to have along?" we persisted.

"Oh, the usual trimmings—pickles, olives and a lot of sandwiches to fill in any chinks that may be left. Cucumber sandwiches go great with steak and another favorite of mine is a variation of the usual club sandwich which is better for picnic purposes. And say, I once had baked bean sandwiches! Were they good! Ever hear of them?"

No, we hadn't, but we made up some in our test kitchen, adding a little of this and that and they were everything Robert claimed for them.

"There are lots of people," he continued, "who just can't feel they've been on a picnic if they don't have hard boiled eggs in some form. If they are stuffed, with anchovy paste added to the stuffing, I like them a lot. And, of course, you must have something to top off with. My vote is for a hefty wedge of chocolate cake with a marshmallow icing, and some oatmeal cookies to munch on then, or later."

"And what do you like to drink on a picnic?" we questioned.

"Coffee, of course," replied Bob without a second's hesitation. "You can either take it along in a thermos bottle or you can make it, but it must be made right. The only way I've ever discovered to make really satisfactory coffee outdoors is to have the coffee itself all measured out beforehand and tied up in little muslin bags with a foot or so of string left hanging from the neck of the bag."

"You should allow a slightly rounded tablespoon of coffee for each cup of water and plan on two cups of coffee for each person. Then you bring the water to a boil over the fire and drop the coffee bag into the boiling water, tying the string up so that you can yank the bag out by it after the coffee has steeped for five or ten minutes, depending on how strong you like it. Then you throw the bag away and drink coffee free of grounds which is sumpin' on a picnic."

"If you don't bring along cream, provide evaporated milk rather than condensed milk as some folks don't like their coffee sweetened. And then, don't forget the sugar."

AND when your food is all consumed, the evidences of the feast have been cleaned up and disposed of and the moon comes up, throw a lot of wood on your charcoal fire and sit around and talk and sing, basking in the firelight and the memory of the grandest meal you've ever eaten!"

And there, you would-be-picnicers is Robert Young's description of the per-

fect picnic. There really is little we could add to that except the reminder to be sure to take along plenty of paper plates and paper napkins, paper spoons and forks and drinking cups, including the new "Hot Beverage Cups" for your coffee. All of these can be lost, or burned or thrown away and they make the clearing-up-after-the-feast an immensely simpler job. If you want to make your paper service attractive, choose all of these accessories in matching colors.

We haven't room to give you any recipes this month but we have them, all printed in a special Robert Young Recipe Folder, ready and waiting to

send to you when you have filled out and mailed in that coupon on page 76. Besides the recipe for that yummy chocolate cake with mocha marshmallow icing you see pictured, you will receive recipes for the sandwiches and the anchovy eggs mentioned by Mr. Young and some delicious oatmeal cookies! Incidentally, we have found these recipes suitable for lots of occasions besides picnics, especially the cake which is simply the last word in chocolate cakes! Be sure to send for them, whether you are contemplating a picnic or not—you'll find them all splendid help in planning many a summer menu. So mail in your coupon at once.

Janet's Finest Interview

(Continued from page 27)

yearns to be a siren, to play the type of thing that Garbo does.

"I really don't mind so very much," Janet said, "what people write about me but I do object to being quoted as a fool. I do not want to play siren rôles. I know that I could never do the sort of thing that Garbo does, not if I live to be ninety. I also know that I can never again play the 'Seventh Heaven' sort of thing. You see, I know, now, that there is no 'Seventh Heaven' and my knowing it would show through.

I BELIEVE that I have made a pretty exact chart of what I can do and what I cannot do. Even when I was a child and used to give imitations of girls on the screen I'd always imitate Mary Pickford or, at my most daring, Norma Talmadge. Gloria Swanson was always a great favorite of mine, still is, but I always knew that she was too exotic for me to copy.

"I know that I shall have to find stories that will keep pace with the growth of a woman. *You mustn't out-grow stories.* No one remains forever young and *no one should want to.* The trouble with staying always a 'Size Sixteen' as a magazine recently called it, is that you remain a size sixteen mentally and emotionally, too. There is nothing more pathetic than a woman who has felt and suffered and thought trying to *be* a girl who has never felt or suffered or thought anything. She never fools anyone. *I'm not going to try to.* And this is the real reason why I was so anxious to have Henry Garat play opposite me in 'Adorable'. I wanted a man of a certain sophistication, a certain grown-upness to sort of bring me up!"

Janet's childhood has been described as "touching."

Janet said: "Every childhood is touching because it is untouched. But mine held many sterner things than school plays and girl friends. Sickness, and worry about money and the necessity of growing up and doing something."

Janet's love for Jonesey, her stepfather, has also been described as "touching." One pictured a desolate

child weeping because a beloved playmate had gone on a journey.

Janet said: "Death is an adult experience. It makes an adult out of you. It did out of me. You can't touch the hand of death and be just a weeping child any longer—"

Her supposed romance with Charlie Farrell was touched with mysticism and evasion, a thing of starlight and song. Janet doesn't mention names when she talks. She is too wise, too shrewd, too grown-up for that.

But she did say: "There are two kinds of love, I believe. There is first love and that comes to you only through the emotions. It is a dream, a song heard far away. There is no *thought* to it, thinking doesn't enter into it at all. There is no conscious planning about it. Marriage doesn't seem to be the natural culmination of it, because marriage is planning and thinking ahead. And then it leaves you, eventually, because it has never been quite real. You never really touch it with your hands. And it leaves you without bitterness *until you grow old enough to realize that first things never come again.*

THERE is second love, or I hope there is. There are probably several kinds of love, really. I am not one of those who believe that there is only one love in a lifetime.

"We all have many different friends, for instance, and we give them different things of ourselves. Each friend evokes a different reaction. Loves are like that, too—we may love one man one way and another man quite another way—second love is apt to last longer, I believe. It is more apt to be based on sound, substantial things. Common tastes and interests, common friends and plans and ambitions. It is durable. It is not—a dream."

Janet lives, now, with her mother, in a rented house in West Hollywood. She keeps a cook and a chauffeur and, when she works, a studio maid. She has a large library and reads, mostly, the classics, books of travel and biography and metaphysical subjects. She has, too, a fine musical library and when she is



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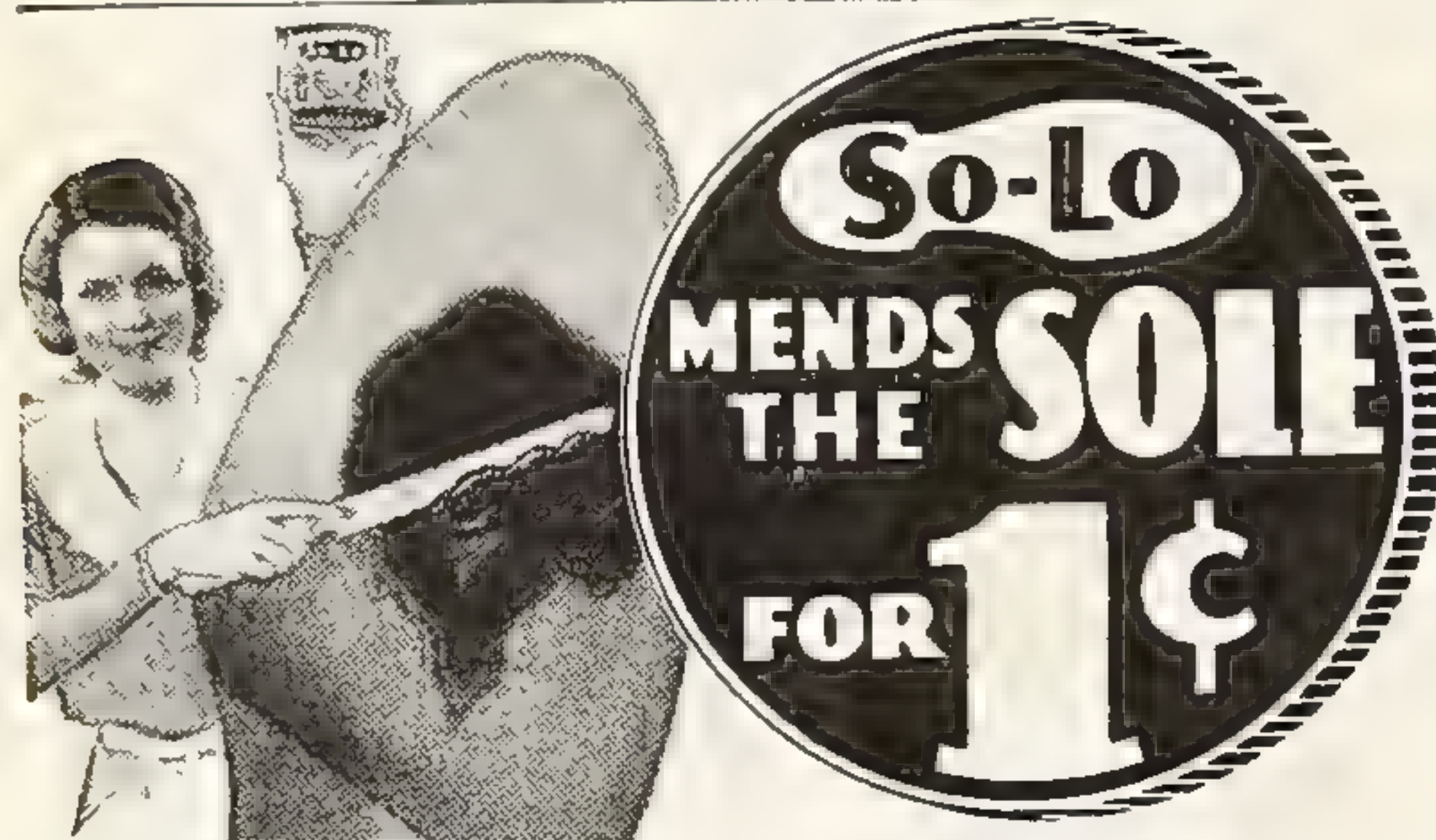
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working she spends an hour or so every evening with these two libraries. Janet doesn't look into the future. She says that most of us live too much in plans that may never come true.

She said, "Of course I want, rather vaguely, happiness. But what is happiness today is unhappiness tomorrow, very often. Once I thought that success, stardom, an assured income was happiness. I find that the struggle is not in attaining a success but in *staying there*. And for what success gives you with one hand it takes away with the other.

"I have no personal life at all, for instance. There isn't any use in my trying to have a personal life while I am working. I really should not have a home of any kind, at all. I should go from the studio every night to a professional trained nurse to be massaged and soothed and put to sleep. That is all I am good for, all I want.

"In between pictures I like to go away, to Palm Springs, on little trips, wherever I feel like going at the moment. You can't have a home, you

can't have marriage, you can't have any shared life on such terms as these. I've found that out.

"Of course I hope to marry again, some day. *I hope I have a baby*. No woman should go through all of life without that supreme experience. But, on the other hand, I am not really domestic. I may as well admit it. I could never be satisfied to lead a purely domestic life, managing servants, talking about the baby's diet, playing bridge afternoons, going to matinees, things like that.

"I don't *know* what I want—that's the honestest truth I can tell."

* * *

Then, again, I said to Janet "All of this you have been through—what has it done—has it broken your heart?"

And Janet smiled and said, "I don't believe hears *break* any more, do you? They are too elastic . . . perhaps they bruise a little . . . or a great deal . . . So that they never quite heal again and always give out fragrances that are stronger . . . and warmer . . ."

In a Hollywood Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 72)

a pedicure and you." Put it to music and you've got a swell theme song.

MAYBE you can get Sib to "do" you and maybe you can't. But we won't bother about favorite operators, because they all know their business.

So first of all you're led into a big beautiful booth with long mirrors and the first operator appears to give you a hot oil treatment. She's blond and pretty. She puts the oil on your hair with a special contrivance so that it flows equally all over the hair and then—with you looking like a skinned rat—she massages your scalp.

Maybe just as she's about half through you remember that you've forgotten to call your hotel to see if there are any messages. You might comment on this to the hot oil expert. Instantly she has rung a bell and in the flash of an eye a telephone is plugged in at your booth and the telephone girl gets your number.

Then the oil is washed out of your hair and you are given an expert shampoo, with hot and cold water and—the only plain thing about the place—a good old lemon juice rinse.

Will you have a fingerwave or a marcel? I once knew a girl who changed from fingerwaves to marcel because the dryers made so much noise that she couldn't hear what was being said in the next booth! Plenty of Hollywood gossip emanates in just this way, for if you listen closely you'll undoubtedly hear Miss Movie Star becoming cosy and confidential with her manicurist and telling her just why she left So-and-So's party the other night. And maybe, if your ears are very sharp, Marlene Dietrich's low voice will waft your way and you'll know just how she

feels about Josef Von Sternberg or trousers—or Maurice Chevalier.

This all comes with the wave—and its part of the fun of being beautified in Hollywood.

Well, suppose you say you'll have a marcel. An operator comes into your booth, squints at you professionally, and says your hair should be very flat on top—the shape of your head demands it—and that you had better have a slight fingerwave first and then have it gone over with the iron. So the finger-waver arrives, parts your hair where it has never been parted before, and sets it, flat on top, and a low wave on the side. She doesn't put any waving fluid on it because you're to have a marcel afterwards.

NOW you're taken out into a big room with lots of other women and placed under a dryer. Maybe you want to read the magazine that is thrust into your hands but maybe you'd prefer to watch Madge Evans chatting—as much as she can above the noise of the dryers—with Anita Page.

When you're sufficiently dry, you're put into another booth, much larger than the first, where you are awaited by three operators you haven't seen before. All are blond and pretty.

One works on your hair, going over the finger wave with the hot iron, another busies herself with your hands, while the third takes your feet into her lap and proceeds to shape and paint your toenails exactly as your finger nails are being shaped and painted. Hollywood's favorite nail color was dark red for a while, but the fad changes almost daily. You can have your choice. No matter what you say you'll get three coats of polish—and that's

grand for it lasts and lasts forever.

Now that that is done, a tight net is put over your hair and a scarf over that and you're led into still another room. This one is rather dark and you are told to stretch out on a high couch. Presently another expert arrives and for an hour you can give yourself up to the luxury of the best facial you ever had. I'll bet that you'll drop off to sleep no matter what's being said in the next booth.

You said you wanted the works, didn't you? Well, then, after your eyebrows are plucked by the expert eyebrow plucker in exactly right lines for your face, still another girl administers the false eyelashes. This is a ticklish process. For each individual false hair has an end dipped into a glueish mixture and that end fastened to your own eyelid, so that the false lashes can be brushed into your own short ones. This will last for about three weeks or so. And while many of the stars have beautiful long lashes of their own, several do indulge in the put-on variety.

Now the woman who has given you the facial returns and carefully scrutinizes your skin, deciding just exactly what shade of rouge, powder and lip stick you should have. In a very short time the powder base has been applied,

rouge, powder and lipstick have been put on and your eyebrows lined.

The marcel expert now returns and takes the scarf, net and pins from your hair. She brushes it out and with a few deft turns of her fingers pats it close to your head and arranges it gracefully at the back of your neck. A bright light is flashed on and you may now have a good look at yourself in the mirror.

You are transformed! That tired and harassed girl who entered the shop is gone and in her place is a well groomed, young, rested and chic girl. Your hair gleams. It hugs your head in the correct mode. Your cheeks have just the right flush of youth. Your mouth is red and inviting. And your skin is soft and line-less. Of course, your hands look perfect. As for your toes—well, you'd better go right out and buy yourself some sandals to be worn without stockings, so you can show them off, too.

And now you know exactly how you'd feel if you spent an afternoon in a Hollywood beauty parlor. Eight operators have had a hand in your metamorphosis. Exactly four and a half hours of your time has been spent there. It's been well worth it, as you realize when you look at yourself.

Whatever Became of Them?

(Continued from page 57)

mond begged to play it—offering to do it for nothing to be back in the studio atmosphere again.

He did the bit—the studio paid him for it, of course—and it turned out to be a magnificent piece of tragic acting.

Until a recent studio shake-up left Warner Brothers topsy-turvy he has been a writer and supervisor there and very successful, too. The men stars, as a matter of fact, fare better when their race is run than do the women. The men, as a rule, can turn to some other studio job. The women either can't or won't. Now Raymond has become production official of the new Twentieth Century Pictures Company, headed by Joseph Schenck and Darryl Zanuck.

And some of the stories about the women would break your heart—stories too cruel to tell. Many of those you have asked to know about must be left out of this article.

Not so long ago a studio official was entertaining some out-of-town theatre owners. A group of girls was called in to dine and dance with the men—to be female gigolos, in fact—paid to smile, to dance, to make themselves amusing and called for this purpose, as one would call for a bootlegger's wine list.

WHEN the poor, tawdry little girls filed in the official was amazed to see among them a former star whose name had once shone from the theatre marquees that the men being entertained had owned; whose salary had once been enormous and whose beauty great. She was still proud, still held her head high

and when he offered to "lend" her some money and send her away she shook her head. She would earn enough she said, the only way she knew how. Of course, I cannot tell you her name although you remember it well. Poor profligate, thoughtless girl—she was always too generous when she had money.

The Motion Picture Relief Fund's account books could tell many a sad story. A former screen siren, almost as great, in her day, as Theda Bara, is being cared for by this Hollywood charity organization, as are many, many others. But this is a gallant group and those in charge of the disposition of the funds never reveal the names—except to the board of directors—of those being cared for.

Marguerite Clark has had a happier time of it. She is married and living in Louisiana with her husband, a social registerite of New Orleans—a wealthy and respected citizen. When he first married her his friends, in that closely knit Southern society, did not know whether they would admit an actress into this group or not. But cute little Marguerite did not try to force her way in. She made no effort—other than the necessary gestures courtesy demands—to "crash" New Orleans society. As a result, they came to her. She is now definitely "taken up" and a part of the inner of inners.

Betty Blythe has not fared quite so well, until recently. She has been living on the outskirts of Hollywood playing, whenever an opportunity came her way, very small bits and sometimes no



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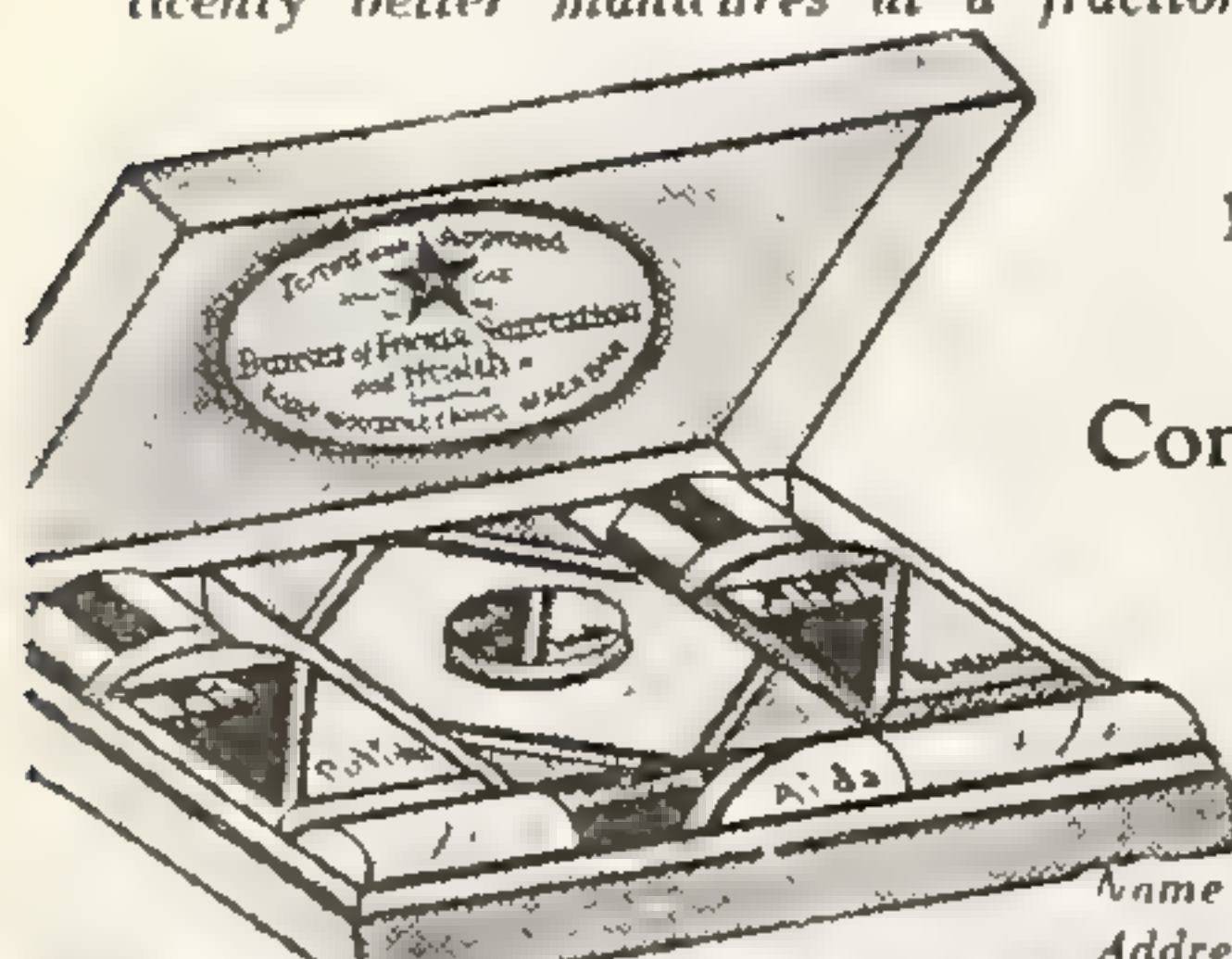
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more than extra parts. Recently she has had a few fairly good roles and she is ardently hoping for a come-back.

Carmel Myers is married to a wealthy lawyer and is the mother of a grand baby. She is very contented with her life. That goes for Bessie Love, too.

In New York you'll discover some of your old screen favorites on the stage—Dorothy Gish (and Lillian, too, of course), Madge Kennedy, Nazimova.

Evelyn Brent is touring in vaudeville. Aileen Pringle is still in her Santa Monica home working at the studios when opportunity presents itself.

Katharine MacDonald has lent her name to a successful beauty business and gets into headlines occasionally

when she has intermittent trouble with her husband.

Mary McLaren, Katharine MacDonald's sister, has had a very tough break—no money, no jobs. But Esther Ralston, when her beauty shop failed, went to England and returned triumphant to Hollywood with work in a British picture, "Rome Express," to her credit. And little Jackie Coogan—imagine calling a seventeen-year-old youngster an old timer—is in his second year in a California college.

There—I think that covers the most persistent requests except those whose names I can't mention—those stars who are still so proud that they could not bear to have the fans who once loved them know that they are living in poverty—or worse, dependent upon charity.

Thinking Things Over

(Continued from page 61)

What will happen to the new alien talent? There is Henry Garat, who played with Janet Gaynor in "Adorable." There is Lilian Harvey, the lovely blond English girl, with her great background of success in Germany, whose work in "Congress Dances" was so unutterably charming. She will be with John Boles in "My Lips Betray"—and I am wondering what Hollywood will do to her? There is Brian Aherne, whom I saw on the stage with Miss Cornell in the Browning play. He will appear with Dietrich in "The Song of Songs"—the old Sudermann novel. There is the girl called Heather Angel, playing in "My Dear," who will possibly play opposite Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square." There's Diana Wynyard whose superb performance in "Cavalcade" none of us is likely to forget, and who has been given an entirely different role in "Reunion in Vienna" with John Barrymore. And Elizabeth Allan and Dorothea Wieck, with her measured beauty and her touching performance in that greatest of German pictures, "Girls in Uniform." What's going to happen to all of these?

And what about Francis Lederer whose role in the stage play, "Autumn Crocus," has publicized him as the first of the matinee idols of the last ten years?

HERE we have an aggregate of charm, talent, good looks—all imported. I have wondered for some time why the importation is necessary. In some cases, of course, it is. "Cavalcade," an English picture, English to the backbone, demanded British players. "Berkeley Square" will, too. And no one else could play it as Leslie Howard, who originated it on the stage, will play it. But as a general rule I wonder if we haven't enough talent and charm and good looks among our own people. I wonder, too, why the majority of foreign stars tremendously successful in their home-made pictures fail so signally in ours. There are names of real

lustre from which the newness hasn't quite worn off, which we are not hearing as much as we did some months ago: Tala Birell, for instance, Wera Engels, Gwili Andre.

Some of these other new importations will, of course, be successful. But others will depart, more quietly than they arrived. If, however, the American public sets up a demand for the foreign stars, then they have something which our stars have not. What it is, I don't know. After all, the test is the box office and the waiting crowds. But we are pretty fickle and once the foreign, or for that matter the domestic star, has arrived, he or she has to work to stay there. I feel that only authentic talent should remain. A resemblance to a star already successful is not enough. A story which is suited to a Dietrich, say, and is given to a newcomer who might possibly look or speak as Dietrich looks and speaks is not enough. This is all too rubber stamp.

Rubber stamping is the curse of the industry. I have sat through pictures which, with a change of title, a very slight change of story, and a change of players could easily be the picture I saw last week. This cycle business is really distressing. Because one producer makes money on a war picture, a business picture, a secretary and boss picture, a banking picture, a columnist picture or what have you, the others rush to duplicate that success. Naturally there are very few plots in the world. And the same situations can be taken and given the twist which makes them new. But generally the producers don't bother to give that twist. The old way brought in the audiences so it's good enough for them. But it does get monotonous, doesn't it?

We are living in as exciting an era as there has been in the history of the world. Things change overnight. My own generation has seen a world constantly in flux. I'm not so very ancient but I have seen the arrival of automobiles, motion pictures—silent and talking—radio, airplanes, wars and ru-

mors of wars. I saw the earliest of the motion pictures and I defy people to say that the industry is still in its infancy. The years don't count. The progress does. Only the other night on my own little screen I witnessed a picture produced in about 1917. It was called "Hearts Asunder." Clara Kimball Young was the heroine, Vernon Steele the hero, and Montague Love the villain. It was appalling. The acting was perfectly atrocious, and the lighting, the make-up and the photography equally so.

I THINK there is a pendulum swing. I think that simplicity and adherence to really basic human emotion is entering into the motion picture. And I think the public is becoming more intelligently critical.

Take, for instance, something erroneously called the private lives of the players. They have, of course, no private lives. Even Irvin Cobb's celebrated goldfish has some privacy at night. But it isn't so with the screen actors. They haven't any privacy at all. They are completely surrounded by a sea of rumor.

Back in the very early days it was bad business of the innocent ingenue to procure a divorce. It was bad business for the hero to be sued for breach of promise. It was almost worse if it were discovered that he were married and had six children. Then came a time in which, while wives and children were still taboo for the handsome lead, divorces and scandals didn't matter much and the audiences flocked to the theatres out of curiosity. Especially was this true in the case of the girl who played the now demoded "vamp" or the gentlemen who enacted the heavy, the *bona fide* villain. There aren't really any actual vamps or villains any more. The current crop of pictures for the most part show the villainess with a heart of gold and the villain with one to match it. But I do think that the pendulum is swinging here again and that the audience and reading public is getting pretty sick of scandal and divorce and the rest.

If they get sick enough, it is bound to affect the box office. And it looks as if the producers had seen the handwriting on the wall, for the contract which little Bette Davis just signed stipulates that she shall neither divorce nor separate from her husband for a space of three years. Of course, there has always been a so-called morality clause in all contracts but I can't say that in many cases it has been taken seriously.

I am not one who believes Hollywood to be immoral. Nor am I one who feels that divorce was probably originated by motion picture actors and actresses. On the contrary, we have plenty of this and that in all walks of life, social and otherwise. It is merely because the Hollywood scandal and the Hollywood divorce has been so publicized that they seem to stand out like a couple of sore thumbs. As a matter of fact, it looks very much to me as though the people who make our pictures are rather idealistically and wistfully domestic at heart. This must be true, otherwise why would they bother

to get married, once, twice, three and four and five times? It looks very much as if they hoped some day to find a marriage which, like a good vaccination, will take.

RECENTLY there has been an epidemic of divorces and separations. Joan Crawford and young Fairbanks are divorcing; Janet Gaynor, to the tune of newsprint and trumpets, has divorced Lydell Peck. Marian Nixon has freed herself from Edward Hillman. Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson have called it a day. Thelma Todd and her husband. There have been others before them, there will be others after them. I can't see that it is anything to get very excited about. Marriage and unmarriage and remarriage is their business, not ours. Their only real contact with us is on the screen and we are their audiences, not the critics of their emotional lives.

It does appear, however, that we are growing a little tired of the washing of soiled linen in public. And I think the industry is realizing this. Personally I cannot feel that any one has any right to say to another human being, "you can't play in my particular backyard if you divorce your husband." If I had a contract which insisted upon my staying married, I would doubtless yearn for freedom immediately, so perverse is human nature. But the fact remains that scandal and domestic upsets are not good publicity. They are bad publicity. And it looks as if the world were growing sentimental and single-standard again. For if Hollywood sets fashions in beauty and in clothes, it is now setting fashions in domesticity and there's a new crop of Hollywood babies, depression or no depression.

Yes, things are changing. To figure in a murder or suicide, a divorce suit, an alienation or breach of promise suit, a wild party or what have you, is no longer considered box office. To stay married, to have children, and to comport yourself like a rational human being seems to be the best bet yet. It is now included in your contract! But I still maintain that, although I for one shall be charmed if Hollywood as a scandal mill disappears from the newspapers, I believe that human nature cannot be arranged by contract and that there is just as much emotional excitement in every other profession. But while the man in the street can beat his wife with impunity (and a horsewhip) the actor cannot.

Fair or not, public opinion is changing. Public opinion wants more reality in screen stories and less reality, so to speak, in the lives of the stars. I have felt for a long time that the average motion picture star is not the most envied of human beings but the most unfortunate. For not one of them is able to lead his or her own life, be it good or bad. It is the price you pay for being in a very real sense the servant of the hydra-headed, the changeable, and the sometimes very cruel public. For the public gives with one hand and takes away with the other. Or that's the way it has seemed to me while I was thinking things over.

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Between You and Me

(Continued from page 18)



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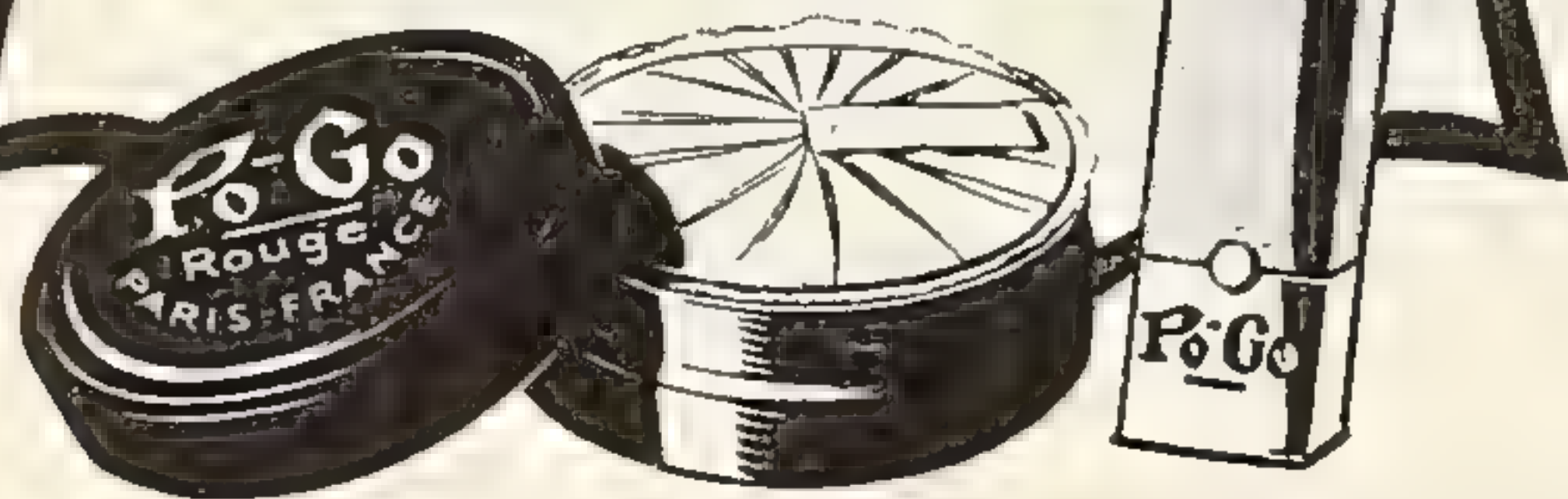
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quack of quacks, Count Cagliostro—and Casanova, and the Borgias and Manon Lescaut—and the stories of the Bible? And Falstaff. Personally, I think Robert Emmett O'Connor would do very well as Falstaff, or perhaps Charles Laughton — but O'Connor ought to be given a chance in some big role. The operas, too, would make good movie fare—"Rigoletto" and "Aida."

Yes, there is an endless source of film material buried in history books, but would we moderns go for them—that's the question.

A young newlywed has something to say about Hollywood love. (And there's a lot more said about it on page 22)

TERESA PATRICELLI of Seattle, Washington, knows what *she'd* do:

Hollywood romances still come tumbling down in spite of all denials. What do you think the fans think of all those happy love-bird marriage-divorces? One by one, through the mill they go. Now, if two people are *really* in love and the movie center is wrecking to happiness—the best and only thing to do is to leave all careers hanging—go far away—start over again in a simple life—have children and be happy. This life is so short—why waste it on naught but unworthy thoughts and troubles?

(But that, you see, completely leaves out a very difficult factor—ambition. But read Miss Albert's story on page 22.)

Now for some personalities

WILLARD LEONARD of Riverside, Ill., writes:

Someone once said, "Every hero becomes a bore at last." Likewise every celebrity becomes a pain in the neck. The public has tired of seeing constantly in the paper that Garbo speaks or Garbo is silent or Crawford changes her head-dress. That is why I speak cautiously and hesitatingly about the loveliness, the wholesomeness and the semi-obscure that is at present Sylvia Sydney's. She has not yet fallen the prey of nation-wide popularity campaigns. She ranks with Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton and a few others who realize that if "grief be dumb," sorrow and misery are best expressed on the screen by silence. They don't have to go about shrieking to show they are suffering.

(Watch for her in "Jennie Gerhardt" Mr. Leonard.)

HOPEFUL of Albany, N. Y., adores Kay Francis:

That was a swell article about Kay Francis in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN. I have been anxious to read a nice article about Kay as she is my

favorite actress. I can go to see her in all her pictures over and over. I think she shows in her lovely countenance the wonderful character Faith Baldwin says she is. Why don't they team her with her husband, Kenneth McKenna?

(Mr. McKenna seems to be more interested in directing. By the way, Kay's next pictures will be "Mary Stevens, M. D." and "Strange Rhapsody.")

P. D. Q. of Quebec, Canada, has been noticing lesser players:

You asked some time ago about secondary players. I often like them better than the stars! The only trouble is that the cast of characters is flashed on the screen so swiftly that one cannot identify them. But there's one chap I always watch for. I believe his name is Allan Jenkins. He played the blasé prisoner in "I Am a Fugitive." He also played Warren William's side-kick in "The Mind Reader." I like Russel Hopton a great deal, too. And—is it Ruth Donnelly? She was Mary Brian's mother in "Hard to Handle" and William's secretary in "Employees' Entrance." (Yes, that's the name.) I thought Diane Sinclair was a lovely ingenue in "Washington Masquerade." But I haven't seen her since.

SHORT BITS FROM HERE AND THERE

RENA of Rochester, N. Y., has fallen for Henri Garat. "If they are going to produce 'The Merry Widow' why not have that dashing Frenchman for the Prince?" she asks. D. E. of New Jersey would like to know the name of the young actor who played Joey Marryot in "Cavalcade." (His name is Frank Lawton, D. E.) DORA MOLIE of Montreal admires Charles Laughton and wishes to know if he is going to film "Henry VIII." (Yes, it is being filmed in England—for Gainsborough Pictures.) CHARLOTTE LYNN of Nassau, Wis., asks for the correct pronunciation of Colbert. (The "o" is long and the "t" is silent, Charlotte. Like this: Cole-bear. Each syllable accented equally. Yes, Claudette was born in Paris. Her real name is Cauchon.)

As for newcomers, PANSY BRADY of Baton Rouge, La., sends in a rave for Onslow Stevens. MILDRED ROGERS of Rector, Ark., sends one for Dick Powell. And umpteen people send raves for Mae West, who bids fair to become America's next sweetheart. Ralph Bellamy has a host of staunch admirers. DOLLY FROM DOVER writes, "Won't someone please say something nice about him?"

MILDRED MEES of Jackson Center, Ohio, is sweet enough to say that she is very pleased "to find how promptly the latest news of Hollywood appears in this magazine and the articles

are detailed so carefully." (Thank you, *Mildred*.) T. J. of McKeesport, Penna., "likes movie reviews best when they don't give away any of the plot" and scolds us for being a bit careless in that respect. (*Very sorry, T. J. Didn't mean to spoil your fun.*) MARY W. of Pittsburgh thinks "our pages always are so nicely arranged—and who is one to thank for that?" (*Our art director, Mary W., to whom we showed your letter—and he says thank you very much.*)

ELVIRA G. of Waterbury, Conn., says she could read a whole magazine of movie gossip and that, although we give her quite a bit, it isn't nearly enough. (*We try to give you each month just as much good gossip as there*

is. But, after all, the magazine won't stretch.) And then, GRACE of Boston, Mass., would like the magazine to contain nothing but fashion and beauty articles. "They have helped me so much," she writes. "But sometimes you don't tell quite enough. Or show quite enough pictures. I admit I'm clothes-crazy—but so are lots of girls, I think, and your articles (as far as they go) are extremely helpful to poverty stricken budget-clothed young girls."

Well—we think we had better stop and commence planning a magazine full of gossip which is also full of fashion news. Meantime, cheer us along in our task by writing to us. Address The Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Who's Going to Win Jack Holt?

(Continued from page 65)

her way of living—and disappeared from all local revelry.

For years it worked. All that the local gossips knew was that the Holts went around with the more formal Los Angeleans who are a social clan unto themselves and that Jack was admitted to clubs where no other actors were accepted. The Holt marriage was an outstanding success in a town of many marriage failures—a protracted success—apparently. And then out of a cloudless sky came the divorce!

SANE, kindly, a splendid wage-earner—a handsome man and a trained athlete in the pink of condition. That's Jack Holt. Why on earth should any woman want to give him up after seventeen years of married life? The mystery behind this question has at last set Hollywood tongues wagging about the Holt menage. The general impression is that Jack has stayed too young—that he simply had to break loose. Yet he is a marvelous father with a great pride in his fourteen-year-old son, Tim. The boy has turned out to be a remarkable polo-player and just recently Jack, who, next to his children, loves his polo better than anything on earth, resigned in the boy's favor.

"I can't afford both of us playing," Holt explained, "so I just umpire now—but it's no sacrifice because the kid is good and I get a great kick out of watching him play."

Oh, no! The Holt domestic smash is not due to any lack of interest in the children on Jack's part. Incidentally, Betty, aged twelve, is with her mother while Tim has moved in with father—and the polo ponies.

"It's pretty tough," said Jack, "to break up after so many years, but it just had to come. My wife's friends are all in San Francisco. She has never liked Hollywood nor been happy here. The picture people she finds uncongenial—perhaps that's why I have not seen more of them."

Did I detect a note of wistfulness in his voice as he said it? I believe I

did! Without Jack's saying so, I got a strong impression that here was a man who for some reason had come to think too little of himself as a personality—who had been schooled by some outside influence to regard himself purely as a money-making machine.

"I'm a dull fellow," he said with that rather lost little smile of his. "There is really nothing exciting nor interesting about me or my future. I'm a steady money-maker—but my romantic side—well, there just isn't any such thing."

I wondered! Some day, and perhaps in the near future, a woman is going to contradict that statement sharply. She, whoever she may be, is going to make Jack himself realize what a charming person he is. For what has really happened in Holt's divorce is that suddenly, without any blare of trumpets, one of the handsomest men in Hollywood has been thrown into the open love-market!

FOR years Jack has been shut up behind a high hedge of matrimony, of domesticity. But physically he is the same handsome giant who married Margaret Wood. Magnificently preserved, with a stunning body which carries clothes remarkably well; there is not a line in his strong, well moulded face. I am uncertain of Jack's age, but I can truthfully assert that in the bright sunlight he doesn't look a day over thirty-three or four—a fascinating age to any woman when the man has fame and charm to his credit as well. Jack Holt has great poise, an air of quiet strength and a sudden brilliant smile which one feels could do much damage among feminine hearts—and may, now that it is free to operate! More than all, Jack Holt is probably the most thoroughly and completely masculine handsome man in the Film Capital. He is a he-man of the heroic type, and—he's fair game now, girls! What is to become of him—a man like that can't be allowed to go to waste!

And let me give you a tip about him, girls. Jack likes to ride. You must

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Of course studio rumors have already begun to fly, even though a day or two ago Holt was regarded as bearing a sign reading "Private property—Trespassers will be prosecuted by law." Fay Wray's name is out of the running—her own happy marriage puts her in the discard. But the gossips have murmured Lillian Bond and Genevieve Tobin as possible prospects, although both ladies coyly deny the rumors. A beautiful society girl from Pasadena indiscreetly got a lift in Jack's car to the Riviera Club and tongues promptly wagged. But Jack denies it all.

"I'm free," he assured me, sadly. "I have no plans about marrying again—that's nonsense!"

Holt is hurt by the divorce. Anyone who could have seen his kind brown eyes during our last talk would know the truth of that. He's hurt and a little lost. But there's no sense in his planning never to marry again, for most surely some girl is going to plan the exact opposite!

Lillian Bond may possibly make those plans, despite her denials. Certain observers during the last picture in which she played opposite Jack, declare the love scenes had a curiously realistic flavor. And the beautiful Lillian certainly made no drastic attempts to keep out of Jack's way.

Furthermore, Jack has been reported as making very favorable comments lately about English girls. Lillian is English, isn't she? Then there is a persistent rumor of an English girl—a society woman, who has taken his fancy. To me it seems more likely that Jack would choose an Englishwoman because of his personal tastes—horses—walking—and afternoon tea which he drinks regularly in the true British fashion.

However that may be, it is certain that with his freedom, we are going to see a new Jack Holt blossom out, and if he needs any help, well, Hollywood is full of pretty teachers who are willing and able to help him learn!

If Connie Bennett Quits

(Continued from page 15)

is apparently now just getting wind of the fact, although the company actually came into existence *three years ago*. I am not free to divulge the names of the other people who are also in this company with me, but I can tell you the purpose back of it.

AT the time I had the idea of the company, I did not actually plan to produce pictures. I wanted it primarily as an organization to buy stories and titles which I thought I might do at a later date. You see, it has frequently happened that there would be a popular story or a show on Broadway which I felt would make good screen vehicles for me.

"But when I would approach a studio executive with the idea, there would be a lot of hemming and hawing . . . and so much delay that by the time they actually got around to getting the story some rival producer would have it sewed up. So I figured that it would be smart, as well as a protective move, to have the Bennett Productions purchase the stories I was seriously interested in, and when my studio actually got around to wanting it, I could deliver the property.

"Of course, there was the element of a financial loss in this if it should happen that the studio did not later want the story . . . and I found I could not dispose of it to any other producer. But I flattered myself that my judgment in regard to stories that would make good movies was sound . . . and I was willing to take the risk.

"For the past two years story purchasing was the sole activity of the Bennett Productions, and probably would have continued to be—if I had not returned home about three weeks ago to find Henri practically packed up and ready to take off for Bali to make a motion picture in technicolor!

"Believe me when I tell you that this was as much of a surprise to me, as it must have sounded to you just then. When I got over the first shock of realizing my husband was about to set off on a four months' expedition, I finally got around to asking some practical questions.

"Henri explained that for several months he had been working on this original idea of a novelty film made in Bali with technicolor. It is true that other novelty films have been made in that locale . . . but never with the charm of natural color, and never I am sure, with an idea as interesting and different as Henri's.

"Far into the night we sat up talking over this scheme, and the more I heard of it, the more enthused I became. Henri explained that he had not wanted to bother me with the details of the affair until it was all straightened out, and he and his assistants were ready to embark.

"Yes, but what about the backing . . . who is going to produce the picture for you," I wanted to know. Then is when he sprang the surprise of surprises that he had obtained financial backing from a film company in France! "Oh, no you don't," I said. "We have a

perfectly good film company of our own lying around here. You say the film will not cost much to make, and from what you have told me about it, I think it is a natural. Why not produce our own film under our own banner?"

"The upshot of that business conference was that my manager wired the French producers that Henri would not be able to accept their production offer.

UNDERSTAND," continued Connie, "that this is in no sense a 'family experiment.' I have the reputation of being a pretty fair business woman, and this film is being produced with the idea of *profits!* In fact, everyone concerned with the backing is so enthusiastic that we are going to be on the lookout from now on for novelty stories and different angle stories which Bennett Productions will continue to produce.

"But also understand *this*: I never expect to star Constance Bennett, the actress, under the producing banner of Bennett Productions! I'll even go farther than that . . . I wouldn't take the greatest story in the world, the finest cameraman, the most artistic director, and *Greta Garbo* . . . and finance a feature-length production! Not Mr. Bennett's little girl! In other words, I would never buck Hollywood at Hollywood's own game. There are too many dangerous ins and outs . . . too many pitfalls . . . too much money involved. Let me explain:

"Novelty films such as we will produce can be made from a financial investment of from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars. That is a lot of money, of course, but it is nothing compared to the hundreds of thousands of dollars which go into the most casual program production made in Hollywood. There is always a tremendous market for good novelties. They can very profitably be sold for a lump sum to a good releasing organization without all the agreements and clauses of percentage which would have to be a part of selling a star's independent production.

"As though this were not a sufficient reason . . . I do not believe there has ever been a really successful woman producer! There have been a few men who could buck the business end of this intricate movie game . . . notably Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. But as for the women producers . . . well, I for one, would have to see their books and all those little black and red ink entries before I could be convinced that any one of them has made a success as her own producer!

"No . . . for the short duration of the rest of my career upon the screen, I am going to let someone else put up the money and backing for the pictures made as starring pictures by Constance Bennett."

I said: "Then it is true that you are planning to retire soon, Connie?"

Peter Bennett spoke up: "We going away on a boat soon, Mommie?"

Connie laughed: "Not soon enough for you to get excited about. And now I suppose I might as well say my say about that retirement story. The truth

of that matter is simply this:

"When I returned to the screen three and a half years ago, I gave myself five years of a career in Hollywood. I said: 'By that time, my girl, you should have made yourself enough money to be independent for life. You will probably have enjoyed the height of whatever degree of success you are going to know. I will give you five years . . . by that time, hot or cold, you quit!' Well . . . nothing has happened in the meantime to make me want to swerve from that original idea. As I figure it now, I have about another year and a half before the camera . . . in other words, the end of 1934 should see the finish of my career as a movie star. Of course, women have been known to change their minds . . . but right now I don't see any reason why I should change mine!

I WANT to travel and I want time to enjoy Peter's growing up days. Besides, Henri has been very patient with me and my long working schedule. Though he never complains, I know that he has not always been happy under his own working conditions in this country. He is too submerged under my reputation. In Europe it is different. Over there Henri is recognized as an excellent story idea man . . . and an equally good director."

Personally, I had little trouble in doubting Connie's remarks about Hank. Two years ago when he was making "foreign versions" on the RKO lot before he went to M-G-M in the same capacity, I had spent one entire week with Hank as he made a \$50,000 French version of a film that had cost RKO \$350,000 to make the American version. I saw both of those productions of the same picture . . . the American and Hank's, and without understanding one word of French, I can truthfully say I enjoyed it more!

"But," continued Connie, "when Henri submits a story in Hollywood, what happens? Someone in authority sees his name on it and thinks 'Just another foreign idea.' Half the time they don't even bother to read the idea. I believe that for the future safety and happiness of my marriage, I cannot give more than five years to my own movie career. After that it is only fair that Henri should have his turn in the producing companies of Europe where he is recognized as Henri de la Falaise . . . and not Connie Bennett's husband.

"Just by way of proving that it is not true that I am planning to produce my own pictures, I'll let you in on a little secret:

"I have recently signed a contract for what I believe will be the last year of my career, with another producing company. The signing of the contract will be announced in a few months . . . as soon as I am legally free of my RKO agreement. If that doesn't prove that Bennett Productions is *not* going to produce Constance Bennett pictures, then I'll give up. But it doesn't mean that Bennett Productions won't be *very* interested in some nice, new novelty ideas which we hope to make."

At last!



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Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 10)

REALSHINE PLAYS MATCH MAKER

ISN'T THIS HOUSE PARTY FUN, BAB? YES, BUT I JUST RUINED MY WHITE SLIPPERS YESTERDAY AND TONIGHT'S THE BIG DANCE. DICK IS SO PARTICULAR, TOO.

DON'T WORRY. THIS WILL FIX THEM IN A JIFFY! REALSHINE — IS THAT WHAT KEEPS YOUR SHOES SO LOVELY?

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You don't know what kind of a diet? You don't know what kind of exercises? Well, that's what I'm here for. Write and ask me. And, while you're waiting for my answer (and sometimes I do get behind with my mail, for which I offer apologies all round)—while you're waiting, if I do keep you waiting, just remember that the fattening foods are the starches, the sugars and the fats: potatoes, bread (anything made with flour), rice, butter, cream, olive oil, sweets, nuts, cheeses. Beans and peas and corn are weight-building vegetables. Live on the leafy green vegetables, lean meats and not too much of them. Green salads, fruit juices and tomato juice. Eat a normal amount of these things—but not one spoonful more than you need to keep your body functioning properly. If you get headaches and feel unable to do your daily work, you're overdoing the diet.

Exercise, I am convinced, is much better for you than a diet, anyway—unless your heart is weak or you have some other physical ailment which prohibits it. If you are very, very fat, of course, you must diet and exercise, too. But excess poundage of even twenty or twenty-five pounds can be knocked off with faithful, regular exercise. Begin slowly—five minutes. (I have some swell exercises that are quite a bit of fun to do.) The next morning, do the same simple exercises a bit faster—more strenuously. The third morning, ten minutes—slowly. Increase sensibly to a half hour work-out: Then, add to that a half hour of dancing by yourself—to the radio. Or tennis or golf. Jumping rope is good. Try to find some other over-weight soul to exercise with you.

If you're too thin, you can have more fun. Get just as much sleep before midnight as you possibly can. Do exercises, too, but gentle, relaxing ones. Lying in bed and stretching—slowly and fully—is simply great to make you relax. Take walks to stir up your appetite and bring the blood to your cheeks. And add to your regular food plenty of rich milk, olives, nuts, cheese and simple, light desserts.

BUT maybe diet isn't your worry—at least, not a particular worry. Perhaps there's something harder to bring back to beauty than a figure. A skin, for example. Well, to bring a skin back to beauty, you must diet and exercise, too, you know. Giving up sweets will chase blemishes away. Giving up rich sauces and dressings will banish oiliness. Cutting down on your coffee ration (and cigarettes, incidentally) will clear up that muddy, yellow look. Tomato juice—lots of it—and green vegetables will bring roses to your cheeks. Abstaining from too-acid foods (which thin people *always* seem to adore) will banish that withered look from your skin.

Then, if you are sure you're really

following a sensible, remedial diet—and if your skin is *still* nothing to brag about—look about and see what beauty preparations you need to put on the outside of yourself. Perhaps a simple change in cleansing your skin will do wonders for you. If you live in a district where the water is hard, take to cold cream cleansings. Not one application of cream, remember. Two.

An aging skin will be grateful for tissue cream patted in every night and left there to do its good work all night long. In the morning, don't use soap. Rinse with warm water. Then slightly cooler water—and so on, until you have the water real cold.

I have a new recipe for lotion for summer time. Whether you want a tan or not, this is good. You won't get burned if you put it on and it cuts down the percentage of freckles very appreciably. Mind, it's a preventive measure—not a cure. But it just occurred to me that the summer isn't over and you might be interested. One can make a huge quantity of this lotion for about a dollar and a half.

Now—hair. How many of you noticed my little account of a helpful booklet on the care of the hair which I had in this column last month? The treatments in that booklet, if followed carefully and patiently, will do wonders for oily hair, dry hair, falling hair, or just generally sad and discouraged hair. And hair reacts so quickly when it is treated kindly! Figures may be difficult and skins may be stubborn, no matter how hard you work at them.

My final word in fighting discouragement is this: find the very nicest thing about yourself. Don't tell me there isn't anything, because I know better. It may be nicely shaped fingernails. Pretty ears. Good shoulders. Shapely hands. I don't care *what* it is. Play up to that. *Start* with that and go on from there. Many a famous movie star has started with one single beauty and willed the rest of her body to correspond with it. *Will* that you will be beautiful—or attractive, or glamorously different. If you haven't much money or if your days are burdened with many cares it may take a long time. But be satisfied with a little progress each month—each year.

In addition to the beauty aids mentioned above, Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads, for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair.

There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. Drop a note to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll willingly help you.

No Time for Sleep

(Continued from page 41)

Crosby manner," he complied. For hours. The place was going crazy! The news leaked out to a rival establishment across the street "that the great Crosby was putting on a song-alogue" and all the customers moved over to get in on the free entertainment. The manager, overcome with the sudden rush of business, put out a sign: "*Bing Crosby singing inside tonight!*" in order to catch any stray night owls who weren't already jammed into his place. Bing's own business manager started to worry. "Bing, you got contracts . . . exclusive . . . you're violating the clauses . . ." But the voice carried on. His manager signaled . . . hinted and all but broke open the fire-axe box. No avail. Finally the aid of Mrs. Crosby was enlisted. Just one little sentence: "Go on and croon, Crooner!" was all she said. And that ended *that* big night!

Some men sing for money and others for fame. Bing Crosby sings because he loves to sing. I've seen him pout for hours at a party because the hostess was scared to ask him to strut his stuff.

NEXT to singing, he likes to play golf (which he does in the 70's); kibitz at bridge; throw cards in a hat and eat—in the order named. If none of these interesting diversions are at hand, he wiles away the time ribbing Jack Oakie whom he has renamed "Poison Oakie."

Of Oakie he says: "When I heard that Jack was thinking about building a home out in Toluca Lake where we are building, I went to him with a check for \$10,000 which he could cash if he would stay out of the neighborhood! He turned it down. He said that he had been offered \$12,000 not to settle in Beverly Hills and that he was going to try Bel Air before he accepted any offers!"

Oakie doesn't rest much between acts, either. He spends all his available time on the set and in Hollywood drawing rooms giving imitations of the *voice*. Unknown to most, however, Bing is entirely responsible for the gag. He has coached Oakie almost to the point of perfection . . . including whistling and "You-whoing!"

Though he prefers to present a slightly toughened exterior to the world, he is really as sentimental as a valentine. His reaction to hard luck stories rates but one description: sucker! He believes everything anyone tells him no matter *how* much it costs . . . and it always costs him plenty. He has never been known to turn down a call to do a show for charity.

Since his arrival in Hollywood he has appeared on programs for "Starving Armenians" . . . "Devastated Chinese" and "Beer for Moochers" movements. An animal or a household pet in distress can give him doldrums.

Though Bing Crosby doesn't know the meaning of the words: Spare Thy-

self . . . he actually seems to enjoy night work . . . he is absolutely chicken-hearted about the hours put in by the people who are working for *him*! Servants who have prepared a large dinner are never expected to remain late and prepare one of those famous Hollywood midnight snacks!

This consideration has earned for him the reputation of working for the people who work for him! *This* reputation, however, seems to bother him no more than any of his others!

Though he enjoys and accepts any sort of invitation from a stag to a formal dinner party, his favorite entertainment is a corn-beef and cabbage buffet with six or eight of his pals. At these affairs he is an excellent host . . . even if he *has* been caught running around in his stocking feet!

Strangely enough, he is a radio bug. Even listens to his own imitators! One in particular he thinks is a honey . . . swears he has to listen twice to figure whether it is a record or an imitator. He likes the music of Abe Lyman and Phil Harris—but Guy Lombardo leaves him cold. Other preferences include: Movies . . . Mae West singing . . . women in black evening gowns . . . Wesley Ruggles as a director . . . contests for holding your breath under water and football players! He does not care for affected women (in or out of the movies) . . . New York . . . temperament or cold weather.

This would not be a real Crosby story without some reference to his now-famous liquor "reformation". He is vastly amused at the horde of stories with almost evangelistic trend which paint him as a "former sot" saved. He insists he has *not* been saved . . . which is only partially true. The difference lies in the fact that Bing's drinking used to be regular and expected. Now it comes as a "surprise"! Which is the latest word on reformation.

His combined salaries place him among the first ten of America's highest paid entertainers. But he doesn't make a show of affluence. He is really *grateful*! He won't allow his manager to hold out for more than a reasonable salary. He doesn't want all the receipts. Just a fair percentage. He practices: "Live and Let Live," and this includes even those movie producers!

HIS plans for the future are vague. They include two more Paramount pictures this year—thirteen weeks on the air in the Fall . . . and maybe a barn-storming trip next Spring.

In the meantime, the Voice will remain in Hollywood for a while—during which time he will: become a father, shoot a flock of good golf, pitch as many cards (consecutively) into a hat as Dick Arlen (which would make him the winner because Dick has to give him a handicap) and get in a little sleep if possible! And sing some more.

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Bing Crosby's in a movie again—a delightful, harum-scarum college love story entitled "College Humor"—and Screen Romances' latest issue brings you the charming tale in complete fiction form. Don't miss this real treat! Burns & Allen are in the picture, too! And, besides the romantic story, you'll enjoy the many stills which illustrate it—actual scenes from the production.

Other stories in this number include: *The Morning Glory* with Katharine Hepburn, *Heroes for Sale* with Richard Barthelmess, *Strange Rhapsody* with Kay Francis, and *The Mayor from Hell* with James Cagney. Think of it: between the covers of this latest issue are 12 stories of the new talkies, all generously illustrated. Buy your copy today. It's like seeing a dozen big movie hits!



Screen Romances

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 93)

Wires"; "Scrappily Married." Working in "Lady of the Night."

MILJAN, JOHN: Married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale. Born in Leeds, So. Dakota, November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Whistling in the Dark"; "Made on Broadway"; "The Nuisance." Working in "Lady of the Night."

MIX, TOM: Married to Mabel Ward. Born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Terror Trail"; "Rustlers Round Up."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hell Below"; "Made on Broadway"; "When Ladies Meet." Working in "Night Flight." Next is "Another Language."

MOORE, COLLEEN: Married to Albert Scott. Born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. M-G-M player. Featured in "Power and the Glory." Fox. Next is "Beauty." M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Oliver Twist." Monogram; "Gabriel Over the White House." M-G-M.

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Sailor's Luck." Fox; "Reunion in Vienna." M-G-M; "The Nuisance." M-G-M.

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "Road to Heaven"; "Humanity"; "Power and the Glory."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Flesh"; "Gabriel Over the White House."

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Radio. Featured in "Blondie Johnson." Warner Bros.; "The Infernal Machine." Fox; "Tomorrow at Seven." Radio.

MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finckle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang." First National.

MCCREA, JOEL: Unmarried. Born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio star. Co-starred in "Rockabye"; "The Silver Cord." Working in "Bed of Roses." Next is "Three Came Unarmed."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Rackety Rax"; "Hot Pepper." Fox. Next is "I'll Be Hanged If I Do."

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Life." M-G-M; "Auction in Souls." Tiffany.

NISSEN, GRETA: Married to Weldon Heyburn. Born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Rackety Rax." Fox; "Murder of the Circus Queen." Columbia; "Melody Cruise." Radio.

NIXON, MARIAN: Divorced from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Face in the Sky"; "Pilgrimage"; "5 Cents a Glass."

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Son Daughter"; "The Barbarian." Next is "The Cat and the Fiddle."

OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "From Hell to Heaven"; "The Eagle and the Hawk." Working in "College Humor." Next is "I'm No Angel" and "Every Man for Himself."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "The Conquerors" and "The Great Jasper." Working in "It's Great to Be Alive." Fox.

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE: Unmarried. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Sailor Be Good." Radio; "Supernatural." Paramount; "Tomorrow at Seven." Radio.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "Robber's Roost"; "Canyon Walls." Working in "Life in the Raw." Next is "The Last Trail."

O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown." Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cohens and Kelys in Trouble." Universal; "Tarzan and His Mate." M-G-M. Working in "Tugboat Annie."

PAGE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Jungle Bride." Monogram; "The Big Cage." Universal; "Soldiers of the Storm." Columbia.

PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hell Below"; "Made on Broadway." M-G-M. Working in "Strange Rhapsody." M-G-M.

PICKFORD, MARY: Married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "They Just Had to Get Married" and "Out All Night." Universal. Working in "Professional Sweetheart." Radio. Next is "Scrappily Married." Universal.

POWELL, DICK: Divorced. Born in Mt. View, Ark., Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street"; "Gold Diggers of 1933."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Married to Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Lawyer Man"; "Private Detective." Working in "Double Harness." Radio.

RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Undercover Man"; "Pick Up." Next is "Midnight Club" and "Chrysalis."

RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Ex-Lady." Warner Bros.; "Zoo in Budapest." Fox. Working in "Ann Carver's Profession." Columbia.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Silver Dollar"; "The Little Giant"; "Big Shot." Next is "The Kingfish."

ROGERS, CHARLES: Unmarried. Born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox player. Featured in "5 Cents a Glass."

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Forty-Second Street"; "Broadway Bad"; "Gold Diggers of 1933." Warner Bros. Working in "Professional Sweetheart." Radio. Next is "Rafter Romance." Radio.

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Too Busy to Work"; "State Fair."

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JULY AND AUGUST

Why Not Send Them a Birthday Greeting? Their Studios' Addresses are on page 82.

Madge Evans	July 1
Charles Laughton	July 1
Ricardo Cortez	July 7
Irene Dunne	July 14
James Cagney	July 17
Richard Dix	July 18
Phillips Holmes	July 22
Joe E. Brown	July 28
Clara Bow	July 29
William Powell	July 29
Myrna Loy	August 2
Anita Page	August 4
Hoot Gibson	August 6
Ann Harding	August 7
Charles Farrell	August 9
Dorothy Jordan	August 9
Mae Clarke	August 16
Colleen Moore	August 19
Joan Blondell	August 30
Fredric March	August 31

RUB, CHRISTIAN: Married. Born in Passau, Bavaria, April 13. Free lance. Played in "The Silver Dollar." Warner Bros.; "The Road to Heaven." Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Murder in the Zoo"; "Terror Aboard"; "Melody Cruise." Radio. Next is "Mamma Loves Papa."

SALE, CHIC: Married to Marie Bishop. Born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Lucky Dog." Universal. Next is "Full Speed Ahead." Columbia.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Unmarried. Born in Orange, Va., January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Murders in the Zoo"; "Supernatural"; "Sunset Pass." Next is "Man of the Forest."

SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Butterfly"; "Pick Up"; "Jennie Gerhardt." Next is "Chrysalis."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Tonight Is Ours"; "A Lady's Profession"; "Song of Songs."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Ladies They Talk About"; "Baby Face."

STARRETT, CHARLES: Married. Born in Athol,

Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "Jungle Bride." Monogram; "Our Betters." Radio.

STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Born to Kill"; "White Sister"; "Looking Forward."

STUART, GLORIA: Married. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Kiss Before the Mirror." Universal; "The Girl in 419." Paramount. Working in "It's Great to Be Alive." Fox.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "They Just Had to Get Married"; "Out All Night." Next is "Scrappily Married."

SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Lilly Turner"; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Mary Stevens, M.D."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Scarlet Dawn." First National; "Style." Reliance. Next is "Mama Loves Papa." Paramount.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "Perfect Understanding, United Artists; "The Infernal Machine." Fox; "Goodbye Again." Warner Bros. Working in "The Wrecker." Columbia.

TODD, THELMA: Separated from Pasquale de Cicco. Born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Sneak Easily" and "Fra Diavolo." Roach; "Mary Stevens, M.D." Warner Bros.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live"; "Gabriel Over the White House." Working in "Night Flight"; "Lady of the Night" and "Stranger's Return."

TOOMEY, REGIS: Married to J. Kathryn Scott. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "She Had to Say Yes." Warner Bros.; "Soldiers of the Storm." Columbia.

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Clear All Wires"; "The Nuisance." "Dinner at Eight."

TRACY, SPENCER: Married to Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Face in the Sky"; "Power and the Glory." Next is "Shanghai Madness."

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Unashamed." M-G-M; "A Bedtime Story." Paramount. Working in "Disgraced."

VELEZ, LUPE: Unmarried. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Half Naked Truth" and "Phantom Fame." Radio; "Hot Pepper." Fox.

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night"; "She Done Him Wrong." Next is "I'm No Angel."

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: Divorced from Bobbe Arnst. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man"; "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated from Bernice Spear. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "So This Is Africa"; "Diplomaniacs."

WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Paterson, N. Y., August 28. First National player. Featured in "Employee's Entrance." Warner Bros.; "Luxury Liner." Paramount; "Picture Snatcher." M-G-M.

WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Mind Reader"; "Gold Diggers of 1933"; "Goodbye Again." Working in "Madame La Guimp." Columbia.

WILSON, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Radio player. Featured in "Lucky Devils"; "Scarlet River." Working in "Professional Sweetheart." Next is "Speed King."

WILSON, LOIS: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Devil Is Driving." Paramount; "East of Fifth Avenue." Columbia.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "So This Is Africa"; "Diplomaniacs."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "King Kong." Radio; "Tampico." Columbia. Working in "Ann Carver's Profession." Columbia.

WYNARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cavalcade." Fox; "Men Must Fight" and "Reunion in Vienna." M-G-M.

YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Zoo in Budapest." Warner Bros. "Heroes for Sale." Warners. Working in "Lady of the Night." M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Henderson. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live"; "Hell Below." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

YOUNG, ROLAND: Married. Born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "A Lady's Profession." Paramount; "Pleasure Cruise." Fox. Next is "She Made Her Bed." Para.

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